PURPLE and GOLD

1921

HELEN REECE

Purple and Gold

of

1921

Year Book of

Morrison R. Waite

High School

VOLUME VII

Published by the

Senior Class of 1921

MORRISON R. WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

HOW IT WOULD LOOK FROM AN AIRPLANE

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Dedication

Faculty of Waite High School, whose untiring devotion to our interests and activities, and whose unfailing sympathy in all of the crises of a student's life have made our sojourn in this place so beneficial and enjoyable—we, the Senior Class of Ninteen-Twenty-One dedicate this, the seventh volume of the Purple and Gold.

Foreword

Our object in preparing this book has been to give a faithful protrayal of this year's activities with a short resume of other years. We hope that as such, the book will bring back pleasant thoughts of the happy years spent in Waite.

Board of Education

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Business—Mr. Merritt C. Nauts
General—Mr. J. A. Pollock

To Mr. Pollock

"Smile, and the world smiles with you,
Growl, and you growl alone."

This might be the creed of our principal—to smile, and make the world a better, a happier place in which to live. We do not think of Mr. Pollock as the principal of Waite High; we do not think of him as an autocrat to be approached on bended knee—we cannot think of him as that—but always do we regard him as the man, who, by his cheery, hearty greeting and optimistic advise, chases away the engulfing gloom and makes us see a brighter lining to the dark cloud.

Mr. Pollock has absolute faith in Waite. He is ever ready to extend a helping hand to the pupils under him.He has kept thruout his position as principal, a personal touch—a fatherly touch with all the students. And with the intimate facts that he has gathered in the many heart-to-heart talks that he has had with his pupils, he knows that he can place explicit trust in them.

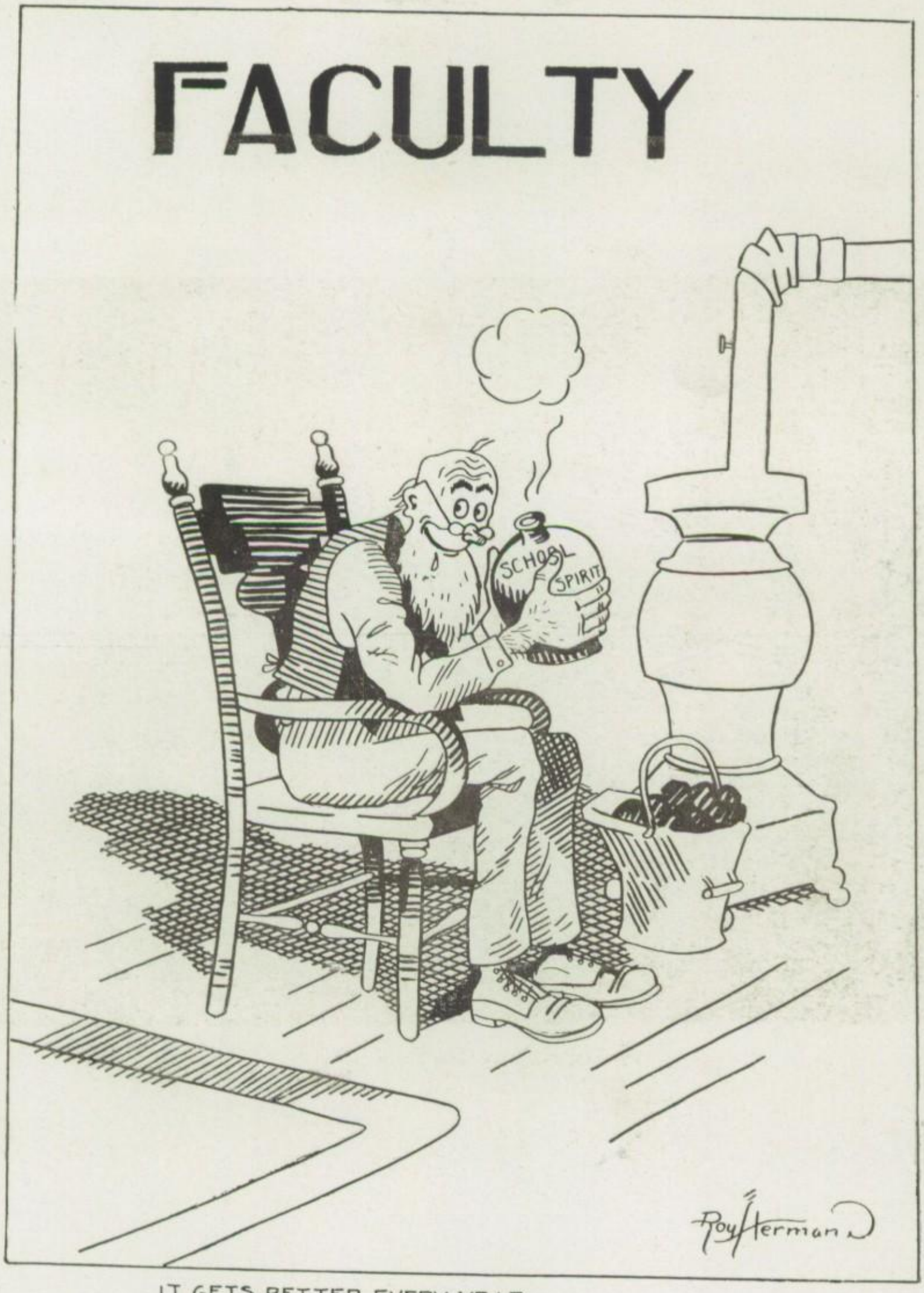
And in this he is not mistaken. By his ready smile; his cheerful, uplifting conversations with his students, he has endeared himself in their hearts. Waite would not be Waite without Mr. Pollock. By his sincere regard and love for his pupils, he has made school life a time of real enjoyment. The drudgery has been taken away.

And so, we cannot think of Waite or any of its many organizations and interests without thinking of Mr. Pollock, who, by his readiness to give to us all that he has, makes our school life one that in later years will bring back to us many sweet and happy memories.

Mr. James A. Pollock, Principal

THE OFFICE—WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

FACULTY



IT GETS BETTER EVERY YEAR

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Oberline College.
University of Chicago.

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University of California.

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Michigan State Normal College.

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Toledo Univeristy, B. C. S.
Port Rowan, Ont., College Preparatory.

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Michigan Normal College, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

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Toledo University.

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Columbia College.
Prince School of Education for Store Service.
Harvard University.

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Columbia University

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Art Institute, Chicago.
Toledo Normal School.

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Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.
Purdue University, B. S. in C. E.
New York University.

MR. F. M. DANSENFELSER
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Mechanic Institute.
Columbia Institute.

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Michigan Agricultural College, B. S.
Columbia University.
Toledo University.

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Tulane University.
Toledo University.

MISS ETHEL M. LICKLY
Instructor in Home Nursing and Care of the Sick.
Graduate of Toledo Hospital and Western Reserve University, in Public Health and Sociology.

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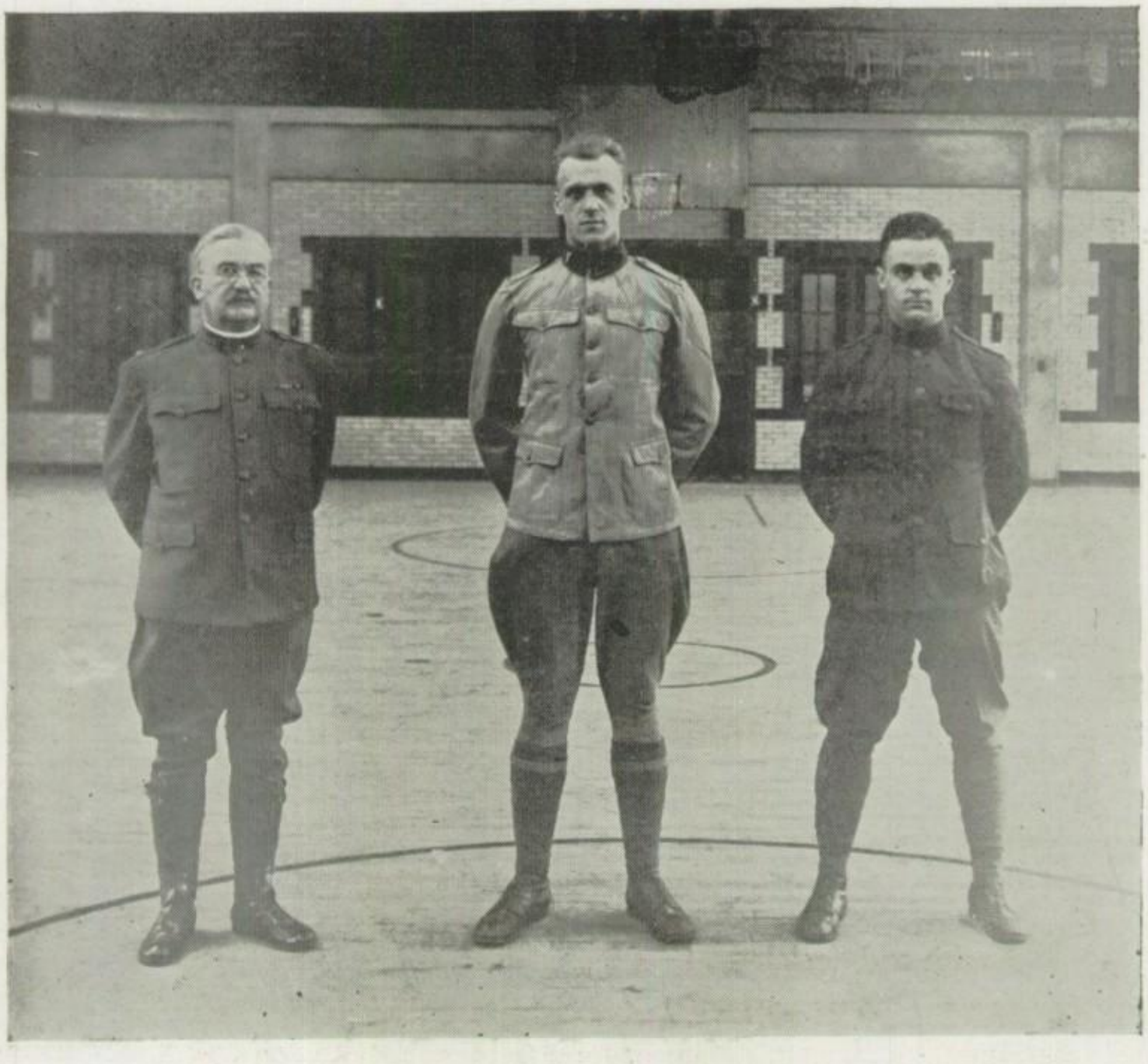
Michigan Agricultural College.
Teacher's College.
Toledo University.

MISS NELLE E. WALES
Instructor in Domestic Art.
Teacher's College, Columbia.



MILITARY INSTRUCTORS

Military Department

GEN. WM. V. McMAKEN—

Captain Toledo Cadets, O. N. G., 1879-1897. Colonel 16th Inf., O. N. G., 1897-1899. Brig. Gen. O. N. G., 1899-1917.

Federal Service—Colonel 6th Ohio Vol. Inf., April, 1898 to May, 1899; served four months in Cuba.

Mexican Border Service, 1916-1917—Commanding 1st Ohio Inf. Brigade.

World's War—Brig. Gen. commanding 74th Inf. Brig. 37th Div. until honorably discharged, March 25, 1918.

LIEUT. THEODORE G. KELLER—

May 1, 1918, enlisted as private, Camp Hancock, Ga., Ordnance Corps.

July, 1918, Officers' Training, Camp Hancock, Ga., Ordnance Corps.

Sept., 1918, commissioned Lieutenant and made Drill Instructor, Camp Hancock, Ordnance Corps.

Honorably discharged, Feb., 1919.

Enrolled for five years in Officers' Reserve Corps, 1919-1924.

NELSON G. RUPP—

Y. M. C. A. training at Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y., 1917.

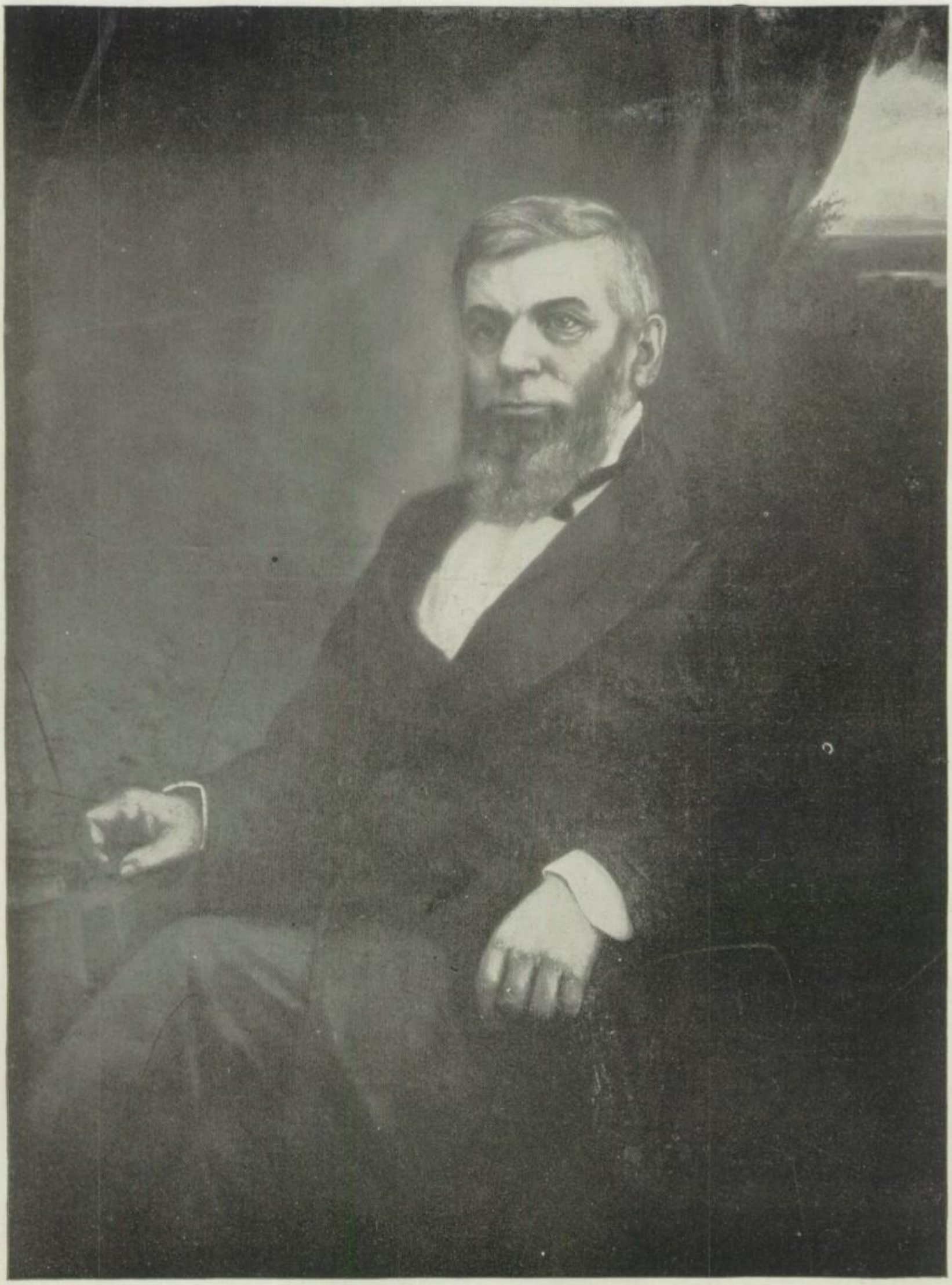
Physical Director of Hut No. 70 at Camp Sherman, 1917.

Enlisted in Infantry, Dec. 13, 1917, arrived overseas June 15, 1918.

Service in France until the armistice was signed.

Returned in Casual Co., from Bordeaux, Feb. 3, and landed in U. S. Feb. 14.

Honorably discharged from the army March 6, 1919.

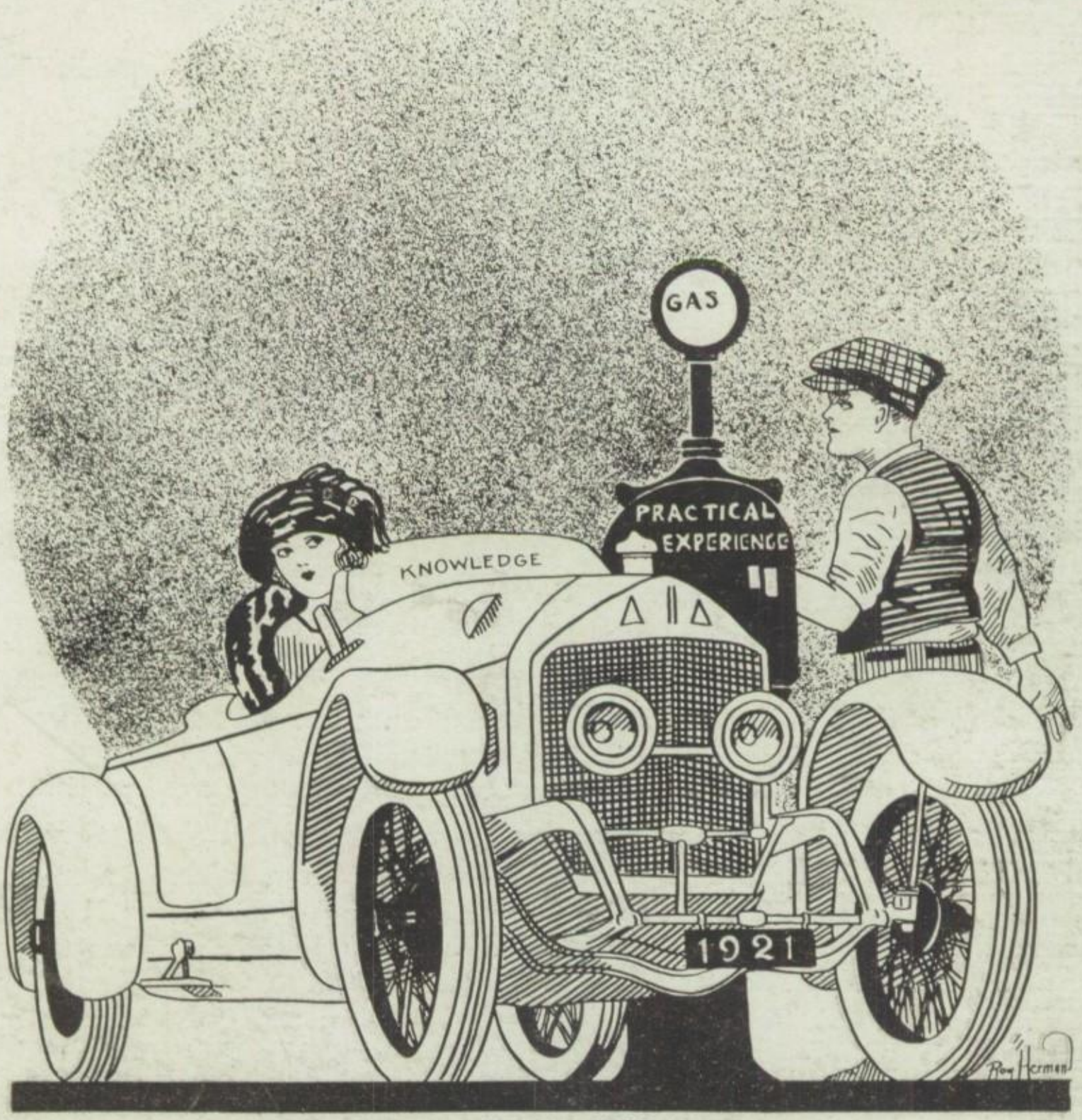


MORRISON REMICK WAITE

Chief Justice United States Supreme Court

1874 to 1888

JUNIOR



SHE HAS THE CAR ALL SHE NEEDS IS THE GAS

Senior Class Officers, 1921

MOTTO: *"Perseverando Vinces."*

COLORS: Old Rose and Gray.

OFFICERS

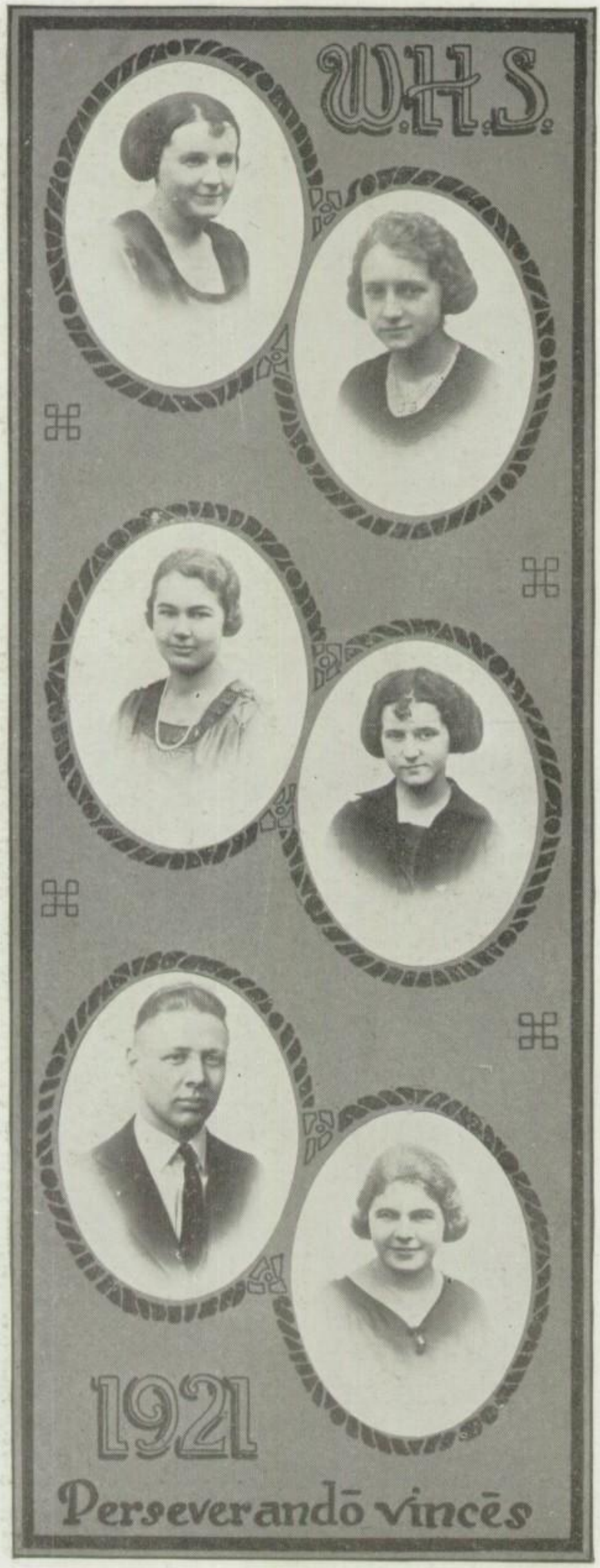
SAMUEL LYNN ..... *President*

HELEN REECE ..... *Vice-President*

ISABEL HARRY ..... *Secretary*

HOWARD ROWELL ..... *Treasurer*

MILTON CARR ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*



MARANA BAKER—*Academic*

"The sweetest rose, where all are roses."

Senior Prom Committee.
Periclean '21.

LORETTA BEESE—*Academic*

"Whence is thy learning? Hast thy toil O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

LILLIAN BECKMAN—*Elective*

"Whatever anyone does or says I must be good."

Zetalethean '21.
Friendship Club, '20, '21.
Social Service Chairman.
English VIII Club.
Critic.

"A Southern Cinderella."

ELEANOR BASSETT—*Elective*

"She hath an eye that could speak tho her tongue were silent."

Periclean '18, '19, '20, '21.
Corresponding Secretary '21
Friendship Club.
English VIII Club; Vice-President.

RALPH BARNES—*Commercial*

"Enter thou upon a business career as thou art well-fitted for the same."

Forum '18, '19, '20, '21.
Annual Board '21; Business Manager.

BEATRICE BANCROFT — *Commercial.*

"Her deep blue eyes smiled constantly."

Friendship Club '21.

CARL BENSON—*Elective*

"My idea of an agreeable person is a person who agrees with me."

Quill and Dagger '18, '19, '20, '21. Chairman Program Committee '19. Chaplain '19. Hi-Y Club '18, '19, '20, '21. Reporter '21. English VIII Club. Vaudeville Show. Saturnalia. Appeal to Caesar. Football Reserves '18. Varsity '19, '20.

FRANKLIN BENSTER — *Commercial*

"I am bigger than anything that can happen to me."

RAYNOR BERCHER—*Manual Training*

"And hiving wisdom with each studious year."

Waite Engineering Society '21.

KATHRYN BERNO—*Elective*

"Good nature and good sense are usually companions."

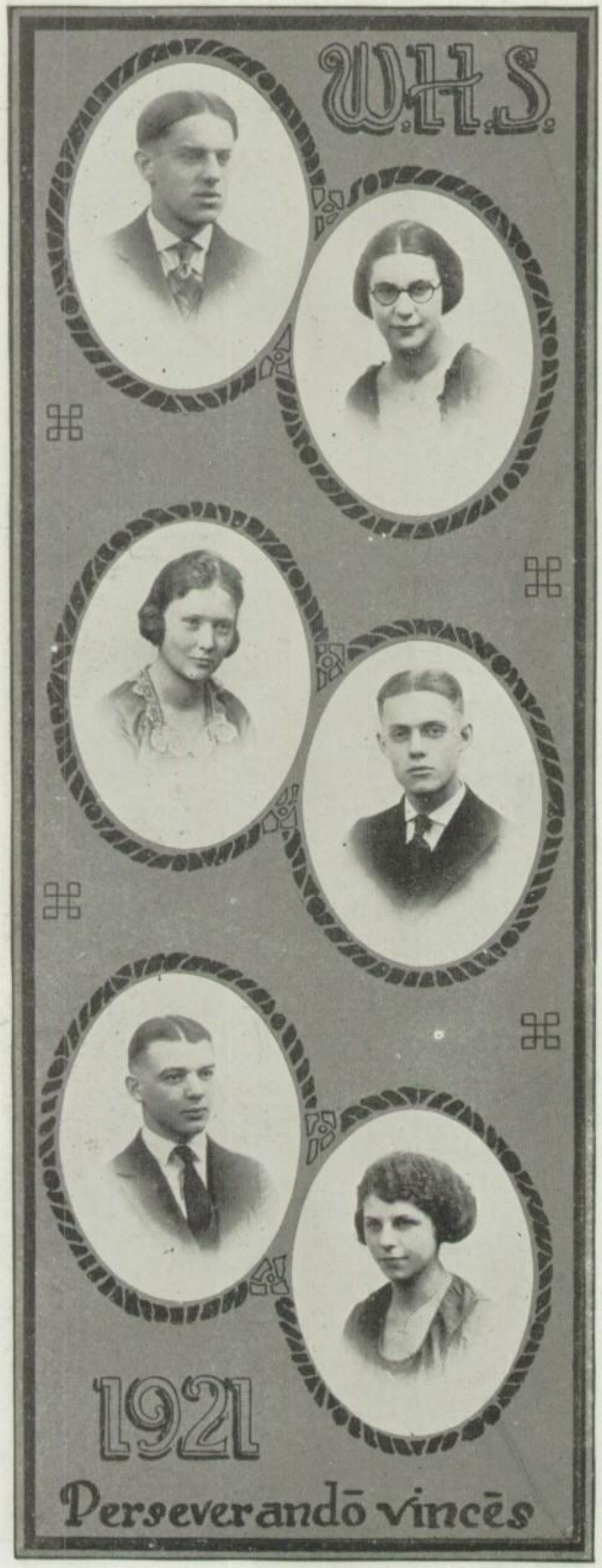
Senior Banquet Committee. Zatalethean '21

HERBERT BIRKENKAMP—*Elective*

"Up! Up! My friend and quit your books or surely you'll grow double."

ALICE BISNETTE—*Elecetive*

"That jeweled mass of millinery."



ROLAND BLACK

MARY RUTH BOARDMAN—*Elective*

"What a spendthrift is she of her tongue."

Senior Dance Committee. Zetalethean. Friendship Club '19. Circle Francois '18. Retina Board. Organization Editor '21.

HILDA BODEN—*Elective*

"She is a perfect knowledge box, an oracle to both great and small."

Senior Class Prophet. Senior Memorial Committee. Pericleans '18, '19, '20, '21. Retina Board. Literary Editor '21.

HOYT BODEN—*Commercial*

"Shall win man's praise and woman's love."

Forum '19, '20, '21. Chaplain '21. Hi-Y Club '20, '21. "Appeal to Caeser."

GEORGE BOOTH—*Elective*

"Get money, still get money, boy, no matter by what means."

Forum '19, '20, '21. Treasurer '20. Hi-Y Club '19, '20, '21. English VIII Club.

PERSIS BORDER—*Elective*

"You cannot think what a rogue she is, so full of fun and frolic."

Senior Class Historian. Senior Pin and Ring Committee. Junior Social Committee. Zetalethean Vice-President, '21. Friendship Club. Annual Board Organization Editor '21.

GRACE BAUGHTON—*Elective*

"Tell me little maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

English VIII Club.

MARIAN BOWLAND—*Elective*

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax. Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

Annual Board '21. Spanish IV Club '19.

PHOEBE BROOKE

ANN BROUHARD—*Commercial*

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Friendship Club.

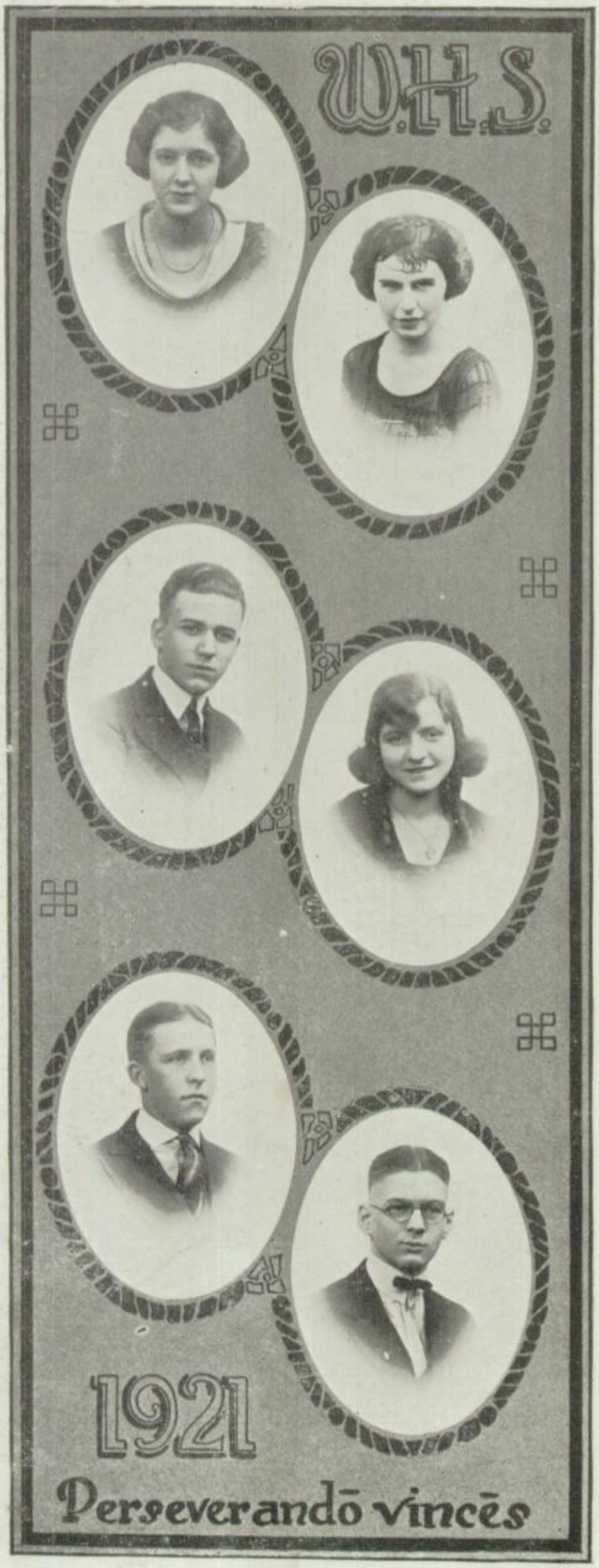
MARGARET BROWER—*Commermercial*

"Better be small and shine, than be great and cast a shadow."

Margaret Parker

LILEA BROWN—*Commercial*

"Silence is deep as Eternity—Speech is shallow as Time."



DOROTHEA CAMPBELL—*Commercial*

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half,

The charm her downcast modesty concealed."

Zetalethean '18, '19, '20, '21. Reporter '21. Friendship Club, Orchestra '18, '19.

HELEN CAMPBELL—*Commercial*

"There is a certain something in your looks"

Senior Banquet Committee '21.

STUART CAMPBELL—*Elective*

"You've always been a booster, we've never heard you knock."

Quill and Dagger '19, '20, '21. Secretary '21. Hi-Y Club. Football Reserves '18. Basketball Reserves '18. Student Manager '20. Comic Editor Annual '21. "Bells of Cornville" "Appeal to Caesar."

RITA CARNALL — *Manual Training.*

"And her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

MILTON CARR

CHESTER CLARK—*Elective*

"Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire, Shined in its own grand element."

Forum, '20, '21. Retina '20, '21. Advertising Manager '20. Editor-in-Chief '21. Hi-Y Club. "Appeal to Caesar." "A Little Fowl Play."

HAROLD COOK—*Commercial*

"That man needs neither towers nor armor for defense."

HARRY COOPER

WARD CORDILL—*Elective*

"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."

JOHN CRANE

HAZEL CRITZER—*Elective*

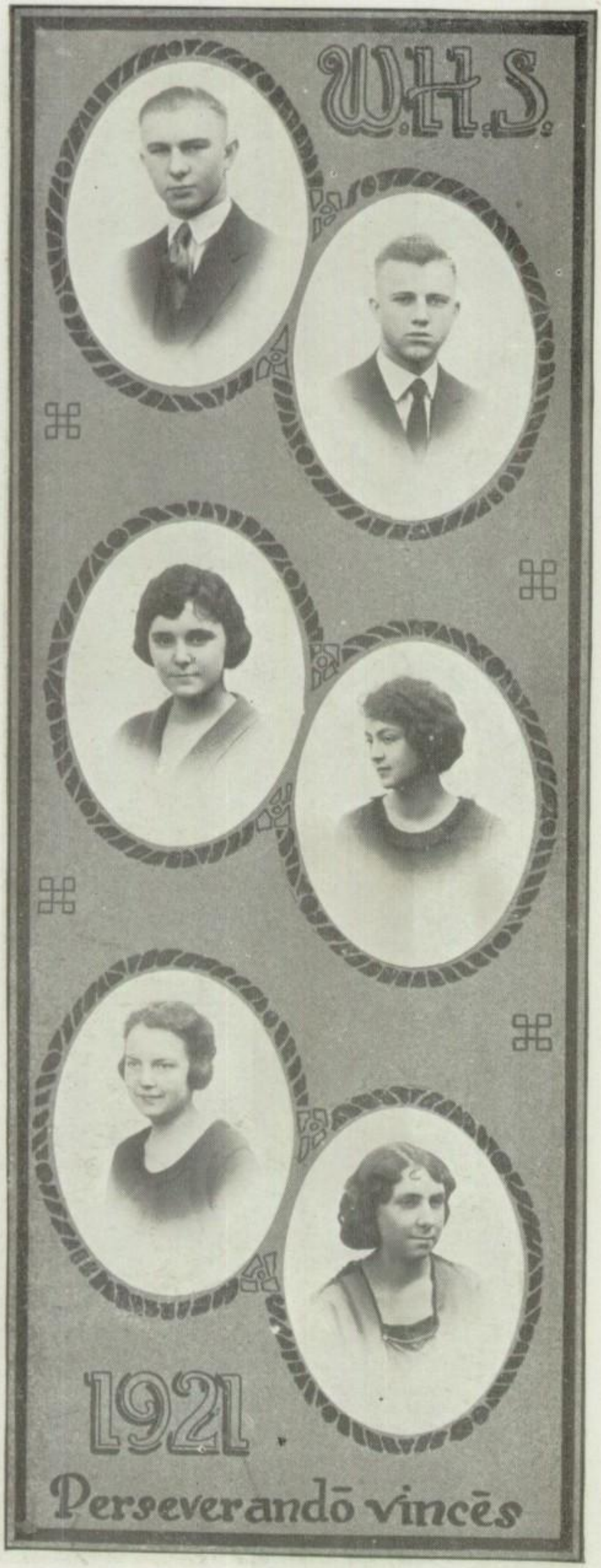
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Friendship Club. English VIII Club.

FREDERICK DAHN—*Manual Training*

"A youth, light hearted and content."

Forum '20, '21. Hi-Y Club '19, '20, '21. Waite Engineering Society.



JOHN DAVIS

PAUL DETRAY

DOROTHY DONNELLY—*Academic*

"And all that's best of dark and bright, Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

THELMA DORR—*Academic*

"Music is well said to be the speech of Angels."

Zetalethean '21. Friendship Club '20.

MARIAN DOUGLAS—*Commercial*

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

VARIE FANUEFF—*Commercial*

"Soft peace she brings whenever she arrives."

RUTH FARRELL—*Elective.*

"Whence came that three-cornered smile of bliss?"

Chairman Senior Social Committee. Senior Memorial Committee. Zetalethean '19, '20, '21. Cheer Leader. English VIII Club. Sergeant-at-Arms. "Line of no Resistance"

NORA FINDLAY—*Elective.*

"Silent in seven languages"

English VIII Club.

AGNES FINDLAY—*Elective*

"Thy voice is as sweet as if it took its music from thy face."

English VIII Club.

ADOLPH FISHER

J. DONALD FISHER—*Elective*

"A little minister in manner."

Forum '20, '21; Corresponding Secretary '21; Hi-Y Club '18, '19, '20, '21; Secretary '19; English VIII Club; Basket Ball Reserves '19; Waite Engineering Society.

HAZEL FLAGLE—*Commercial*

"Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall."

Bertha Fowler

BERTHA FOWLER — *Commercial*

"She excels all women in the magic of her locks."

Friendship Club.

ARTHUR FRAUTCCHI—*Elective*

"It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale."

Waite Engineering Society '21.

EUNICE FRIEND—*Elective*

"A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience."

Friendship Club; English VIII Club.

GEORGE FURMAN—*Elective*

"My only books were woman's looks

And folly's all thine taught me."

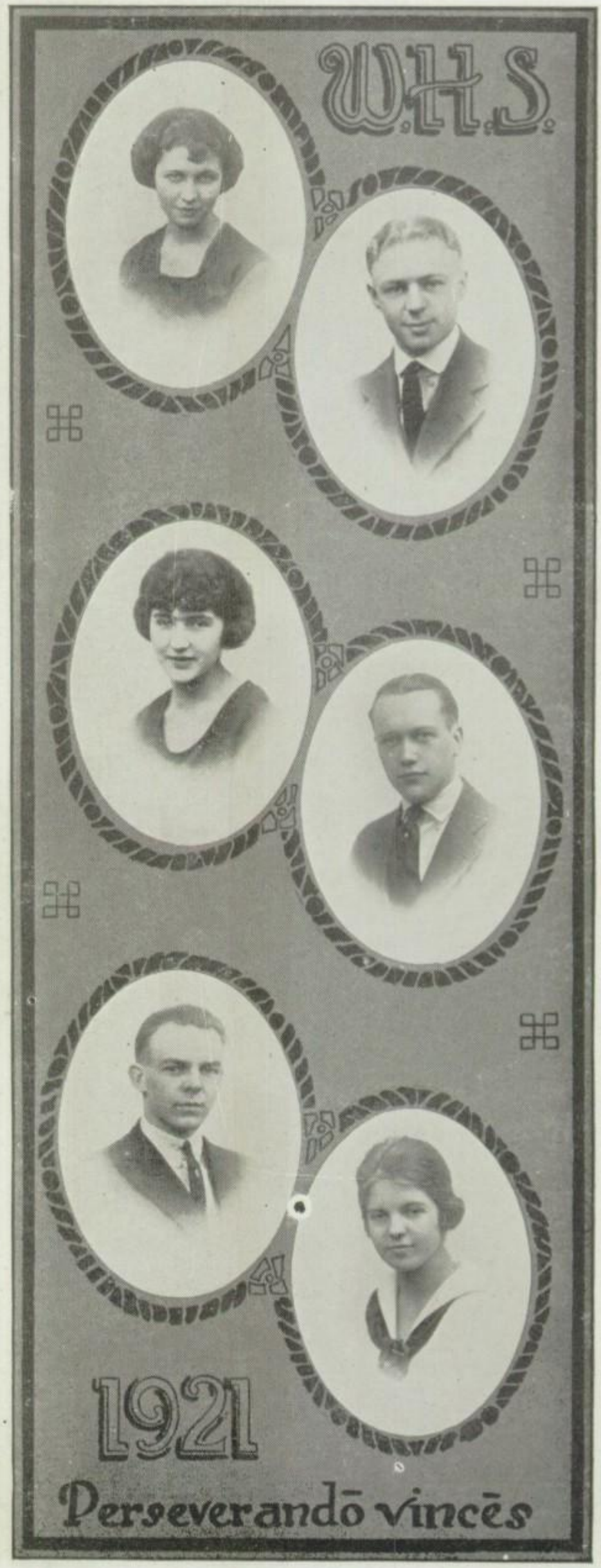
Senior Banquet Committee; English VIII Club '20.

MONTGOMERY GALLAGHER

DOROTHY GASSOWAY

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Senior Motto Committee; Periclean '18, '19, '20, '21; English VIII Club; Vice-President.



ABRAHAM GOLDSTEIN—*Comcial*

"He sighed to many, tho he loved but one."

REUBEN GOLDSTEIN—*Elective*

"Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous."

English VIII Club; President Beta Chapter.

EDWARD GOGEL—*Manual*

"He blushes; All is safe."

Waite Engineering Society.

HELEN GOETZ—*Elective*

"The fairest garden in her looks, and in her mind, the wisest books."

Zetalethean '20, '21. English VIII Club.

AUDREY GEA—*Elective*

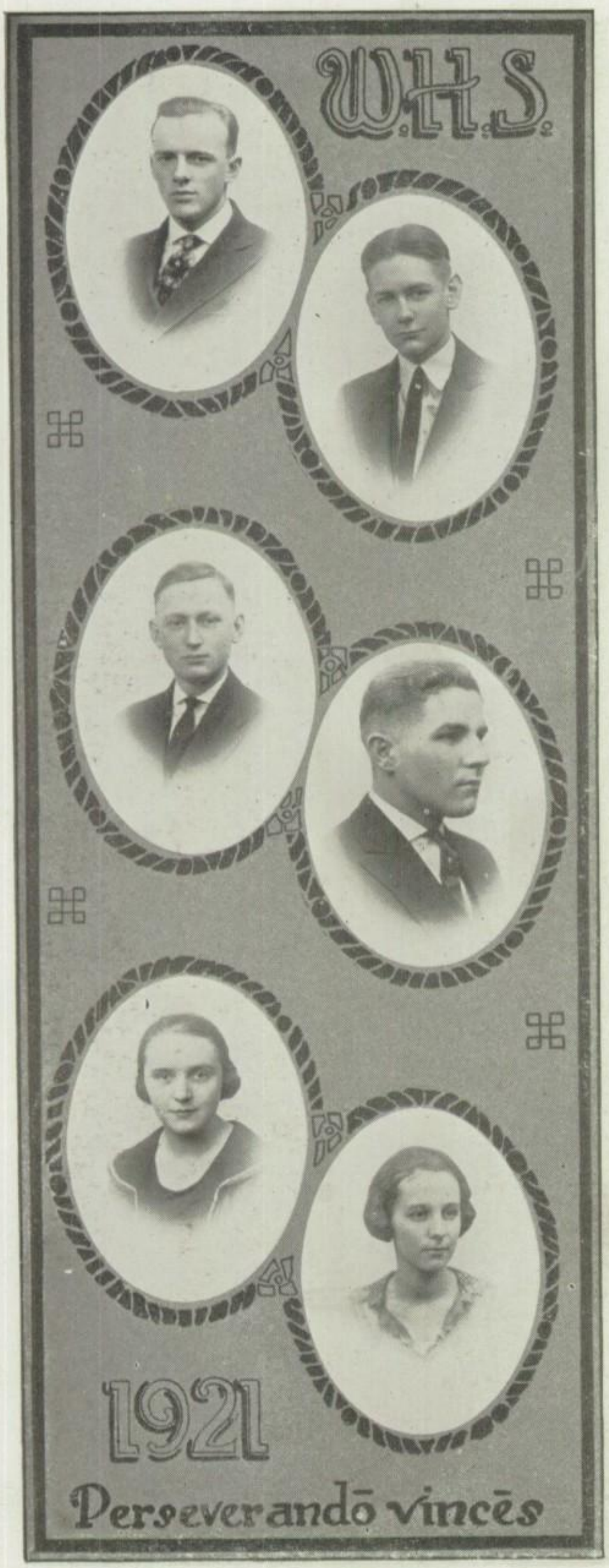
"Oh, but to dance all night and dress all day."

Chairman Senior Banquet Committee; Zetalethean Social Committee '21; Friendship Club; English VIII Club; Chairman Entertainment Committee.

VICTOR GAUTHIER—*Manual Training*

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

Waite Engineering Society President.



GILFORD GREENAWAY—*Elective*

"None more genial and happy than he."

DONALD GREINER

WARREN GRESSLEY—*Elective*

"Oh! Nature's noblest gift —my gray goose quill,

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will."

Senior Class . Novelist; Chairman Senior Picnic Committee; Forum '21; English VIII Club '20; Manager Tennis Club; Annual Board '21; Retina Board; Alumni Editor '21.

LYSLE GRIGGS—*Elective*

"He shall be great who serves his country well."

Forum; English VIII Club; President Alpha Chapter

HELEN M. HALEY—*Commercial*

"Let me have audience for a word or two."

Friendship Club '20, '21; Vice-President '21; Retina Board; Society Editor; "Line of No Resistance"; Reserve Basketball '20; Tennis Club.

MARIE HARMS—*Elective*

"A countenance in which did meet sweet records, promises as sweet."

Zetalethean; Sergeant-at-Arms '21; English VIII Club; Secretary.

ISABELLA HARRY—*Elective*

"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

Secretary Senior Class; Zetalethean; Chairman Social Committee '21; Friendship Club; English VIII Club; "A Little Foul Play"

DURWARD HARTMAN

HENRIETTA HELBING—*Manual Training*

"Smiling always with a never fading serenity of countenance."

Friendship Club '19, '20; "Bells of Cornville"; "Appeal to Caesar."

HELEN HERBERT—*Elective*

"The lover of books is the richest and happiest of the children of men"

Zetalethean '19, '20, '21; Friendship Club '19, '20, '21; Secretary '21; Tennis Club '21; Annual Board '21.

LUCILLE HILL—*Commercial*

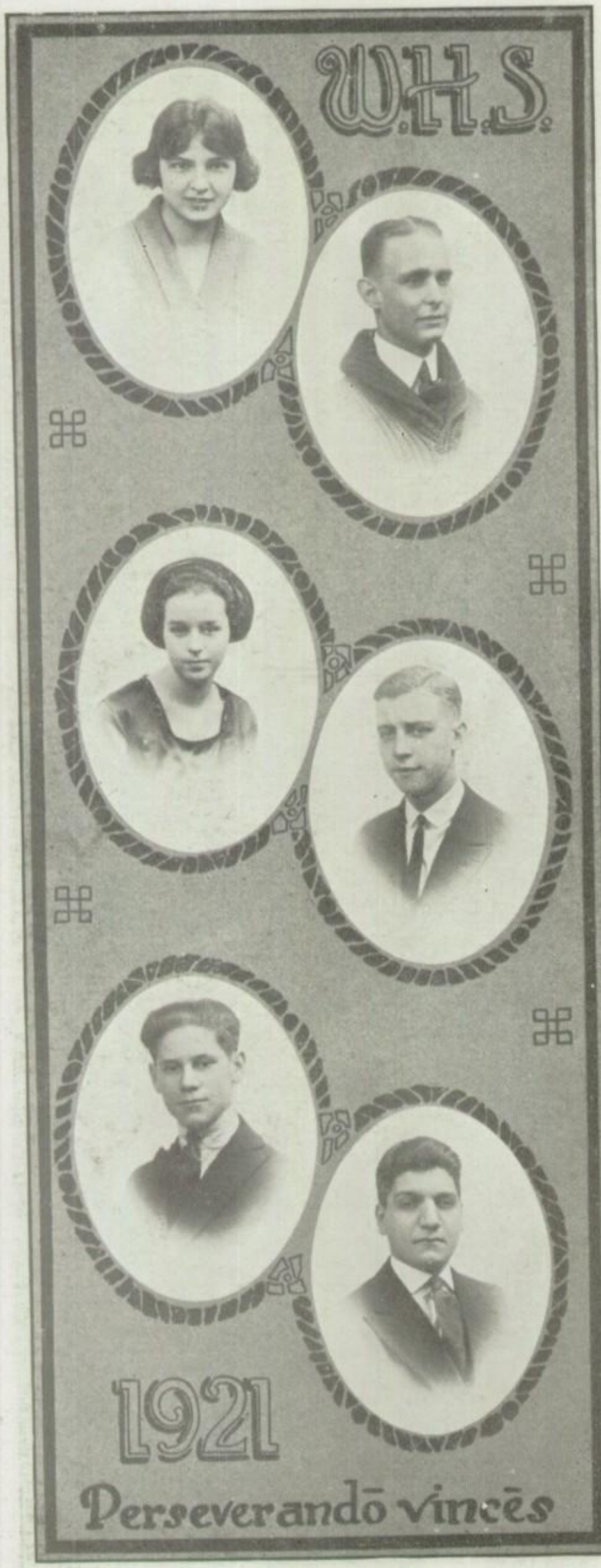
"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Friendship Club.

LUELLA HILL—*Elective*

"Her wit was more than man, her innocence child."

Friendship Club '20 '21; English VIII Club.



LELAH HOLDEN—*Commercial*

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

CLIFFORD HOLLIBAUGH—*Elective*

"Young men soon give and soon forget affronts."

DOROTHY HOLLOWAY

ARLAND INNES—*General*

"Oh this learning, what a thing it is."

Senior Ring Committee; Forum '18, '19, '20, '21; Hi-Y Club '20, '21.

HERBERT JENNE—*Academic*

"A kind of semi-Solomon"

Forum '21; Hi-Y Club '20, '21.

ALEX JOHN—*Academic*

"With grave aspect he rose and in his rising seemed a pillar of State."

MARVIN JOSEPH

ESTHER KECK—*Elective.*

"Fair in that she never studied to be fairer."

Friendship Club; English VIII Club.

GEORGE KELLER—*Commercial*

"I donned my derby, twirled my stick."

Hi-Y Club.

RACHEL KELLER—*Academic*

"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on."

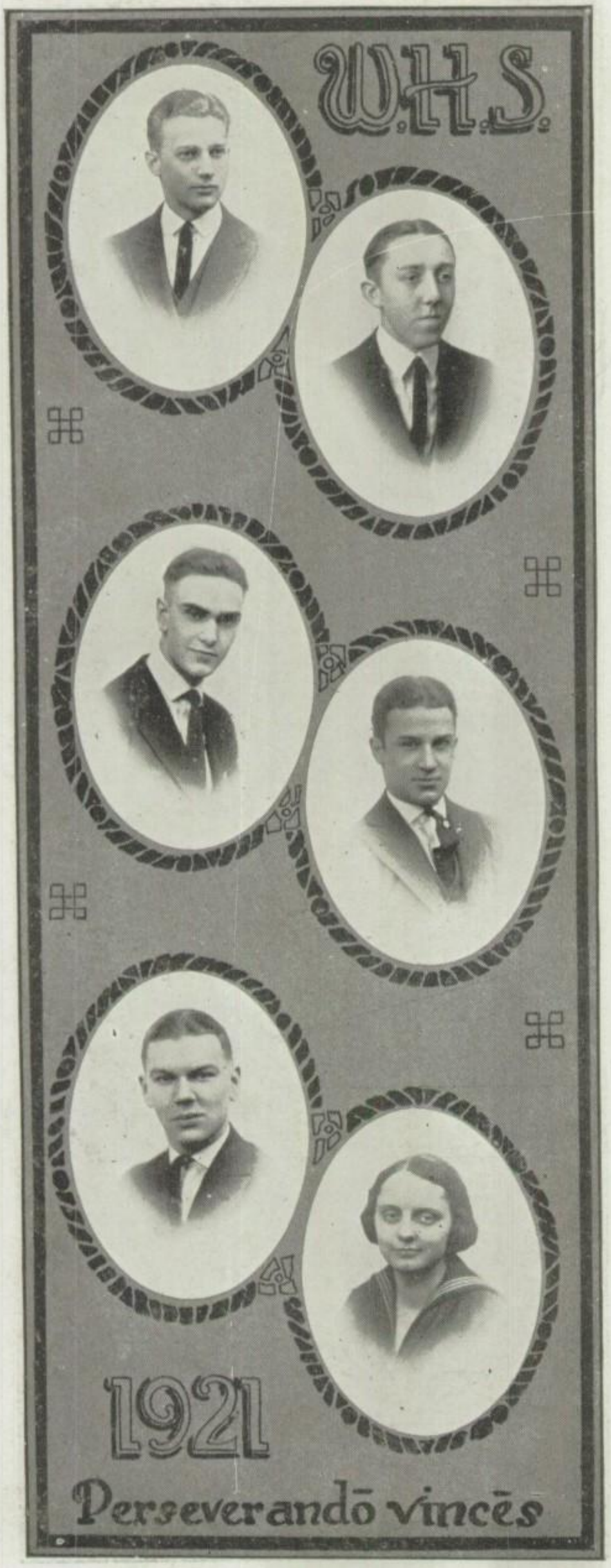
Periclean; Friendship Club.

HAZEL KENYON

ADELAIDE KIEMLE—*Elective*

"But oh! she dances such a way."

Periclean '18, '19, '20, '21; Friendship Club '19, '20; English VIII Club.



LUTHER KILLIAN

FELIX KING—*General*

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

WILBER KING

ROBERT KINKER—*Commercial*

"Why then do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod?"

Quill and Dagger; Hi-Y Club.

CLARENCE KITCHEN—*Elective*

"The good die young—Beware!"

Forum '19 '20 '21; Hi-Y Club; English VIII Club; Critic Beta Chapter.

MARGARET D. KNISELY—*Elective*

"By diligence she wins her way."

Zetalethean Treasurer '21; Friendship Club; English VIII Club.

MINNIE KOHN — *Manual Training*

"Common sense is the most uncommon kind of sense."

WALTER KRUSE—*General*

"I want a new figure to dance with my dear!"

Forum '20, '21; "Appeal to Caesar."

WADE LADD—*Elective*

"A curly-headed, mischief-making monkey, all his life."

Senior Pin Committee; English VIII Club.

DOROTHY LEE—*Commercial*

"You can't resist that sparkle in those eyes of baby blue."

Periclean '21; Friendship Club.

RUTH LEE—*Commercial*

"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,

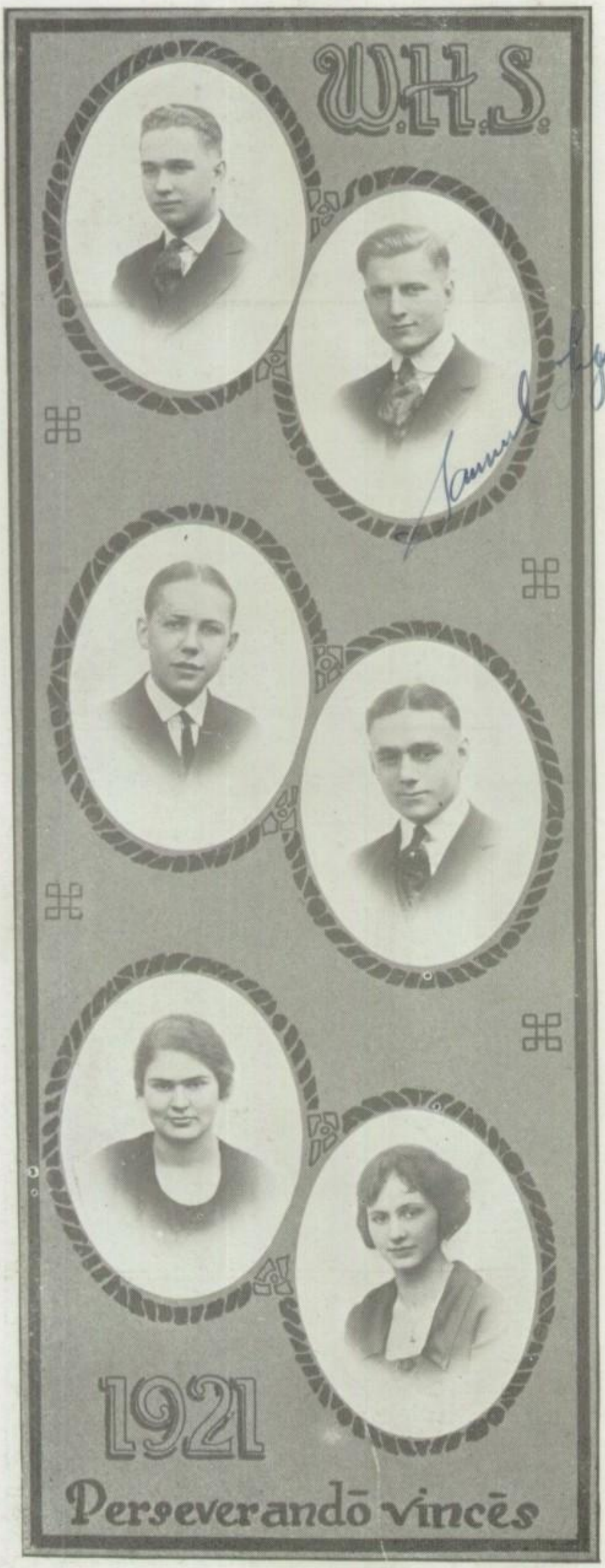
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."

Friendship Club Treasurer '21; "Princess Kamakura" Orchestra '18, '19.

ROLAND LEANORD—*Commercial*

"With 'Grace' to win"

Retina Board '21; Advertising Staff.



HORTON LYLE—*Elective*

"Never let your studies interfere with your school career."

Senior Banquet Committee; Quill and Dagger '21; English VIII Club.

SAMUEL LYNN—*Elective*

"Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear the Godhead's most benignant grace."

Senior Class President '21; Junior Class Treasurer '20; Forum '18, '19, '20, '21; Censor '20; President '21; Hi-Y Club '18, '19 '20, '21; Secretary Recording '20, '21; English VIII Club; "Appeal to Caesar."

WESLEY MCKEE—*Academic*

"Who says in verse what others say in prose."

Senior Class Poet; Chairman Senior Motto Committee; Forum '20, '21; Censor '21; Hi-Y Club '19, '20, '21; Corresponding Secretary '20; Retina Board '21; Exchange Editor; "Appeal to Caesar"; "Playing With Fire" "Foul Play."

HUBURTUS MCLAIN—*General*

"Music tells no truths."

Quill and Dagger '20, '21; Hi-Y Club; Cheer Leader '20, '21.

MARIAN MCNEES—*Elective*

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

English VIII Club.

LORAINE MAGINNIS

GLADYS MANGOLD—*Commercial*

"All dressed up and no place to go."

Friendship Club.

ROBERT MATHEWS—*Elective*

"Built for endurance and not for speed."

Hi-Y Club '18, '19, '20, '21; English VIII Club.

MERRITT METZ—*General*

"Tho I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit"

Forum '21; Hi-Y Club '21.

LUTHER MEYERHOLTZ

VIOLET MILLER—*Elective*

"As pure as a pearl, and as perfect,

A noble and innocent girl"

English VIII Club.

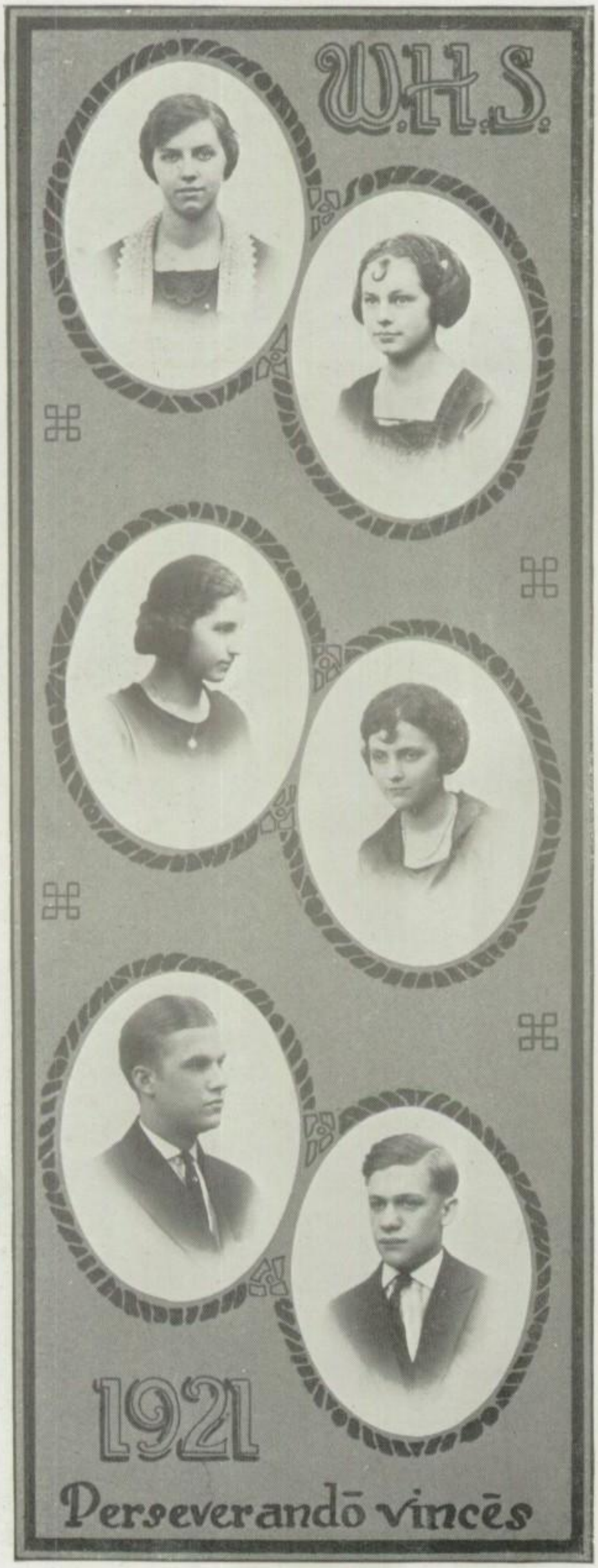
Francis B. Moore

FRANCIS MOORE—*Elective*

"And thus he bore without abuse,

The grand old name of gentleman."

Forum '19, '20, '21; Censor '19; Corresponding Secretary '20; Recording Secretary '21; Hi-Y Club '19, '20, '21; Chaplain '20; Retina Board Literary Editor '21.



RAE MORSE—*Elective*

"Oh blest with temper whose unclouded 'ray' Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

Zetalethean '21; Friendship Club '21; Retina Board '21; Faculty Facts Editor.

HELEN MOSES—*Commercial*

"Her cheeks like apples which the sun had ruddied."

CONSTANCE MUNTZ — *Commercial*

"Deep brown eyes running over with glee."

Zetalethean '19, '20, '21; Friendship Club; High School Bible Class '19, '20.

MARGUERITE MURPHY—*Elective*

"To look your prettiest as if that were vanity."

Zetalethean '21; Friendship Club '20, '21; English VIII Cub.

CLARENCE MYERS—*Commercial*

"I wish I had been born rich instead of handsome—or was I?"

Chairman Senior Memorial Committee; Hi-Y Club; "Trial by Jury"; "Bells of Cornville."

CARL NOELLER—*Elective*

"He trembled when a maid drew near."

GRACE PLAIN—*Manual Training*

"Those capable and dependable are generally well liked."

Zetalethean; Friendship Club. Sergeant at Arms '20. Tennis Club '20. Basketball '19, '20, '21. Retina Board '21. Office Boy Editor. "Appeal to Caesar." "A Southern Cinderella." "After the Game." "Princess Kimakura."

JOHN POTTER

ALTA PUGH—*Academic.*

"What shall I say of you? What can I say better than silence is?"

DOROTHY PULFREY

CHARLOTTE QUILL—*Commercial*

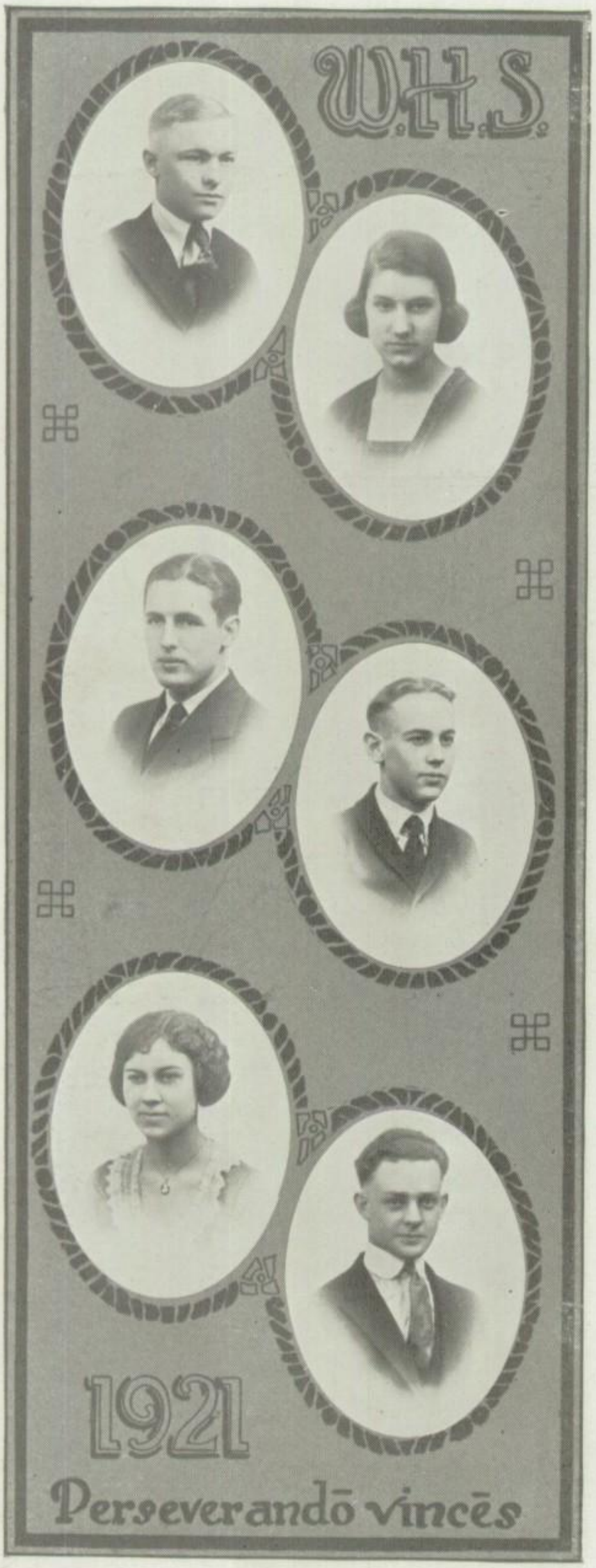
"A modest blush she wears not formed by art."

Zetalethean. Friendship Club. Basket Ball '19. "A Southern Cinderella." "After the Game."

HATTIE RECHT—*Commercial*

"Never elated when one man's oppressed, Never dejected while another's blest."

Friendship Club. High School Bible Class '19, '20.



BURTON NOPPER—*Elective*

"Everyman's credit is proportional to the money which he has in his chest.

IRIS OBERLE—*Commercial*

"For she was just the quiet kind whose nature never varies."

DURELLE OTEN — *Manual Training*

"Aimlessly, listlessly, drifting thru life."

Quill and Dagger '18, '19, '20, '21. Treasurer '20. Basketball Reserves '19. Football Reserves '17, '18.

EUGENE OVERMIER—*Manual*

"Give me a lever long enough and a prop strong enough and I can single-handed move the world."

Waite Engineering Society '21; Vice-President.

DOROTHY OWEN—*Elective*

"With vollies of eternal babble."

Friendship Club. English VIII Club. Le Cercle Francais '18

GERALD PELTON

HELEN REECE—*Elective*

"Whatever she did was done with so much ease, In her alone 'twas natural to please."

Senior Class Vice-President Senior Color Committee. Periclean '18, '19, '20, '21. President '21. Friendship Club. Annual Board '21. Literary Editor. Tennis Club '21.

LORENA RINKER — *Manual Training.*

"How happy could I be with either, Were t' other dear charmer away."

Friendship Club.

LORETTA RINKER — *Manual Training.*

"But, while ye thus tease me together To neither a word will I say."

Friendship Club.

ALFRED RICPILE

HELEN ROBERTS—*Commercial*

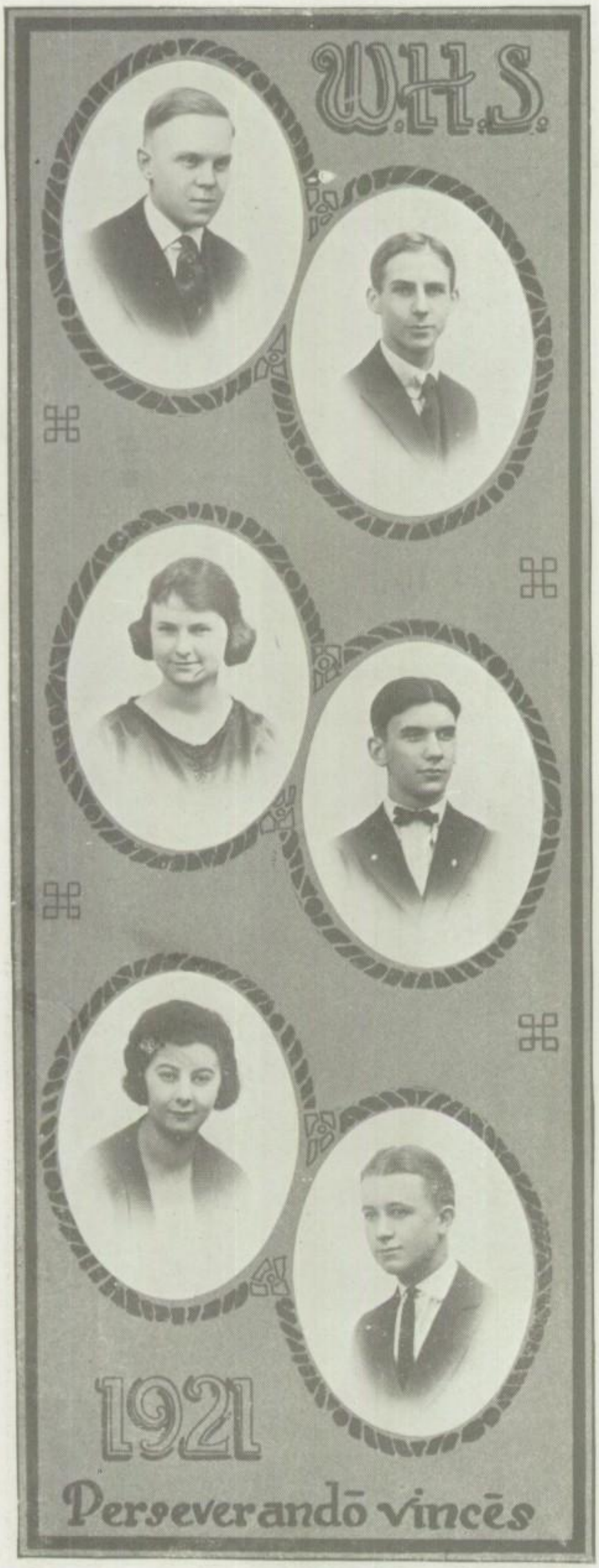
"With manners wondrous winning."

Secretary Junior Class '20. Zetalethean; Secretary '21. Friendship Club; Secretary '20; Reporter '21. "Princess Kamakura." "After the Game." "A Southern Cinderella."

EDITH ROLLO—*Commercial*

"A good face is the best letter of recommendation.

Friendship Club.



EDWARD ROMMEL—*Commercial.*

"An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair."

NORMAN ROTH

GLADYS ROWELL — *Commercial*

"All her smiles in dimples die Glad is she and knows not why."

Friendship Club.

HOWARD ROWELL—*Elective*

"To things of sale a seller's praise belongs."

Senior Class Treasurer. Forum '19, '20, '21. Hi Y. Club '19, '20, '21. Retina Staff '20; Advertising Manager '21.

"The Line of No Resisance."

HELEN RUBEN

"A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

WALTER RYAN

MARGARET SARGENT—*Elective*

"Sing—tho' no one ever hears you."

HILDA SASSE—*Elective*

"The glory of a firm capacious mind."

Senior Announcement Committee; Periclean; Censor '21; English VIII Club.

GLENN SCHICK—*Commercial*

"So where she goes I go."

Forum '19, '20, '21. Hi Y Club '18, '19, '20, '21.

HENRIETTA SCHIPPER—*Elective*

"And music too, dear music! That can touch Beyond all else, the soul that loves it much."

English VIII Club; Le Cercle Francais.

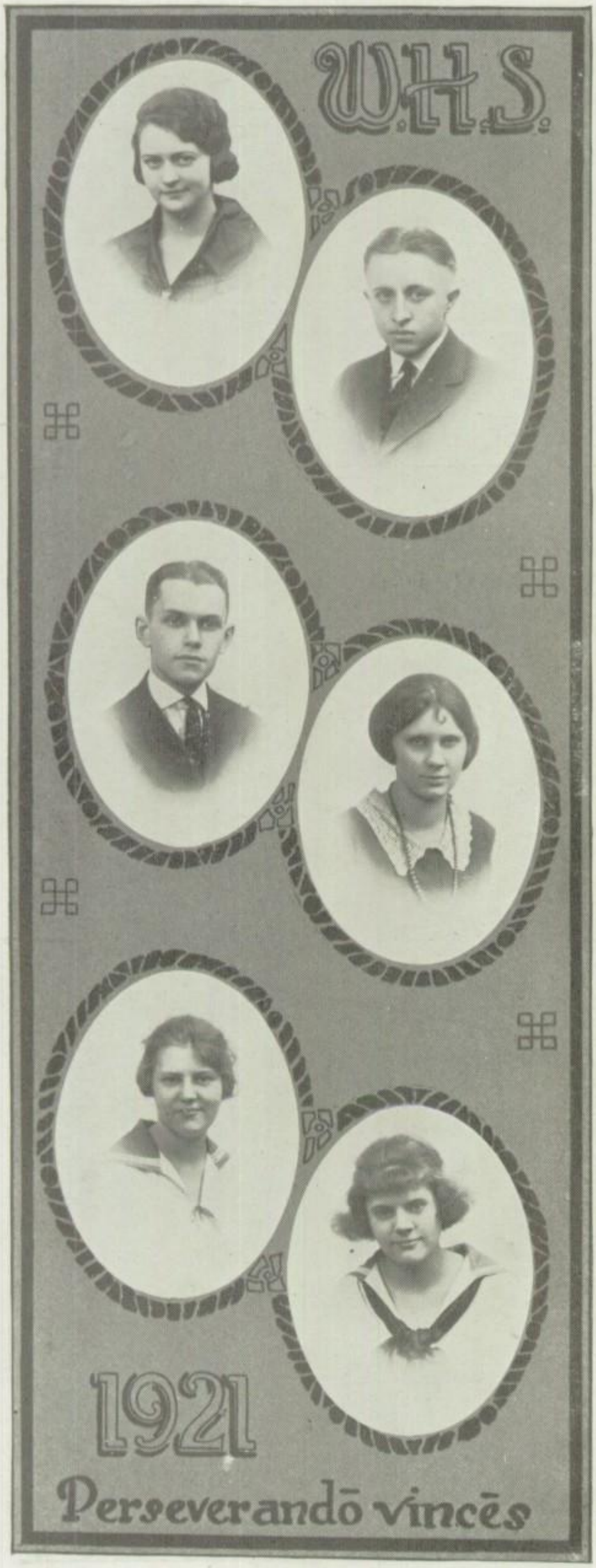
LAVANDA SCHLUPP—*General*

"How near to good is what is fair."

FREDERICK SCHAETTLEY—*Elective*

"What way man within him hide, Tho angel on the outward side."

Senior Announcement Committee; Forum '20, '21; Hi Y. Club '18, '19, '20, '21. English VIII Club; Waite Engineering Club.



LUCILLE SCOUTEN—*Elective*

"If to her some female error chance to fall Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Periclean '19, '20, '21; English VIII Club; Le Cercle Francais.

HERBERT SHAUF—*Elective*

"Yet I have something in me dangerous."

Forum '20, '21; Hi Y Club '19, '20, '21; English VIII Club.

MACK SHOVAR — *Manual Training*

"Is there a tongue that runs for ages without winding up, Chattering nonsense all day long?"

Cheerleader '20, '21; Hi Y Club '19, '20, '21. Waite Engineering Society '21.

RUTH SHRIVER—*Elective*

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

KATHRYN SMITH—*Elective*

"Music religious heat inspires."

SARA SMITH—*Elective*

"Go put your creed into your deed."

ALTA SPACKEY—*Elective*

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

English VIII Club.

HARRY STEGENGA—*Elective*

"Since haste makes waste, why hurry?"

EDGAR STODDARD—*Elective*

"He's everybody's friend it seems Raillery from his blue eye beams."

Senior Social Committee; Forum '20 '21; Hi-Y Club '19, '20, '21; Annual Board '21 Advertising.

MILDRED STUCK—*Commercial*

"Far from the gay cities and the ways of men."

Friendship Club.

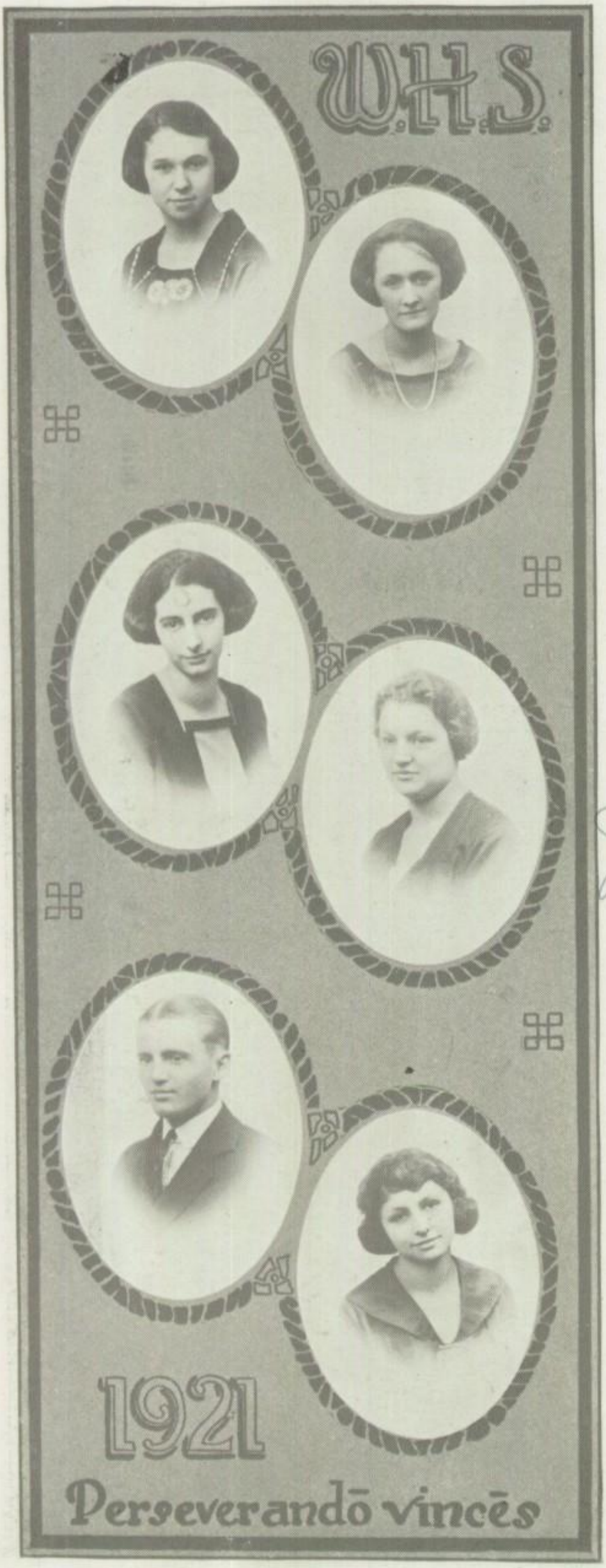
HAROLD SULLWALD—*Manual Training*

"I am not bashful; but I do beguile The thing I am, by sceming otherwise."

Waite Engineering Society.

I. B. SWAN—*Academic*

"The languages, especially the dead, In these he was much and deeply read."



Dorothy Taylor
Poladorfer

DOROTHY TAYLOR—*Commercial*

"Good humor only teaches charms to last, Still makes new conquests and maintains the past."

PAULINE TEFT—*Commercial*

"Her loveliness I never knew Until she smiled on me."

Color Committee '21; Zetalethean '18, '19 '20, '21; Friendship Club.

ALICE THOMPSON—*Commercial*

"The work she does is nothing but her best."

Zetalethean; Friendship Club.

Jeanette T. Barnes

JEANETTE TRACY—*Elective*

"Men? I should worry."

Friendship Club; English VIII Club.

WEBB TUTTLE—*Commercial*

"He that is full of himself is empty."

MAUD UPTON—*Elective*

"Thou art beautiful, young lady, But I need not tell you this."

Periclean '20, '21; Le Cercle Francais; Annual Board Bookkeeper '21.

KENNETH WARD—*Elective*

"The mildest manner'd man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

Forum; Hi Y Club, Treasurer '21; English VIII Club; Football '20.

HOWARD WARNER

RUTH WARNER—*Commercial*

"A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.

Friendship Club.

FLORENCE WATTERS—*Elective*

"Plump and pleasing as a cherry."

HELEN WICKENDEN—*Elective*

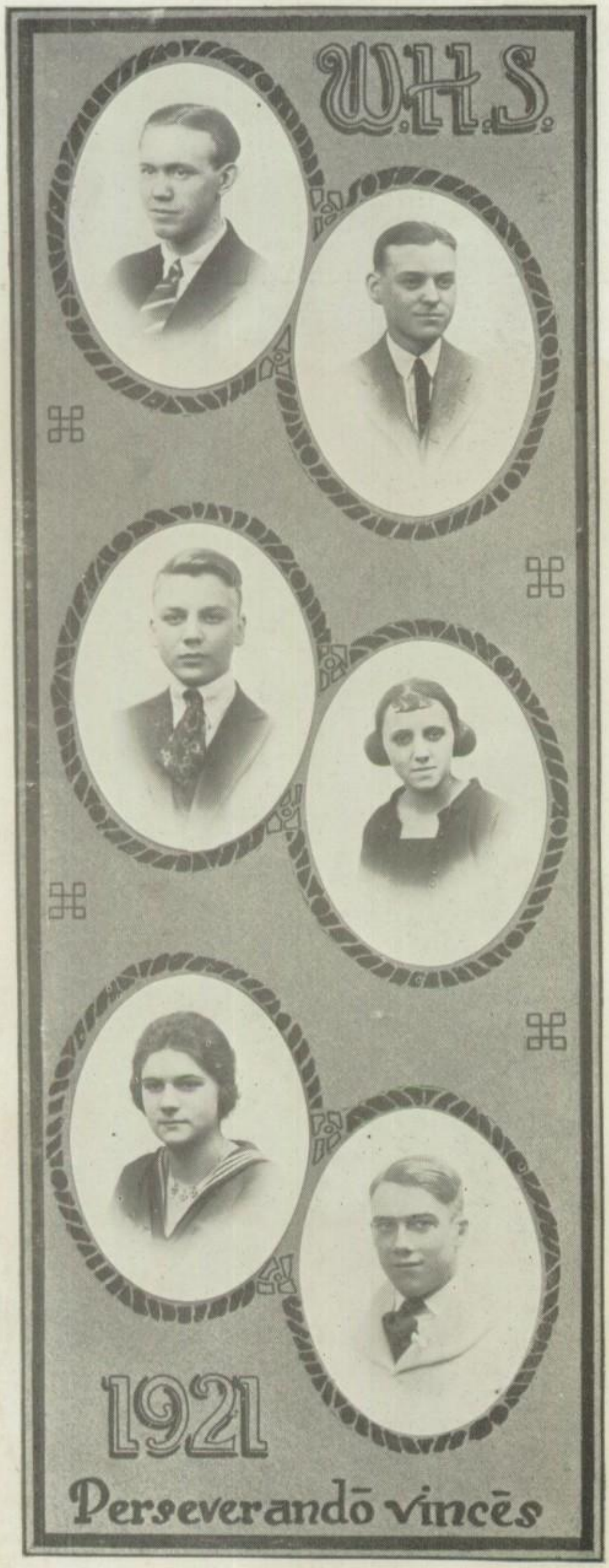
"What an eye she hath."

Friendship Club; English Club; English VIII Club; LeCercle Francais. "Trial by Jury." "Bells of Cornville." "Appeal to Caesar." "A Southern Cinderella."

JANE WILES—*Elective*

"She is all perfections"

Vice-President Junior Class '20; Zetalethean; Sergeant-at Arms '20; President '21; Friendship Club, Treasurer '20; President '21; Basketball '19, '20, '21; Retina Board '21; Girl's Athletics; Annual Board '21, Girls' Athletics; "Princess Kamakura," "After the Game," "A Southern Cinderella."



JAMES WOLF—*Elective*

"Blest with each talent and each art to please, And born to write, converse, and live with ease."

Quill and Dagger '18, '19, 20, '21; Saturnalia; Annual Board; Associate Editor '19, Retina Board '21.

ROY YOUNG—*Elective*

"Trust not too much to your rosy looks."

PAUL YOUNT

RUTH ZAHRLY—*Commercial*

"A girl she seemed of cheerful yesterdays And confident tomorrows."

Zetalethean '18 '19, '20, '21; Annual Board; Recording Secretary '21.

ALICE ZIMMER—*Academic*

"There's nothing lost by being wise."

RICHARD MUGFOR

Seniors Without Pictures

CLIFFORD BARRETT—*Elective*

"He who did well in war, just earns the right, To begin doing well in peace."

Football '19, '20.

VICTOR CREW—*Elective*

"And both were young and one was beautiful."

English VIII Club; Pres. Gamma Chapter.

FILDING JOHNSON — *Manual Training*

"I worked with patience which means almost power"

Waite Engineering Society '21.

MAXINO LYON — *Manual Training*

"And mistress of herself tho' China fall."

CECIL MURPHY—*General*

"There was silence deep as death."

IRENE MCGINITY—*Elective*

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

English VIII Club.

EUGENE PEARSON—*General*

"All was silent as before."

Persis Border Wesley McKey Warren Gressley Hilda Boden

The Purple and Gold

When the last long rays of the sinking sun
Are slipping down from out the sky,
A beauteous glow that fills our hearts
With joy, comes forth before the eye.
The purple of the evening sky
With the gold of day does now enfold
And one by one the rays come forth,
The rays of purple and of gold.
A wealth of richness fills the sky;
But slowly now the heavens grow cold,
For one by one there vanishes
The beauties of the purple and gold.

—S. Wesley McKee.

Senior Class Committees

SENIOR PROM. COMMITTEE: Ruth Farrell, *Chairman.*

James Wolfe
Marana Baker
Harold Cook
Mary Ruth Boardman
Edgar Stoddard

BANQUET COMMITTEE: Audrey Gee, *Chairman.*

George Furman
Horton Lyle
Isabella Harry
Helen Campbell
Katherine Berno

RING COMMITTEE: Wade Ladd, *Chairman.*

Arland Innes
Margaret Sargent
Persis Border

COLOR COMMITTEE: Dorothy Donnely, *Chairman.*

Helen Reece
Pauline Teft

MOTTO COMMITEE: Wesley McKee, *Chairman.*

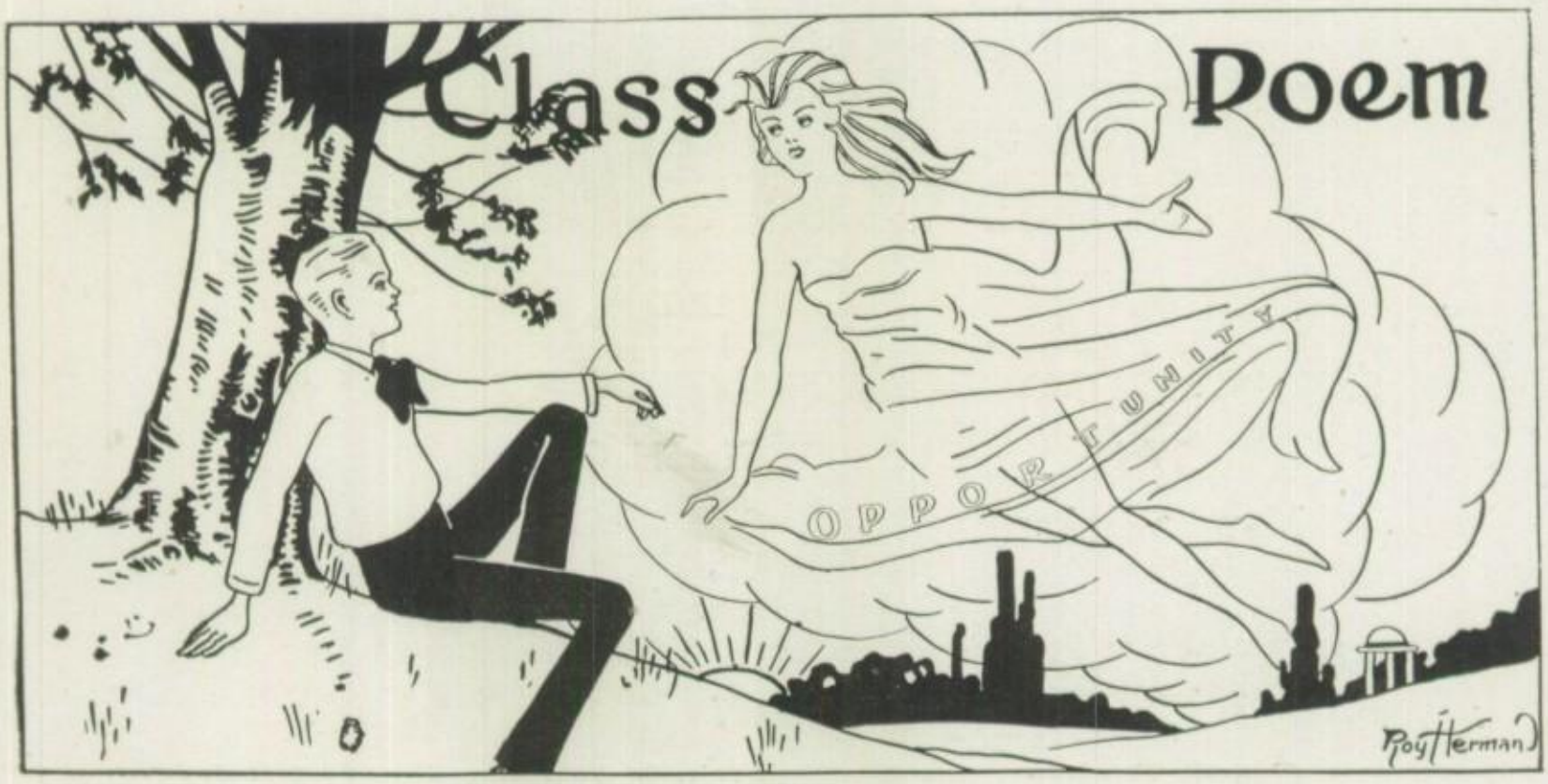
Maude Upton
Dorothy Gassoway

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE: Clarence Myers, *Chairman.*

Hilda Boden Ruth Farrell Roland Leonard

PICNIC COMMITTEE: Warren Gressley, *Chairman.*

Herbert Jenne Lillian Beckman Marie Harms



The sun was sinking low behind a cloud
That floated slowly through yon western sky.
The last fair rays of beauteous golden light
Were flooding all the landscape far and near.
And all around was clad in sunset rays
Of gold, of red, and purple sprinkled hues,
While far below the new born leaves did bow
And slightly tremble to the gentle breeze—
The breeze of May that comes all loaded full
Of perfumes it had gathered from the blossoms.
Softely it sings its melodies of spring
And whispers to each lately budded flower
That lifts its wakened head high to the skies,
And seeks in vain for one small drop of dew;
The breeze of May that scurries through the fields
Of newly sprouted rye and clover sweet,
That casts abroad its sweetly scented breath;
The breeze that bids each tiny bud to wake.
Each tender blade of grass greens one by one
And lifts its tiny spear point to the sky.
T'was here upon a mound of beauteous green,
Beside a stream that sung in accents silvery,
Amid the beauteous rays of the sinking sun,
Bathed by the cool and gentle breeze,
And breathing the sweet perfumed air of spring,
I, weary of the long day's gruesome toil,
Lay down to steep my soul in nature's bliss.
I listened to the breezes whispering soft
And low their secrets to the 'wakening flowers.
I watched the last long rays of beauteous glow
Grow dark and sink behind the lingering cloud.

I harkened to the evening songs of birds,
That flitted here and there, and finally
When they had sung their ev'ning song of praise
From off the bough that hung nearby their nests,
Sank down within their downy homes of straws;
And soon a solemn stillness filled the land.
And then, from out the golden colored sky,
A single cloud came forth before my eye.

Entranced I saw a vision in the cloud
That loitered dreaming in yon sunset sky,
Full of fair shapes, half visible to the eye
And half enwrapped by winds of fantasy
In golden mist, an everlasting crowd.
There, mid the unreal forms that came and went
In air-spun robes, of evanescent dye,
And treading o'er the streets of purest gold,
And all bedecked by diamonds of the sky,
The beauteous stars that guide the sailor's way,
And brightly lighted by Diana's rays,
Which shone like rich clad waves of silvery tone
As when she shines upon the ocean's face
And casts a glorious silver to the sky,
A woman's semblance shone pre-eminent.
Not armed like Pallas, nor like Hera proud,
But clad in garments loose, and flowing trains
That rippled lightly to the gentle breeze.
A maiden she, half mortal, half divine,
Whose presence freshened all the gloomy air.
Fairest of all the fair—yet fairer still;
Dwelling in hut and rich abounding hall,
Heart of all Grace, creator of life out of naught;
Who never turned a suppliant from her door,
Whose victories are gains of all mankind.
She stands unheeded 'mong the hastening throng,
And nods and bids in vain to all who pass.
And, like an angel sings the news from heaven.
But lo! the mad world dances heedless on
After its butterflies—and gives no sign.
But on! ye fortunate one, who hears her call
And follows in her light and winsome steps
To you shall be the ever glorious prize,
To you eternal fame shall always be—
For the name of this fair maid is Opportunity.
And when ye see her glorious face so fair
Or hear her golden voice call soft and low,
Speed on your foot steps to her beckoning hand
And follow her, though few accompany you.
Go when she calls you, wait not e'en an hour.
For, like the waning stars in morning skies,
When Phoebus from his watery bed does rise
And fills the purple dawn with golden rays,
She may forever vanish from thy sight,

And would'st thou let the maiden pass you by?
But yet she stands, yes, still she calls to you,
An equal chance—but one to every man.
While on and ever on the ignorant crowds
Formed by our mother Nature, but to fill
The streets with presses, otherwise left bare,
In blindness pass her by nor know their loss.

And midst the ever pressing throng of men,
In vain, Faith blows her trump to summon back
Her scattered troup of those who've gone astray.
And like a tiny spark of struggling fire,
If strengthened by a light and gentle breeze,
'Twill grow and kindle in the heart of man.
Till strengthened to an everlasting flame,
Will burn forever, and forever grow;
So faith, e'en brought into a faithless heart
If blown but by the slightest breath of aid,
Will grow and prove a great and needy friend
To all who open up their hearts to her.
But like that tiny spark of Natur's fire,
If no encouragement is given her,
She'll, ne'er the less, strive on, in vain to live
But soon shall die and vanish from thy breast.

Now noble Truth appears in white array,
As pure as snows that fall from winter's skies.
She gleams as if by magic or by charm,
And e'en the sunshine steals his light from off her face.
And ever held by thongs of Falsehood back,
She struggles on. Her garments once so pure.
And white now bear the signs of long abuse.
Her sheveled locks once golden in their hue,
Now're snarled by years of everlasting strife.
Though overcome by Falsehood's lying lips,
Though ever weak but always in the right
She labors through her bitter course of life.
See! How she flings her sacred arrows high
And every where they light, they leave a pain
Of bitterness, and still of righteousness.
They soar around Temptation's growing heart,
Pierce Error's guilty breast, but only for the healing.
Truth still leads those who follow, to the skies.
The hope of Truth grows stronger, day by day,
And every hour new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free.
For high, and yet more high, the murmers swell
Of inward strife for Truth and Liberty.
But few, how very few, her footsteps follow—
They start, but soon are lost in yonder space;
For they must upward still and onward go
Who ever keep abreast with sacred truth.
And they must strive and ever on pursue

Who wish the noble gifts of Truth to reap.
For Beauty, Truth and all that these imply,
Drop not like ripened fruit about our feet,
We climb to them through years of pain and strife.
Without long trouble none did e'er attain
The longed for post by Quiet's blissful throne.

And in that cloud enwrapped in golden mist,
I see the shining form of perfect Beauty
Whom men and women both fight on to win.
But all their struggles seem to be in vain.
A wealth of dark brown locks adorn her head,
Her lovely shining face attracts the crowds,
The brilliant sparkle of her dark brown eyes,
Her form as perfect as the beauteous one
Of Helen in the days of long ago,
Summons both men and women from their work
And lead them on by foolish promises.
But many, ignorant of the paths ahead,
Follow to the only promised goal;
And after years of struggle and of toil,
They find no goal, but learn too late their fault.

And then I saw those sad and weeping ones.
They passed me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hovered to and fro,
Hugging their bodies 'round them like their shroud,
Wherein their souls lie mourning all the while.
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
They cast their hope of human kind away.
They lost all joy and pleasure of their life,
And now are sad and mourn for what they've done.
They pine and weep their weary lives away;
And 'round their sad and ever weeping heart,
I saw the mean clad form of a weeping man.
He taunts and lashes, teases and torments
Their hearts by foolish and by roguish words;
His teasing words, "If this had been and that,
Then that would not have been the same as this,"
And with such half-crazed words as these, that one
Does ever taunt the weary hearts of men
From early day 'till late at night, and e'en
Through the whole night long he is near by.
Each tear that drops from off his saddened face,
And falls upon some wretched mortals breast,
Brings with it memories of what is gone,
And of the sad, sad faults of yesterday.
His name is Might Have Been, sad Might Have Been,
Who weeps in vain for days that have gone by.

And Wisdom from her bower so high aloft.
Calls down to those who pass her heedless by
So high she is that most the world of men

To reach her even fail—so pass her by,
But those who follow faithful in her path
Do find it one of thorns—not roses gay.
Their faces bathed by tears of grief, and too,
By sorrow's bitter marks of hard earned years,
They ever onward press to win the prize;
For Wisdom is stern Sorrow's patient child.
And know that Strength and Wisdom only flower
When we toil for all that is our kind.

And Love, Oh Love, how sweet and pure you were,
How beautiful and shining was your face
When in that mystic cloud I you admired.
I saw her fair, as fair as lily pure,
When only one is opened to the sky.
Pure Love seems like a beauteous blooming flower,
But no, it is no fading, earthly flower,
It's tiny seed once dropped from Paradise
And nursed by day and night, by sun and rain,
Doth every hour to freshen beauty grow.
It fills our hearts with richest thoughts, and too,
With cares and sympathy for all mankind.
Thru Love we learn to see the beauteous things
That God hath given us to see and love.
And as thruout the busy, busy world
Ye climb the rugged paths of weary Life,
Have love for all, no matter where ye be,
And smoother your own pathway you will find,
And full of joy your life shall always be.
The love of all things spring from love of one;
Wider the souls horizon hourly grow,
And over it with fuller glory spreads
The sky-like spirit of Love; a hope begun
In doubt and darkness 'neath a fairer light
Comes to fruitage, if it be of Truth.
Without Love you'd be naked, bleak, and bare
As yon dead oak that grows upon the rock,
And nature's teachings which come to thee now
Would be as fruitless as a stream which gently
Slips thru the wheel of some old ruined mill.
And ripened Knowledge ever takes away
The charm that Nature to thy childhood gave,
But grudge it not, for with that insight new,
Each day a greater bliss will fill thy heart,
E'en greater than was Wonder long ago.
Then more and more each day you'll learn to know,
And 'twill reveal some clue to greater things,
And stumbling quest will be firm-footed art.
Nor will thy Knowledge of adversity
Rob thee of any faith of happiness.
But rather clear thy inner eyes to see
How many simple ways there are to love.

And there, throughout that ever shifting crowd,
I saw the form of aged Experience.
He slowly winds his way. His snow white
Locks (perhaps he was some ninety years of age)
Were blowing in the breeze. And on his brow
As white as were his locks, I could perceive
A learned look so kind and fatherly.
He tried to teach the crowds of hast'ning men
But they were dumb. He shook his withered finger
As if to give them good and rich advice,
But yet what good is his advice to men?
Think! you'd say it's naught, and nothing more.
For human beings learn an hour too late
That all is vanity that lies below.
But ah! Experience is a dumb, dead thing,
The truest vict'ry's in the real believing.

And as I lay upon my couch of green
As if enchanted by some charmer's spell,
That shining cloud seemed toward me to move,
And as I closer viewed the unreal forms,
I saw the humble and more common men
Struggling on to reach the vanishing goal.
And ever now and then the scene was changed.
I saw the humble workman quit his toil,
And wind his weary way toward his home.
I saw the rich man as he leisurely
Lolled on his velvet and made o'er his gold.
He seemed to own the world and nothing less,
But yet,—what had he, he might call his own.
No happiness there is for him who's rich;
No home-like peace, no, nothing but his gold—
And what is gold?
But yet men worship it, their lives they give
Only to clutch its hard but shining form.
And when they do succeed they have no more
But less, than when their hands were nak'd and poor.
And in the cloud I see the one who's sad,
And he who real happiness doth have.

And there, up in his tower, sits the poet,
And daily mid his weary toil aspires,
While Grief and Hunger climb about his knee.
While yet fair Blisses new and strange to him
Do fill his toiling heart and overflow't
With a magic wonder sweet and dim.
The Lone Inventor by his demon haunted,
Secluded from the world, he toils away.

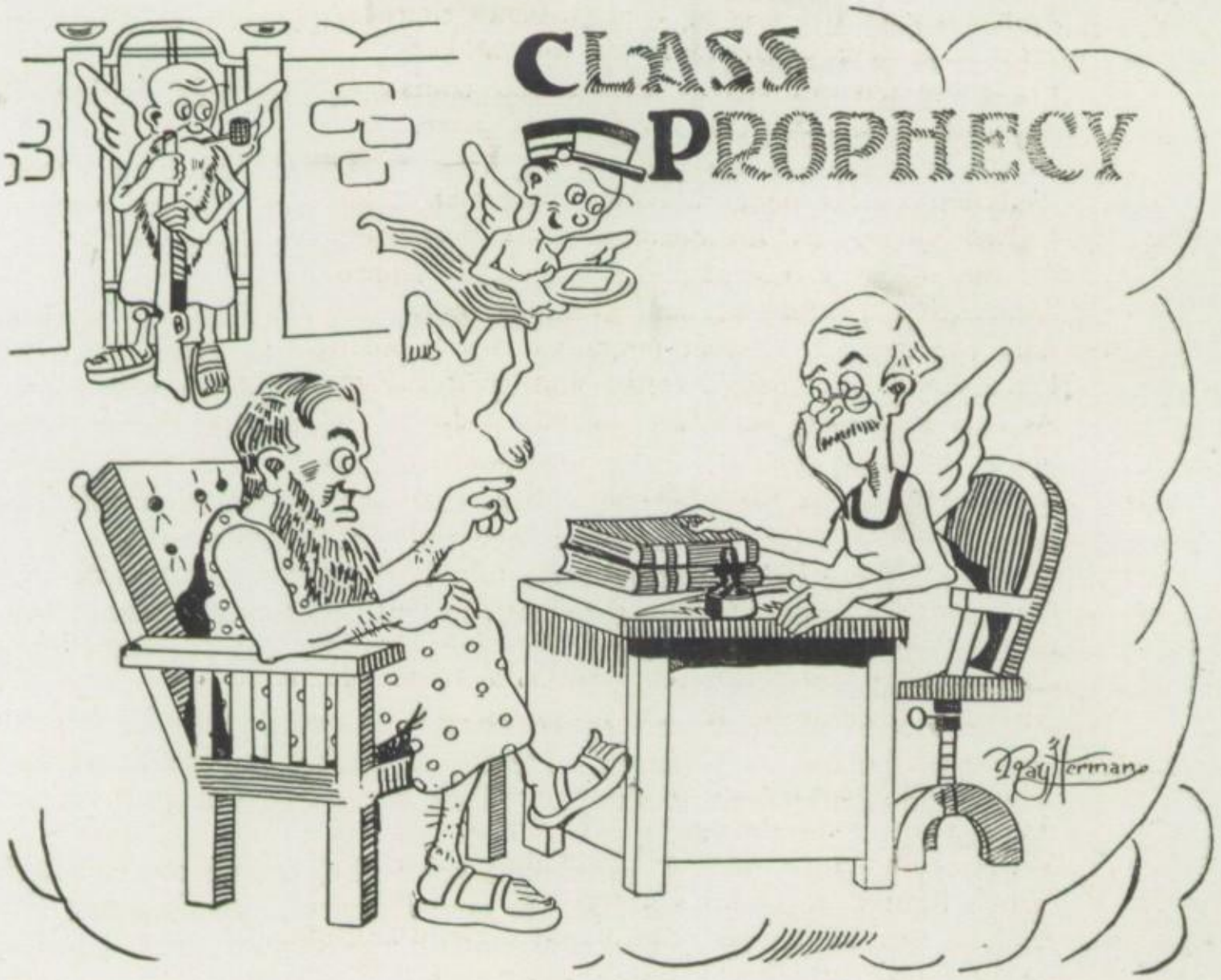
And as I watched that vision in the cloud,
Rich thoughts of Life's hard struggles came to me,
And thoughts new unto my youthful mind.
And for the first I realized the truth,

Of how the busy world goes heedless by,
Forsakes you, and forgets your presence there;
How hard must be the tasks and toils of Life
For those ten millions of unfortunate souls
Who labor and strive on to gain the prize.

And while I lay upon my couch of green,
Lulled sweetly by the beauteous silv'ry notes
Of the nearby spring as o'er the rocks it tripped,
And bathed by the cool and gentle breeze,
And breathing the sweet perfumed air of spring
I pondered o'er these strange and doubtful thoughts,
As in the cloud I watched the vision die.
Shade by shade the airy forms did leave,
Ray by ray the golden mist did fall,
The purple glow of the sun's last beauteous rays
Had vanished from the calm and tranquil sky.
And soon the last long ray of gold departed
And left the cloud again a barren cloud,
And nothing more. And left the dark'ning sky
An azure blue, most like the deep blue sea.

Then as the cloud itself sailed slow away,
Away from yonder magic patch of sky,
Where just before the magic gold did gleam,
Now's lighted by Diana's silvery rays,
And set with diamonds, the brightly twinkling star.
At first just only one bright sparkle's there,
The evening star that early up doth rise
And bid the Day to leave the world to night.
But soon 'tis magically enriched by more,
As one by one the gleaming sparks appear.
And now all trace of light has disappeared,
And Luna slowly strengthens in her light,
And more and more the stars do fill the sky,
As on and on the wings of night do fly.
And now the pensive moonlight blurs my pines,
While here I sit and meditate these lines.
And now that cloud of purple and of gold,
Since all its secrets and its tales has told,
Has gone, and now the evening shadows fall,
And round these splendors midnight wraps her pall.

—S. Wesley McKee



The shade of Morrison R. Waite walked leisurely over to the recording angel, who was nodding in his chair.

"What's the latest word from the earth?" he inquired genially.

The other gave a start and looked up.

"It's not very much, Waite, what have you been doing lately?"

"I just settled a little argument between Washington and Roosevelt as to how the battle of Waterloo should have been fought. It's all right now, tho, I told them they were both wrong. I wish there were something interesting to do. I'm getting bored."

"You're right," agreed Jehosaphat, yawning, "since this reform wave has swept over the world, things in general down below have been rather quiet."

Morrison R. Waite reached over and began lazily to turn the leaves of the huge book lying on the desk in front of the angel.

"Well, well," he chuckled, "If James Wolfe hasn't got my old position as Chief Justice of the United States. That's so," he continued, soberly, "they named a school after me down there in Toledo, Ohio, and I haven't paid any attention to it since."

"James Wolfe belonged to the graduating class of 1921, didn't he?" Jehosaphat inquired thoughtfully. "I have the records of some other students from that class, it seems to me. Would you care to look at them?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the Judge. "Do you know whether any more of them reached Washington?"

The recording angel hesitated a moment and then said:

"No, I don't, but Eugene Pearson has just established communication between the other world and this by wireless, and I can send down to Washington for the latest news, if you wish."

He dispatched a little cherub to the wireless room and immediatley the answer came back on a small slip of paper, that:

"Mark Shovar, Rayner Bercher and Edward Rommel had been elected to the House of Representatives, wherein a spirited debate over the enforcement of the blue laws, Mark Shovar spoke for forty-eight hours continuously."

On the other side of the paper was written:

"The first women members of the Senate to be elected from Ohio, were Ruth Shriver and Gladys Mangold. Ruth is a leader of the reformist party and was influential in the passing of the Anti-Tobacco Act. Gladys was elected on her 'dress up America' principles, thereby defeating Katherine Berno's husband in spite of his fond wife's frantic curbstone campaigns.

As soon as Jehosaphat had recorded this in the book, he picked up his long telescope from force of habit, and casually surveyed the Atlantic coast.

"What are all those books stacked mountain high on the counters of book stores in the East," he cried. "Why they are the tenth edition of George Furman's latest best seller, *The Man Beautiful,* published by the Herbert Jenne Publishing Company.

"Now, I promised to show you some names," he said, transferring his gaze from earth to the Book of Heaven. He turned back a few pages and ran his finger down the closely written sheets. "This is the first one that was recorded, I believe."

"According to Kenneth Ward, prominent art and dramatic critic, Marie Harris is unequalled as a sculptress. She is now immortalizing in clay; Hubert Birkencamp, the young engineer, who practically checked the flow of Niagara Falls in order to direct the water to his series of modern power plants, scattered throughout the gorge."

The Chief Justice leaned forward interestedly. He glanced at the opposite page and saw the reason for the popularity along Broadway, of Arthur Frautschi's *Follies of* 1922. It was Persis Border who always takes New York by storm when she dances on an immense keyboard stretched across the stage, and plays her own accompaniment with her feet.

He read a little further and found this entry:

"The Reverend Francis Moore, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., D. D. S., is a successful author of musical comedies in his spare moments. His latest piece, *Foolish Phantasies,* well into its third season, is being produced by Webb Tuttle, who has staged some of the most notable productions in the country. Helen Wickenden, who rose from the chorus is starred. Grace Plain is end "man" of the Weeping Willow Minstrel show, written into the last act to afford comedy relief for the tragic ending. The road company has Eunice Friend in the leading part and Luella Hill in support. They are good actresses and aspire to heavy dramatic roles.

Then Jehosaphat called his attention to an item at the bottom of the page.

"Howard Rowell is advertising manager for the exclusive Rinker-Helbing Company, of New York. He has complete charge of the spring and autumn style shows and has made them an institution which people flock to see. It is his duty to select the girls who will wear the beautiful gowns on display in this fashionable store. Pauline Teft, Ruth Lee, Helen Moses, Dorothy Donnely and Alice Thompson are only a few of the girls Howard has made famous."

"A singular honor has been conferred upon Wesley McKee," remarked the angel, "in giving him, during his life time, a place in the Hall of Fame at the

University of New York. He writes the most charming and delicate love lyrics."

"And here," continued the angel, "are some more members of this class, The Diving Girls, Hazel Flegle, Varie Faneuff, Bertha Fowler, Marian Douglas and Hazel Critzer, are the latest additions to the cast of *Surprises* at the Hippodrome.

"This also will interest you. After playing to packed houses for one solid year in a Shakespearian repertory, Marguerite Murphy and Samuel Lynn have started on a tour of the principal cities of the United States. Their greatest success is in the *"Taming of the Shrew."*

Jehosaphat started to thumb over the leaves. A name caught Mr. Waite's eye. "Turn back a little," he said, "I saw Toledo just as you flipped that page, and surely some of the graduates must have stayed right at home and taken up their life work." The other turned back. "To be sure," he said, and began reading aloud.

"Jane Wiles installed a huge gymnasium in Toledo, free to everyone. It is a combination of Y. W. C. A. and Salvation Army Headquarters. The institution is supervised by Charlotte Quill and the various departments are in the hands of Constance Muntz, Hattie Recht, Ruth Warner, Mildred Stuck, Alta Spackey and Iris Oberle. This building was closed recently by order of the Mayor, Donald Fisher. Jane had organized a basket ball team, with Roy Young as coach, and when the girls insisted upon borrowing the English idea and wearing "Scotch knees," and abbreviated suits, the scandalized citizens ordered a stop put to it at once. Toledo is a moral, upright city now."

"I wonder what has happened at Waite?" suddenly inquired the Judge. That ought to be among these entries, and it is, too."

Waite has won every game since Carl Benson, who made the All Ohio Eleven, took charge of the football squad.

During the basket-ball season the "dancing after the game" is done to Lavanda Schlupp's orchestra, reputed to be the best in the city.

'When Mr. Vossler severed his connection with Waite, he bequeathed his position to Walter Kruse who is trying to follow in his predecessor's footsteps."

The two men drew the book a little nearer and glanced at the top of the next page.

"Eleanor Bassett and Adelaide Kiemle have started a new idea with regard to beauty shops. Durelle Otten and Clarence Myers are employed as manicurists to bring in the fair customers. It is not really necessary for Clarence to do this, but it increases his already large income, which he likes to spend on the girls. Sara and Kathryn Smith, who are conducting a similar establishment across the street, find it hard to keep up with so much competition."

"Ann Brouhard is recorded here somewhere," Jehosaphat murmured to himself. "She is president of the Tuesday Afternoon Ladies' Club. Notorious among the members are Nora Findlay, Minnie Kohne, Rita Carnall, Beatrice Bancroft, Maxine Lyon and Lilla Brown. They are all young married women of the city, and such a babble as arises when a forceful lecturer speaks on the rights of man in the home. Ann is interested in dramatics and wanted to put on Romeo and Juliet, but they all wanted to be Juliet to Frederick Schoettley's Romeo, and the thing fell thru. Some one has told Frederick that he can paint and he has gone in for Art, with a capital A, flowing ties, Japanese dressing gown, and studio teas."

"One may obtain help in making out his income tax report by seeing Burton Nopper, I believe," said Jehosaphat. "His early training enables him to pick up a tidy sum of money besides what he earns as sales manager for the Tilford Greenaway Athletic Supply Company."

"Margaret Knisely took a Kindergarten course," the Judge grinned, "and she finds she can make good use of her training right at home."

"I think a death blow has been given to Jazz," the angel ventured, "since Thelma Dorr is making Victor records, and has been composing such dreamy Waltzes."

"And can it be possible? In spite of the tendency of the day and age, when Felix King, nationally known humorist, spoke at the Coliseum, he drew many people away from a great revival meeting led by the famous evangelist, Merritt Metz. Clifford Barrett was scheduled to lead the singing. He helps Merritt at all his services."

"I can't find the record, but you remember the old Saxon Auditorium, don't you? Well, the first performance of the combined Toledo Opera and Royal Russian Ballet Company, of which Mary Ruth Boardman is the dancing-director, marked the opening of the new theatre, designed by the architect, John Davis, that takes the place of the old building. Manager Abe Goldstein came out and made a long speech. The prima donna, Margaret Sargent, developed temperament at the last moment and her understudy, Dorothy Owen, appeared in her stead. She received eleven curtain calls. Marian Bowland and Audrey Gea executed a graceful dance called the *Dream of Pale Women*. Margaret Brower and Reuben Goldstein received great applause in a symbolical dance representing the *Call of Knowledge*. Frederick Dahn was in charge of the stage furniture and other properties. Special scenic effects were designed by art director Lucille Hill, and Henrietta Schippers led the symphony orchestra. Mary Ruth had, with great difficulty, obtained Huburtus McLain, pianist extraordinary, of the Metropolitan Opera Co., for the first night, but the enthusiasm accorded him was well worth the trouble. Rachel Kellar, Dorothy Lee, and Gladys Rowell, who had decided never to marry, broke the rules of their Diana Club and attended the function with Cecil Murphy, who is a great educator along the lines of scientific farming."

"The Mud-Hens have finally won the pennant," the judge joyfully exclaimed. "Arland Innis' pitching is responsible for it. I am glad to see that. I always liked baseball."

Just then a new arrival from Toledo walked in thru the pearly gates. "Let's ask her for some news," suggested Jehosaphat, "Good afternoon, Madam," he addressed her as she passed by them. "I'm the recording angel and this is Morrison R. Waite. We want to know whether you could tell us something that's taking place in the city you just left. Do you happen to know any graduates of Waite?"

The woman acknowledged the introduction and smiled eagerly. "Yes," she said, "I know a few. I should be glad to tell you anything about them."

"Aha," said Jehosaphat in an undertone to his companion, "this is fine. She's a gossip, you can tell that."

"Well," began the stranger, settling herself composedly in a roomy chair, "it was in the paper the other night that a rich uncle had died and left George Booth a million dollars. The strain was too much for him. He went to a sanitarium to recover and found Dorothy Gassaway and Alice Zimmer, who had collaborated with Miss Gibson in writing *Gibson's Latin for the Masses and its Relation to Slang, and other Common Things*. They say this book is largely responsible for making Latin the universal language.

"And Clarence Kitchen bought out a correspondence school which taught how to become strong, and changed it to how to become strong-minded. His slogan is, 'Be Mentally Fit—Don't Depend Upon Bluffing.' Kitchenism counts many followers.

"Victor Crew," she continued "was brought up in court a short time ago before Judge Ward Cordill, on the charge of bigamy. Edgar Stoddard was the lawyer for the defense and I heard that it was owing entirely to his eloquence and not to Victor Crew's reputation, that the case was won.

"Do you happen to be interested in bowling, either of you? No? But then this concerns us women more especially anyway. Roland Leonard has invented a ball which goes straight down the center of the alley, no matter how it is thrown—it may even be thrown in the opposite direction. This is accomplished by means of a cleverly concealed magnet. Roland has retired for life, but he still owns an immense bowling alley, operated by Franklin Benster, Eugene Overmier and Clifford Hollibaugh.

"You've heard of Professor Stowe, haven't you? When he laid down his work at Toledo University, Helen Haley took his place. She made Jeanette Tracy instructor in English and Loretta Beese and Alice Bisnette, professors of Psychology. Harry Stegenga received the chair of Public Speaking and Impassioned Oratory, with Grace Boughton and Alta Pugh as assistants. Marana Baker, who has just completed a history of the United States in eight volumes, not to speak of her *Commentary on Civics,* besides, is teaching those subjects in the same institution."

She paused for breath. "Isn't there anything else?" the Judge encouraged her in his kindly way.

"Nothing I can think of just now. Yes, there is, too. I've heard it said that three-fourths of the derbies worn in the United States are turned out by George Keller's factory. And Helen Herbert has just had a new branch library named after her in recognition of her faithful work in the Toledo Public Library.

"That's about all the old Waite students I know," she finished. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it? I really must be going."

The two men thanked her and remained standing until she disappeared. They resumed their seats and Morrison R. Waite broke off a piece of cloud and fanned himself with it reflectively. Suddenly a roaring sound reached his ears, muffled by the distance.

"That must be from the Indianapolis tracks," remarked Jehosaphat, who had also heard it. "It's that reckless speed fiend, Robert Matthews, breaking the world's record again. A hundred and ten this time. His skilled mechanic, Edward Gogel, is still with him I trust."

"There's some commotion down there in Canada, too," the recording angel murmured, leaning over sideways to see better. "If it isn't Lucille Scouten lecturing to the inhabitants on the benefits to be derived from prohibition."

He settled back in his chair and turned his attention to the book once more. Almost immediately he found this:

"Ruth Farrell is president of an agricultural college in Iowa, which specializes in designing attractive house dresses for farmer's wives."

"I wonder how I. B. Swan is coming out. He was trying to reach the South Pole the last time I saw him and sure enough," he said, pointing to the place, "after a long and perilous journey, he has found it."

Further down the page, the Chief Justice saw an account of the new singing and dancing act of the Shamrock Sisters, known in private life as Helen Campbell, Dorotha Taylor and Dorathea Campbell. When this trio arrived in Los Angeles, they went to visit a motion picture studio where some of their friends were employed. On one set they saw Ruth Zahrly, who has made herself famous by crossing her eyes, performing in comedy. On another lot, Robert Kinker in a very quiet tone of voice, and with few words, was directing

Maud Upton, fresh from Lelah Holden's Dramatic School, in a tense scene from Edith Rollo's big stage success. Glen Schick was making passionate love to his leading woman nearby.

"That reminds me," the angel said, "Ralph Barnes is conducting a matrimonial bureau in Southern California, and since he has had such remarkable success in mating other people, it seems too bad that he can't help himself in the same manner.

"I guess there's no more in this book. I'll get my old one. If I remember, more names are in there. He left and returned in a few minutes with a book similar to the other. He opened it at random and commented on the various records as he read them.

"When Lysle Griggs, the owner of the Pacific Steamship Line, was taking a vacation on one of his own steamers, he met Isabella Harry, eminent surgeon and physician, who was crossing the ocean to engage in a search for the sleeping sickness germ in the Philippines. Harold Sullwold, the newly appointed American consul to these islands, was also on his way over to assume his duties. He was very glad to receive this post, as he thought perhaps there would be fewer women in this part of the world. Harold Cook, deadly secret service operative, was on the trail of some priceless diamonds stolen from Wade Ladd, a wealthy New York financier. Hilding Johnson was on board also, going to the little known islands of the Malay Archipelago to explore and draw maps of the different groups. When he arrived, the first person he saw was Stuart Campbell, who is the agent for Fuller brushes in the Solomon Islands."

Then Jehosaphat turned to the Judge, "I overheard a conversation between two school children in the province of Tamba, China, not so long ago. One of them said,

'I am blessed in having no home work today, as our honorable teacher, Florence Watters, forgot it.'

The other one answered,

'Our most illustrious instructor, Marion McNees, has also seen fit to honor us with the absence of any lessons. May the gods heap favors upon her and her days be filled with sunshine!' "

He resumed his reading.

"Even Horton Lyle has felt the pervading spirit of the day and age," he read, in surprise, "if you can judge by this. Accompanied by Rae Morse, who has just recently given up her missionary work among the Esquimos, he joined the expedition that is in the heart of Asia searching for the 'missing link.' Despite their noble efforts, it wasn't found until Victor Gauthier succeeded in reaching the top of Mt. Everest, in the Himalyas, by electric airplane, his own invention.

"Nothing more on this page," said the Judge. "I'll turn the leaves slowly and you watch carefully for familiar names."

"Stop," commanded the other, almost instantly. "Here are some."

"Having found in America that it would save time and trouble to consolidate all churches into one, Hoyt Boden is at the head of a movement in India, to bring together the many thousand sects of this land."

"Esther Kech and Agnes Findlay are bringing the message of universal suffrage to the women of Turkey. Now go on."

"Preparatory to a lecture tour, Lillian Beckman is studying conditions in Spain," the angel said, as the pages slipped by. "If she stays there long enough, her version of the Spanish language may be brought into common use."

"To think that Herbert Shauf is in Paris designing those daring creations of his for the French actress. Three of his models are Violet Miller, Helen

Ruben and Helen Goetz. Violet has introduced a new style of head band to Europe, which is all the rage. Irene McGinety, Helen Roberts, and Carl Noller, new thought enthusiasts, are in the Latin Quarter, studying the impressionistic school of art.

"Isn't this fine?" the angel asked. "Alex John, the American distance runner at the Ninth Olympiad held in Pershing Stadium, France, was the outstanding figure of the meet, easily winning the ten thousand meter race."

"These women are certainly taking things out of our hands," sighed Waite resignedly. "Hilda Sasse is the ambassador to France. Of course she's the first, but it only paves the way for more things of this kind.

"I see," added the Judge, "that Warren Gressley, universally known as Simonds II, is making a name for himself in Russia, where he has slept thru more revolutions than any other war correspondent. He wrote a novel about the Bolshevic upheaval in Moscow. In it he gave his own opinion of the uprising as well as the generally accepted view, and very appropriately called it *Two Tales of a City*.

"Now this may sound like gossip," rejoined the angel, "but it was rumored that the English Parliament offered the position of prime minister to Chester Clark if he would settle the Irish question for them, after all other means had failed. It's not known how he did it, but he's prime minister now.

"Helen Reese is also in London to see how the library in the British Museum is managed so that she may be able to revolutionize our congressional libray at Washington, of which she is in charge."

And then Morrison R. Waite and the recording angel closed the book softly and went in to drink a rousing health to the class of 1921, over two brimming glasses of nectar. I don't know what their toast was, but mine would be: "Here's to our seniors, may they accomplish greater things than have been thrust upon them in this prophecy."

HILDA BODEN

"A CASE OF SPIRITS"

By Warren Gressley

The rickety, old interurban car came to a jerky, grinding stop, accompanied by a chorus of moans and groans. The conductor, who, at the time, was eating the lunch perpared by his good wife, hastily cleared his throat and announced the station. "Lakeside," he called, with the usual mouthing of the word. Immediately three young men, who, besides two or three chattering foreigners, returning from the Gypsum quarries, were the only passengers, thrust aside the newspapers and magazines they had been reading, and, each seizing a suitcase, alighted from the car. With a sigh of escaping air, the antique interurban proceeded on its journey, gathering momentum each second. Soon it disappeared around a curve, leaving the young men standing alone at a deserted station.

Around this trio our story centers. The station at which they alighted was Lakeside, Ohio, a well known summer resort, about sixty miles from Toledo, far-famed for its beauty. It is situated on Lake Erie a few miles east of Port Clinton. During the summer season, this colony will number in the neighborhood of five thousand people, but during the period of autumn, winter and spring there is no more desolate spot than this same place. As far as one can see, there is nothing but deserted cottages, hotels and pavilions, all securely locked and boarded up. The only inhabitants are a hundred or so natives who live their lives out in that beautiful spot. Some present-day Goldsmith need but to visit here to find ideal atmosphere for his "Deserted Village." Yet there is a something, a solemn feeling of awe that fills one as he wanders among the silent homes of deserted people. Especially is this true during the Fall, when Nature with her magic brush, has painted each little leaf with colors borrowed from butterflies' wings, and then, with a soft breath, sends them fluttering down to their winter's bed where they wait for the warm and protecting blanket of snow crystals.

Then it is that Nature is at her best. She does not put on her finest dress during the summer, but waits until profane eyes have gone to other scenes, and no one is left but the simple native folk. With plenty of water and sunshine, she goes busily about her fall housekeeping, and when she has finished her task, an electric energy seems to rush madly through the clean, crisp atmosphere, and

fill one with new blood and a fresh tonic of life. The overarching heaven, sparkling and shining from its recent cleansing, towers overhead in one vast dome of royal blue. Old Mother Earth, garbed in her robe of many colors, and covered with drifting heaps of dead leaves, feels winter and the cold white death approaching, and waits impassively.

As for Lake Erie, her beauty is beyond description. At times during the Fall, her bosom heaves wildly in the mad battle with the elements, and with the force of a thousand giants, she hurls herself upon the rocks along the shore, while the spray rises into the air like blinding, smothering geysers. Then during the night, the storm will spend itself, and the morning sun rises upon a body of water so smooth as to remind one of a mirror—Nature's looking glass. The atmosphere, crisp and clear, brings into sharp relief objects miles away. Out in Lake Erie, over fifteen miles from shore, Perry's monument flings its finger of granite toward the blue vault overhead. To the right lies Kelly's Island, four miles out, but so rare is the air, that, as the natives put it, one can almost see the fly specks on the window panes.

On the evening of October 15, 1920, this deserted summer colony found its population increased by three—the three new additions we left at the station watching the car turn a curve and disappear. They have now been standing there for some time and need our attention. Of the three, Ralph Langly was the oldest. He was a vigorous and healthy specimen of American manhood, just turning the twenty-fifth milestone. He had proposed the trip, and was the natural leader of the other two. It was his father's cottage they were going to occupy for the next few weeks. He was the possessor of an agile brain within a marvelous body. He was an adventure-loving man, a typical American. His two companions were both younger than he. Although one of them struggled under the Teutonic name of Oscar Zimmerman, yet a more loyal Yankee could not be found. His build and features betrayed his nationality at first sight. A little, stubby figure enabled him to stand a fair chance with many a taller chap. His face were it not for the large horn-rimmed glasses, could easily be mistaken for a full moon. His was a mathematical brain, in a large measure, though he also possessed a keen sense of humor. He was the direct antithesis to Ralph, but was one of his most devoted friends.

The youngest of the trio had just come of age. He was of rather delicate build, with an unusually intelligent countenance, and was given to occasional day dreaming. He possessed a genius for sketching, and had a peculiar type of sketching all his own. Inclined to be sentimental, he was, nevertheless, as lively a companion as the others could wish. His apparent frailty disguised him, as many a man found who thought him easy picking. A dark skin and black eyes suggested French decent, and such he was, his name, in fact, being Jean Mercereau.

All three had, until the last week, been employed by the Willys-Overland Company, as draftsmen. Now they were mere infinitesimal specks in the great mass of men out of work. They had been hit by the slump, being almost the first to go. Ralph knew, as did the others, that work would not be forthcoming for many weeks at the earliest, and therefore he proposed this litle vacation. A little opposition was shown, but with his persistent persuasiveness, he at last got Oscar's and Jean's asent. He assured Jean that his fortune would be made if he could sketch some of the marvelous sunsets and sunrises that were to be seen at Lakeside. Arrangements being at last completed, they left the dusty and noisy city and embarked on this vacation of absolute ease and restful quiet.

Night had fallen before they reached their destination. Utter darkness surrounded them, save for a feeble incandescent bulb that served both as a street

light and a railway signal. They heard no sound except an occasional sigh, as the night wind swept through the leafless tops of the countless trees that make Lakeside a veritable forest. No sign of human life anywhere. Were it not for the few signs of modern life that showed themselves, one might have thought that some magic genii had carried the boys back to the days of the primitive Indians.

Skirting the shore of the Lake, they passed through a park and stopped before the first cottage on the other side. Ralph produced a key, and soon the door swung inward, the rays of the flash light revealing bare, unplastered walls; a carpetless floor, some wicker chairs, a small library table in the center, and, in a far corner, a china cupboard which contained the dishes and silver used by the summer residents. On top of the cupboard a lamp chimney reflected the rays of the flashlights. Taking this down, Ralph lit the wick and soon the room was filled with its light. Oscar closed the door and dropped into a chair.

"Home! Be it ever so humble, there's no place like a square meal and a bed. Which reminds me that I could eat and feel better. Where's the kitchen, Ralph?"

"Wait a minute. I want to take my duds up stairs. It's rather musty in here, and a few windows opened up there will make the air fresher. Bring up your grips and take your pick of beds, for we've got eight of 'em."

Leaving the lamp burning on the table, Ralph took the boys up stairs, where he found another handy lamp, and soon its gleam revealed a row of beds that made the moon look like a hospital ward.

"Big beds, little beds; lean beds, fat beds," quoth Jean, as he gazed upon the great variety. It was also seen that the upstairs was divided into two compartments by a partition.

'The other side is the ladies' compartment," Ralph explained. "There are as many beds there as here."

Four windows, one at each end and two on the side, afforded plenty of fresh air for the boys. Flinging all open, Ralph soon produced a lessening of the musty odor. Oscar flashed his light out of one of the side windows, and it showed him the white side of some large building, its many windows boarded up, and the whole as tenantless as a last year's bird's nest.

"What's this place next door?" he asked. "That's 'Restmore Inn'," was Ralph's explanation. "It's one of the big hotels here. It is more of a sanitorium, for all the old people come there and stay the summer through. But they wont bother us now, they're gone."

Down stairs the kitchen was soon lit up, and a fire in the small range was burning briskly. All three of the boys had had a pretty strenuous day, and, after eating what they had brought with them, they unanimously decided to go to bed. The night air was becoming noticeably chilly, and the blankets with which the beds were provided, proved welcome, indeed. Each boy occupied a bed, and soon the cool, refreshing night breeze, and the pleasant warmth of the blankets carried them to the land of slumber, while darkness and silence reigned. Thus several hours passed; the hands of Ralph's watch marked the hour of two. Strange noises arose on the night calm, unknown to the sleeping boys. The silent dip of muffled oars could be faintly heard coming closer, closer toward the shore. Then a twig snapped, dead leaves rustled under some one's stealthy footsteps. A moment of silence, followed by a short, low whistle. Then silence again. Suddenly a resounding "boom" shattered the stillness. Instantly Ralph awoke. His habit of light sleeping asserted itself. Dazed with slumber, he forgot his surroundings, and, in the silence that followed the sound, wondered whether he had not been dreaming. He heard the light breathing of his two

companions. But again came a dull, hollow boom, fainter, but seemingly by his side, and within reaching distance. He knew then that it was not a dream. And still another pound made him positive. He sprang to an open window. Darkness and the damp dew of early morning greeted him—and an oppressive silence. To his sharpened ears came a faint but steady pounding. It seemed to be directly beneath him. Then it shifted its position, now here, now there, until he became utterly confused. He remained motionless several minutes, unmindful of the cold, damp breeze. Finally the pounding ceased. Strain them as he might, his ears could catch no further sound. Suddenly he awoke to the fact that he was cold. Back to bed he went—but not to sleep. With puzzled brain he lay there, until, as the first grey streaks of dawn flung themselves victoriously against the dark warriors of night, he fell into a troubled slumber.

Over the tree-tops came the sun, giving the earth a sweet morning kiss. Nature bestirred herself and awoke. Birds with the hue of Joseph's coat, flitted here and there in ecstacy, their merry warbling and chirping filling the crisp air. Over the placid lake a deep silence reigned. Then came a merry whistle, and a small boy passed before "Kosy Korners," as the boy's cottage was called, with a water bucket, bound for the well in the park. The blankets on one of the beds heaved suddenly, and the face of Oscar popped out from the depths of the pillow. He yawned, stretched, sat upright, looked at his watch, and then carefully aimed a pillow at Jean's head. The shot went true. Jean grunted, turned over and went back to slumberland. Another pillow sailed through the air. Jean mumbled under his breath, then, with a jerk, sat up and asked the time of day.

"Six bells, you lazy Irishman! Arouse yourself, man, and gulp down some of this air."

"Yea. Uh-huh. What time did you say it was?"

"Time to get up. Going fishing today, you know, and have to dig for bait."

Ralph, wakened by the noise of the two boys, sat up in bed and looked around him.

"Huh!"

"Huh, what?"

Ralph did not answer immediately, but gazed strangely at the open window. and at the sparkling water that shimmered in the morning sun.

"Say, what's the matter with you? Don't you know us? Wake up, boy! It's a great fishing day, and, believe me, I'm getting cold. B-r-rr-rr-r. Who's going to build that fire? I suppose I must. I'll have your breakfast sent up to you. Say, Ralph, what's wrong?"

"Did you fellows hear anything last night? Anything like pounding?"

"Us? Not that I know of. Did you hear anything, Jean?"

"No, I was as sound asleep as a hibernating bear."

"Me, too. And I feel as hungry as a hibernating bear."

"Well," admitted Ralph, "I must have been dreaming, but I'm sure I wasn't. It seems to me that I was wide awake, and by heavens, I WAS awake. At any rate, you fellows should know that there is something wrong in the state of Denmark." And Ralph, while dressing, related his experiences of a few hours before. He finished and went down stairs. Oscar turned to Jean and winked.

"Trying to scare us. He dreamed it, or else he's got some imagination. Who on earth would want to come to this deserted place to try and see whether they could pound a nail without hitting their fingers?"

Going down to the kitchen, they found Ralph starting a fire in the stove. He sent Jean, instructing him explicitly as to directions, to the store to get the

day's provisions. Oscar was allowed to do as he pleased. Ralph himself went after water.

There is only one well in Lakeside. It is situated in the center of the park, and to it everyone must go for water. Ralph, clad in a big warm sweater, his whole body absorbing the beauty of the park and lake, swung along the path with strong, sturdy strides. He perceived that another person, a young lady, was also approaching the well. As she drew closer, Ralph stopped his sky-gazing, and his pace slowed perceptibly. His brain whirled. Stepping upon the platform a little before her, he caught a glimpse of her face—and forgot all else. His manners asserted themselves, though, and he politely filled her bucket with water. In a voice of melodious sweetness, she thanked him, and passed on. Unmindful of all save her enchanting beauty, Ralph pumped on—his enraptured gaze following her departing form.

Cold water splashing on his feet brought him to his senses. He filled his own bucket and trudged back. But he moved mechanically. Before him danced a face so divinely beautiful and sublime that it seemed as if an angel's face were flitting before his eyes.

"Who is she?" he asked himself. "Am I awake, or am I still dreaming? Those eyes! That mouth! That smile—she can't be real! Who is she? That face—an angel's face!"

Thus he was raving as he stumbled into the kitchen. Oscar was setting the table, and turned as Ralph entered the room.

"Say," he exclaimed, "you look as if you had seen Caesar's ghost. Did you hear some more spirit knockings? You look as if your grandfather had come out of his grave. Wake up, man!"

"It wasn't my grandfather, nor Caesar, either. It was an angel from heaven."

"Oh, ho! Now I see how the wind blows. Well, here's hoping that she sticks to the earth for a while, so that you will stay here, too. Come here, I've got something to show you."

Oscar stepped outside and walked over to the "Restmore Inn." He pointed to the soft earth at his feet. There, deeply imprinted in the soft soil, Ralph's startled gaze saw the shoe-marks of a broad foot. Bending closer he discovered, in the maze of foot-marks, the small, pointed shoes of a woman. He straightened up and glanced queerly at Oscar. After a brief moment, he exclaimed: "I'll be hanged. When I came up here I thought I was going to rest, but I've had more excitement in the few hours we've been here than in a whole year in the city. These footprints! D'ye notice this woman's shoeprint? Didn't I tell you I wasn't dreaming?"

"Yes," Oscar admitted. "We thought you were kidding us, but this evidence dispells that theory. It seems to me that we are getting into something serious. You can't tell what we might be running into."

"I feel the same way," said Ralph. "Footprints won't lie, and a ghost can't make such impressions as that. Here comes Jean with the food. By the way, how did you find these prints?"

"Hunting for fish bait. Good soft ground over here. Ought to be plenty of worms."

"Well, don't dig here, it might arouse suspicion."

That morning the boys discussed at great length the perplexing situation. All three felt that it was something serious in which they had become implicated.

"I didn't expect to find all this hub-dub down here," Jean said.

"No," Ralph assented, "not for us at any rate. But as a sure means of safety, we will have to set up guards during the night. And starting tonight, too.

These strange people may not know that we are here—but safety first. Tonight I'll stay up from ten to one, Oscar from twelve to three, and Jean from two to five. You see that then there will be two fellows up from twelve to three, the most crucial hours, and two fellows will be o. k., for, if things act tonight like they did last night, company will feel good. The Colt that I brought along, will always be on the dresser upstairs. Is this plan agreeable to you fellows? We will change our hours each night."

"Fine," exclaimed Oscar, and Jean nodded encouragingly.

"All right, then, but let's not worry until the time comes to worry."

That evening, while sitting on the veranda steps, watching the sun sink in glorious profusion in the West, Ralph's thoughts carried him back to the first sight of the face that had been haunting him throughout the day. And in the golden path that stretched across the water from the shore to the sinking sun, he saw a vision, clad in robes of purest gold, with a face so bewitchingly beautiful as to seem unearthly, coming majestically down the path toward. Closer it came—and he saw a silver radiance shining from its angelic face. It was his earth-angel. He sighed deeply, closed his eyes for a brief moment, opened them —and the vision was gone.

Toward ten o'clock that night the boys, tired from a day of hiking and fishing, crept into their beds—all save Ralph, who was the first guard. At twelve he called Oscar, who, in turn, aroused Jean at two. But nothing occurred to break the stillness of the night.

The following noon Ralph went to the store to buy food for dinner. As he swung round a corner at a brisk walk, he crashed into a young woman whose packages, shaken out of her arms, fell to the ground. With a sharp intake of breath, Ralph saw before him his earth-angel, at this moment filled with a look of surprise and not a little anger. With a "Pardon me," Ralph picked up the scattered bundles and placed them in their owner's hands.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," he said. "It was my fault—I had no reason for rushing round the corner as I did."

"Oh, my pardon is granted, I'm sure," and the smile that she gave him caused Ralph's heart to jump excitedly. He marveled at her voice, with its rich melody.

"You are a stranger, evidently, in these parts," she continued. "On a visit, I presume?"

"Yes. More of an enforced vacation, though. Nothing to do in Toledo, so three of us came out here for a few weeks. Are making our home in the "Kosy Korners" cottage on the other side of the park."

At these words a strange pallor stole over the face of the girl. It remained but for a fleeting moment, yet long enough to cause Ralph to wonder. After a few more words of conversation, Ralph again apologized for his rudeness, and left her, his brain sorely troubled by the strange paleness on the girl's face. Had he said anything wrong? He recalled nothing. Was she sick? She did not appear so. Probably the shock that she had received as he bumped into her, was the cause, and he berated himself for being so clumsy.

That night Oscar took the ten to one shift, Ralph the twelve to three, and Jean the last. Nothing occurred until toward the middle of Ralph's watch, about one-thirty. Jean and he had been silently sitting near a window, eyes and ears sharp and keen. The faint sound of soft, stealthy footsteps came to them. The two watchers stiffened suddenly. Jean whispered hoarsly:

"D'ye hear that? Sounds as if someone were coming toward the house. The steps are drawing nearer, all right."

Jean turned to the open window, and, looking down, saw a huge black

bulk creep slowly toward the cottage. At his beckoning gesture, Ralph also came to the window. The moving mass was gigantic in size, but indistinct as to shape. It was evidently carrying something long and heavy. Closer and closer it drew, with slow and careful steps. Creeping along the side of the cottage, it stopped suddenly beneath the open window. Ralph jerked Jean back quickly, and whispered in his ear.

"This means business. Wake up Oscar, and tell him to make absolutely no noise. Tell him to lie in bed and pretend to be asleep. You do the same. Watch me, and jump on this fellow when I do. That thing he is carrying is a ladder. Hear that! He's getting the ladder up. Quick! Wake up that Dutchman!"

A few healthy shakes soon aroused Oscar, and when told what was taking place, he was all action. He followed Jean's directions, and soon, to all appearance, was fast asleep. Jean flinging himself into bed, was also apparently dead to the world. Ralph, nearest to the window, sprang into his bed, and, with open eyes, watched the square of starlit sky. Slight scratching sounds coming closer and closer to the window's edge, were heard. Then against the stars, the outline of a man's head shaped itself. It was a huge head, but, when the massive shoulders came into view, the head dwindled greatly in size. Ralph's heart stood still when he saw the huge hulk of a body draw itself into the room. It straightened up and towered over the beds like some giant guardian. It seemed to fill the room completely. A second later, and the rays from a pocket flashlight flickered over the walls of the room. The light traveled downward to the beds and stopped on the sleeping form of Jean. The huge figure drew near the sleeping boy, and the rays of the light beat full into the lad's composed countenance. It was an anxious moment, but passed safely. Nothing occurred save a short grunt from the invader. Then on Oscar's face the light flashed its blinding rays. The corner of his mouth twitched—that was all. Ralph's heart seemed to choke him as the fellow drew near his bed. He felt the heat of the lamp beat in his face. With superhuman effort he kept his face straight. He heard the man's heavy breathing. Instinctively he felt his heavy body bend closer over the bed. The moment had come. His arms, which, up to this moment. had remained impassive on his breast, flung themselves with lightning rapidity around the giant's neck, and a jerk brought his head and body crashing over the bed. A quick spring, and Ralph was on his back. Oscar and Jean came quickly to the rescue. The big body was quiet for a second, then, with a strength that seemed more than human, the three boys were flung aside as if mere babes. Another spring, and the man would have cleared the window, had it not been for Oscar, who, though half stunned, retained sufficient presence of mind to grasp an ankle, just as the intruder sprang. With a crash, the body came to the floor. Oscar, with grim determination, held on tightly, and seemed to be gaining the upper hand, when a crash against the wall caused him to lose his grip and sink into a senseless heap upon the floor. But this brief respite had enabled Ralph, who, by the aid of the dresser, had climbed dazedly to his feet, to secure the gun, and, as the head and shoulders of the man came into outline against the stars, a shot barked out. followed by a piercing scream, as the escaping invader crashed to the ground. He lay there for a moment, then staggered to his feet, and swaying drunkenly from side to side, he departed the way he had come, leaving a trail of blood.

All this had transpired in but a minute. But to Ralph, as he sat on his disheveled bed and gazed vacantly into darkness, it seemed like hours. Arising, and walking unsteadily to the lamp, he lit it and looked around the room. It was a sorry sight that met his eyes. Chairs were turned over, broken; bedding strewn all over the floor. Oscar, having regained consciousness, sat dazedly on the floor, holding his throbbing head. In a far corner lay Jean, white and still.

Blood trickling slowly from a huge swelling on his temple. Ralph, the least injured of the three, carried the insensible lad to a bed, and, procuring a little water, bathed the wound and the boy's face and neck. A faint moan came from his lips, a muscle twitched, eyelids flickered, and then flew open and Jean gazed vacantly at the ceiling. He touched his injured temple, and smiled faintly.

"Something hit me. Is that thing gone? Is this a nightmare? Boy, what a lump!"

"Some lump," assented Ralph. "It's a wonder your alive. You are Oscar were both knocked out. This place looks as if a tornado had hit it. And I feel as if something more than a tornado had hit me. I got a shot at the fellow, though, and hit him, for he fell off the ladder."

Oscar slowly arose and came over to Jean's bed.

"I wonder what that thing was," he said. "He picked us up as if we were pieces of paper."

Ralph, as he glanced at his watch, said:

"Ten minutes ago everything was quiet—now look at us."

"Yes, look at us. We're fit subjects for a hospital."

"Well," Ralph continued, "since sleep is out of the question, I'll turn doctor, and patch you fellows up—and myself, too."

Going down stairs, he procured some bandages, fresh water and ointment which he proceeded to apply to the wounds.

It was not long until the welcome sun came up in the East, and, at first peep of day, the boys were down stairs and outside. There they found a long ladder, evidently used for painting during the daytime, as proven by the many paint spots. Footprints were plainly seen, and huge footprints they were, too, in keeping with the invader's huge bulk of body. On the bushes and grass were seen large splotches of blood. This tell-tale path led in a zig-zag fashion into the thick underbrush back of the cottage, where, in the many by-paths that formed a network in the shrubbery, the trail was lost, and the boys returned to the cottage, entirely at sea as to the identity of their nocturnal visitor. All that day many conjectures were offered as to his reason for assailing them.

Utterly exhausted by the terrific combat of the night before, and weak from sleeplessness, the day was passed in lounging around the cottage, or wandering through the cool, fragrant park. Ralph caught several glimpses of his earth-angel during the day, and a vague wonderment asserted itself in his mind as to the reason for her apparently great interest in the park, and her frequent glances toward the cottage. She seemed to be very nervous, as if wanting to come and speak to the occupants, but still holding back for some unknown reason. Ralph's mind oscillated between her and the strange events that had just occurred. It was with a sigh of yearning love that he thought of her. He admitted, with a little jump of his heart, that he was in love, and would not be satisfied until he had his earth-angel for his wife.

That evening he found himself alone, sitting on the rock-lined shore, wrapt in thoughts of her, and thrilled by the beautiful sunset that stretched before him. He wondered who she could be. His mind struggled in search of some reason for her strange actions during the day. Even at the distance that separated them, he saw that her face was covered by the same pallor he had observed the day before. For a brief moment his whole heart and soul yearned to go to her. In his mind he pictured scenes, built beautiful aircastles—all of which centered around his earth-angel. In the far west the sun was slowly sinking behind a bank of purple clouds. Nervousness and high tension drove him on, and rising, he wandered aimlessly along the path that skirted the lake. It led him through uninhabited spots, through little valleys that were even then being dark-

ened by the falling shades of night. Still on he wandered, following the twisting, winding lane. The sun, with a last farewell, slipped away to rest. Stars came out as the dome overhead darkened into night. The last faint flush of red had melted in the West, and night reigned supreme. Stirred by a vague, queer feeling within him, Ralph kept on his way, impelled by some force beyond his power. He failed to hear the footsteps that silently had been following him. Not until he had been borne to the earth by three burly forms, did he know that he had been followed. Gamely and silently he fought, but it was useless. A filthy, oily rag was thrust into his mouth, a bandage cut off all eyesight, while a strong rope was tightly wound around his body and limbs. Unable to cry out, unable to move or see, the rough rope cutting cruelly into his flesh, he lay there panting, and stoically awaiting whatever was to come. He felt himself rudely picked up and carried down to the water's edge. His assailants hustled him into the bottom of a small boat. As he lay there, twisted in such a fashion as wrung a moan of pain from his lips, he listened to the low mutterings of his captors, but was unable to distinguish any of the words spoken. After what seemed to him an interminable time, the small craft grounded on shore and he heard the men get out. He was hauled out of the boat, and carried along the shore. A long tunnel or cavern was then traversed, the footsteps echoing and reverberating down the long dark corridor. No word was spoken as they proceeded on their way. After a few minutes of walking, a strong, oaken door barred their path. The foremost knocked twice on the panel. The massive barrier slowly swung outward, and a flood of light streamed on the party, which, passing in, laid their victim on the floor of a large, airy and brilliantly lighted room. Along the walls were placed numerous casks of many shapes and sizes. Save for a few stools, that was all the furnishings, besides the brilliant electric spot-light that hung from the ceiling.

After depositing their burden on the earthen fior, one, who appeared to be the leader, spoke a few words of command. The next moment Ralph was carried to the darkest corner and there placed among the casks that lined the wall.

"Where'd you get him?" Ralph heard one man say.

"Strollin' along Lovers' Lane. We tracked him from the park, and pounced on him near the old valley. He was easy pickin'. Fought like a woman."

"You sure he's the right chap?"

"Sure! Ask the nigger." And the speaker pointed with a dirty finger to a big towering bulk of a negro, who, strangely enough, had an old dirty rag tied around his face. Where the rag discovered his cheek, blood had soaked through. He was a fiendish looking fellow at best, and was positively hideous when adorned with the flapping piece of dirty cloth. The wound was a fresh one, it could be plainly seen.

Turning to the black man, the leader, who was a short, swarthy Italian, and whose name was famous in the annals of crime, asked,

"Is this the fellow?"

"Yas sah," the giant replied, pain twitching his face as he spoke. " Dat am the man, an' he done me dirt. He gi' me this," and he pointed to his wounded face while his small, piggish eyes gleamed wickedly in Ralph's direction.

"Well, we've got the right one, then. There's two more, ain't there?"

"Yas, sah, but they hain't no count. Dis guy's the big boy."

"Wonder if the kid knows anything about our trade?" one man spoke up, and glanced significantly in Ralph's direction.

"Huh| Don't know. Better ask him. Take off the rags, Sam."

As the rags which were strangling and suffocating Ralph were being loosened, a double whistle sounded outside.

"Here comes Kate—she's late, but she's here, and everything is okeh for a big haul tonight, boys."

A trap dor swung downward, and a young woman dropped down among the men.

" 'Lo, Kate!"

" 'Lo, Fred! Everything is quiet at the other end. Bring on your stuff."

"Got something for you, Kate. Right nice cop, I calls it. It's over there in the corner. Been snooping around here. Gettin' curious. Mustn't allow that. He was easy pickin'. We're goin' to give him the third degree."

As Sam was disengaging the bonds, the gang, which altogether totaled five persons, closed around him, anxious to see the captive who had wounded the negro. Kate hung back, but was able to see the man's face. As the rag around Ralph's face was removed, Sam stepped aside, while Ralph, with eyes unaccustomed to the light, blinked sheepishly. But as his eyesight cleared sufficiently, he saw standing before him, his earth-angel.

She, too, had recognized him. And as Ralph, in utter stupefication, gazed with stunned brain at the object of his dreams and fancies, Kate uttered a faint scream and sank in a senseless heap on the floor. The men sprang to her aid, and, with a little brandy poured between her lips, she was soon revived, and in a few minutes was able to sit up. Her eyes traveled immediately to Ralph, and through them she bared her very soul to him. Her arms impulsively opened toward him. She sank back, and all the agony that she possesed in her soul shone forth. Oh, how she wanted to tell the captive boy the truth; to tell him—him whose face danced before her day and night—to tell him of her love for him, and to confess everything.

From Ralph's eyes agony also shone forth, the agony of a broken heart; of shattered hopes and wrecked dreams. Unable to move, he lay there, with seething brain and a heart so sick that he turned his face to the wall so as to hide the hot, scalding tears. With an effort hecontrolled himself, and turned his face toward his captors. Across his countenance he had spread a mask of cold aloofness that required nerve racking effort to maintain. But he dared not break before such desperadoes as he was confronting.

Kate, having recovered sufficiently from her faint to rise, fought to assume a beligerent attitude toward the captive, and walking to the side of the bound lad, she glanced down at his face, and, with a sneer, jeered at him. It was almost a superhuman task to maintain such an attitude toward the man she loved, but she had been trained to do just such things, and her training stood her in good stead, for she knew only too well how extremely suspicious were the men about her. She was their leader. They placed absolute confidence in her integrity. She whose name by a by-word in every quarter of the globe, and was connected with every big deal that was ever swung over. She spoke, her voice quivering with anger.

"So, so, Mr. Smarty, you will butt in, heh? Who sent you out here? Who's the boss higher up—you stool-pigeon!"

Ralph remained silent, gazing in dumb agony into her face, but quickly assuming his forced aloofness.

"Who are you? Snooping around here to find out something for your boss, eh? You're going to get something you weren't looking for I've been watching you, Mr. Man, and I'm going to settle you alone." Turning to the Italian, she said, "I want this fellow by myself. You get your stuff. I'll tend to this stool-pigeon."

Her word was law with that gang of renegades, and though the negro grumbled under his breath, the men soon disappeared down the long tunnel,

their footsteps gradually growing fainter.

The last echo had hardly died away when Kate was at the bonds of the imprisoned Ralph, and with a few sharp cuts, the ropes fell from his body, and, rising with difficulty, he painfully walked a few steps, until the circulation had returned to his limbs. The girl pointed silently toward the door above.

It was a command to go, but Ralph, instead, stepped toward her. "But Kate," he stammered.

"Oh, don't call me Kate," she cried, fighting bravely to keep back the overwhelming sobs. "Don't call me that—my name isn't Kate!"

Ralph opened his eyes in surprise.

"Not Kate!" He exclaimed. "What is it then?"

"Oh, I know these men called me Kate, but—I can't tell you. Please go. They will be back any minute, and woe be unto you if they find you now. I, too, would suffer. Go quickly!" Still he hesitated.

"But what about you?"

"I'll be alright—if you go now. I can explain. They won't suspect me. Go, now!"

A longing to take her in his arms filled him, but at the beseeching look that she gave him, he checked it. Stepping on a stool, he swung up and out of sight. The directions that she gave him enabled him to find his way out of the building, and he was not surprised to find himself next to his own cottage.

Alone in the room, Kate wearily sat down and buried her face in her arms. Bitter tears ran down her cheeks. Remorse tugged at her heart.

"Why did he come here?" she sobbed. "Why did I ever see him? He called me Kate! The same that I despise! Thank God, the worst will be over tomorrow. Then I may go to him and speak freely and confess. He will forgive me."

As Ralph entered the cottage, he found the two boys on the verge of going out on the hunt for him. A look of intense relief came over their faces as they saw him enter the room. It changed to one of surprise and apprehension when they noted his pallor and extreme weakness as he sank into a chair and buried his face in his arms. His story was soon told, bringing forth words of deep compassion and friendship from his loyal friends.

Sleep refused to alleviate Ralph's mental agony that night, and throughout the long hours his eyes stared into nothingness, his brain a seething cauldron of assailing doubts and fears. The next day he moved about the house, his face haunted by a dull, dead expression, his body listless and weak. He appeared to be crushed by an overwhelming weight.

Another night descended upon the lake and Lakeside. Toward noon of the day that had just closed, big, black clouds had been piling up in the far northwest. It was insufferably hot and sultry. The air was still and dense, and the lake heaved with long ground swells that prophesied a coming storm. The clouds moving with very great speed, soon hid the sun from view. The wind sharpened rapidly. The lake shook itself and its bosom heaved in anger. Darkness fell early, and the gale increased until it assumed the proportions of a typical northwester. The huge waves dashed headlong against the shore, and the spray rose in high, smothered sheets, and, carried by the raging wind, spattered against the boys' cottage, which shook as the awful blasts struck it.

"Wow! This is some change of weather," exclaimed Oscar, as the flimsy building rocked under the assaults of the storm.

"Have to expect this during October," Jean explained.

Ralph said but little, and the two lads did not disturb him, but talked between themselves.

Ten o'clock came, and the trio departed for bed. Jean took the first watch.

In the inn next door, the gang who had established their rendezvoux in the hidden cellar room, were grouped around an empty cask playing cards. The door opening to the cavern had been closed and barred, and the roar of the in-rushing waters filled the room with a continuous hollow roar.

"Four o'clock, and not a sign of that woman. Where's Kate? Six hours late. Know anything about her, nigger?" questioned the Italian.

"No, sah," the negro replied. "Hain't seen her since last night."

"Funny how that fellow got away," mused the leader. "Took the rope along, too."

"Looks queer to me," Sam added.

"Yo' hain't suspectin' Miss Kate, is yo'?" the negro asked, leaning toward the leader.

"Aint suspectin' nobody—yet."

"Yas, sah. But look here what I found behind a barrel," and rising, he produced the rope that had held Ralph in its bondage.

"By the Lord," came the exclamation from the foreigner. "That's the rope we used last night."

"Yes, sah—and look 'ere, it's been cut with a knife."

An ominous silence ensued, then Sam, springing to his feet, shouted:

"That woman did it. She's double-crossed us."

"No, not Kate."

"Yes, Kate. That girl's a stool-pigeon. We're in a trap right now. We'll never get out. She isn't here tonight, because she's getting the cops."

A step sounded on the floor above. The trap door opened suddenly, and the four men in the room below, found themselves peering into the barrels of an equal number of guns.

"Put 'em up," came the gruff command from the darkness above. "Hey, nigger, reach for the ceiling."

Resistance was useless. Slowly four pairs of hands arose. Through the door a figure dropped, then another until three stood facing the criminals, covering them with their guns.

"Get in that corner," the command was barked out, and quickly obeyed.

A glance around the room revealed to the raiding officers the many casks and barrels.

"Quite a thriving trade, eh, Fred?" laughed one of the men. "Not all whiskey, either."

Fred, the Italian winced and turned white.

"Pretty clever trick, but not so clever that we can't fathom it out. You thought that we were so busy with whiskey stills, moonshiners and rum runners that you'd take a chance on us not paying any attention to you, eh? Pretty slick. Bue we watched you—you're too clever not to bear watching. You know Kate? Oh, don't look so mad, you can't hurt her now. Well, Kate isn't Kate at all. She's— You'll find out later. Come on, now, up with you."

Jean, next door, due to the roar of the storm, heard nothing outside, but his ears caught the sound of pounding on the back door of his own cottage, and he became instantly alert. Ralph, also, heard the knocks, and was immediately up, and seizing the gun, stole softly downstairs, followed by Jean and Oscar. As they neared the kitchen door, the summons became louder and incessant.

Ralph flung the door suddenly open, and gazed upon the smiling glowing face of Kate.

"May I come in?' she asked, after a short pause.

In dumb astonishment the young man stepped aside, and motioned for her

to enter. She came into the room, followed by a tall, muscular man who, by his authoritative manner, appeared to be some person of consequence.

"You weren't expecting me here, were you? But I came because I want to clear myself. While you have been sleeping, something has occurred that now permits me to confess, and prove my innocence of all wrong doing. First, I want to introduce you to my superior, or, as you would say, my boss—Mr. Walter Edwards, one of Uncle Sam's most faithful and also most noted secret service officers. And really," and she laughed away the awkward question, "I do not know your name."

"It is Ralph Langly," was the answer, after a moment's hesitation.

"Ralph Langly. Is your father Judge Langly, of Toledo?"

"He is."

"Well," she said, "this is news. I know Judge Langly very well."

Ralph looked his astonishment.

"But to go on. My name isn't Kate. It is—Mildred Nelson."

"What?" and it was Ralph's turn to exclaim, "Of Washington?" His face was radiant with relief and overwhelming joy. "Are you not a secret service agent?"

"I am," and she laughed for pure joy at the sight of the sudden change that came over Ralph's face. A change to joy that swept away the tired haggard expression that had reigned there so long.

"Yes," she continued. "Miss Mildred Nelson, resident of Lakeside pro tempore. I'm here to cover this gang of international smugglers. They are a bunch that are known all over the world. They are not rum runners, as you would suppose. They pretend to be rum runners, but in each cask that they bring over from Canada is a little can or box containing narcotics, jewels, and articles that must needs pay a high customs tax. I became their leader by impersonating a famous criminal character known as Kate Patterson. The real Kate is behind the bars. My work is now done, and I can tell all."

Her glance fell to the slim fingers that were picking nervously at her handkerchief. The wind outside had died down to almost a dead calm, and no sound was heard save the steady roar of the still tossing waters.

Mr. Edwards perceived the situation, and said suddenly,

"Here, I shouldn't have stayed this long. I've got these bums to hustle off. Glad to have met you, Mr. Langly. I've heard about your experiences, and am certainly glad to know that you're out of it safe and sound. How would you other men like to see the bunch that Ralph ran into?

The invitation was obvious. The two boys accepted, and left with Mr. Edwards.

Mildred and Ralph alone remained, Mildred still with downcast eyes, her handkerchief still plucked by nervous fingers. Ralph stepped to the door, and noticed that the clouds were breaking, and through the ragged rifts a few stars were slyly peeping. A few minutes later, Mildred and Ralph were skirting the water's edge, passing through the park—neither speaking, both busy with their own thoughts. They came to the pavilion, and passing through its huge arch, came out upon the deserted dock, which, during the summer, is filled with promenading men and women.

They stopped, and watched the wildly tossing waves dash themselves against the unyielding rock.

Ralph broke the silence.

"Mildred, do you know that I've loved you from that morning but four days ago, when I first caught a glimpse of your face? Do you know that I have dreamed about you every minute since that time?"

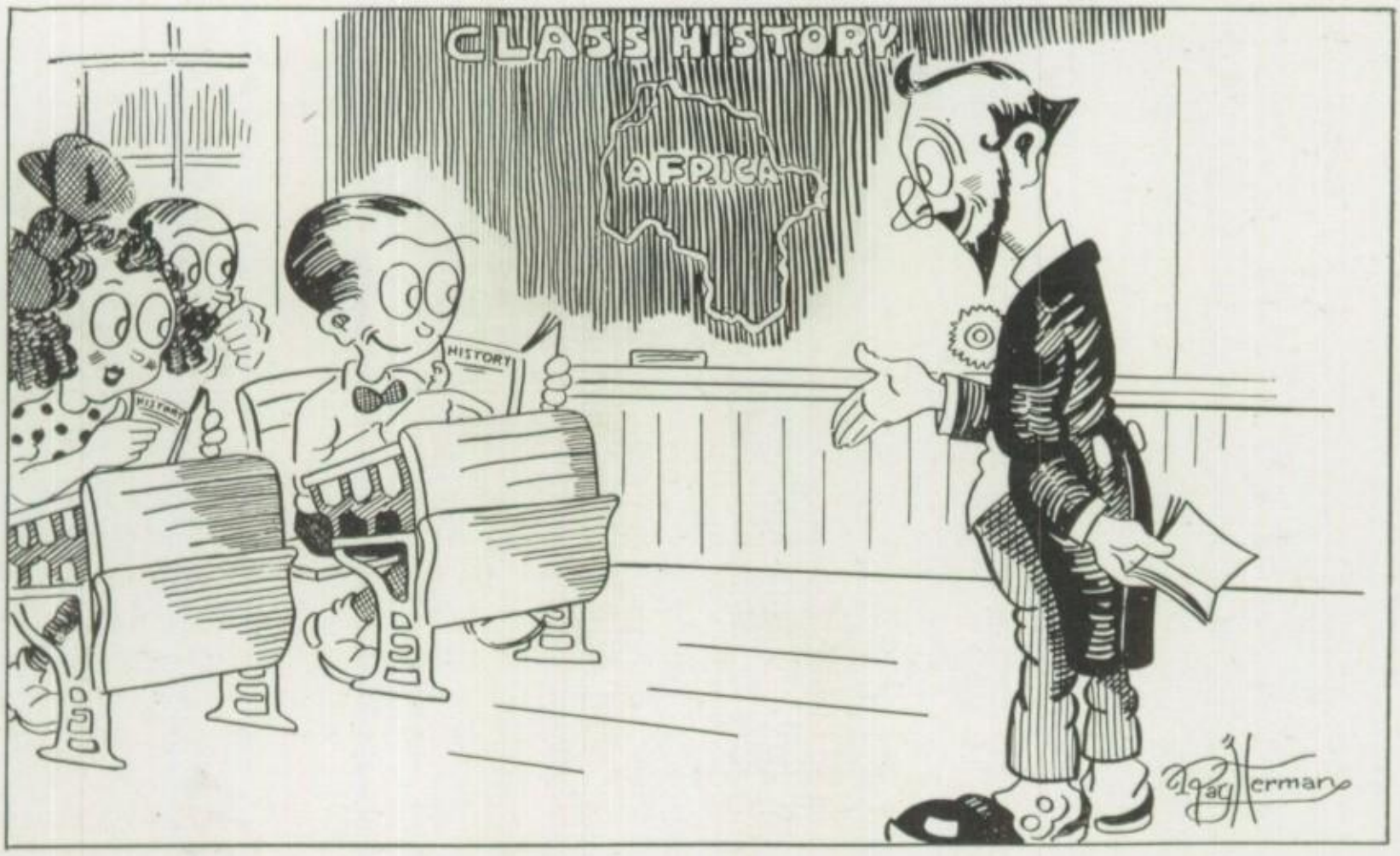
"And Ralph," came her soft answer, "If ever I should be compelled to act toward you as I had to last night, I pray to Heaven that I be struck to the ground before again committing such an act. Oh, what did you think of me then? I know what you thought of me. I saw the agony of your very soul shine through your eyes. I can never tell you how my heart was torn and how it yearned to speak tender words of consolation—but I could not for your safety and mine."

Tears stole down her face, and by the faint, grey streak of dawn, Ralph saw them, and impulsively he took her in his arms, and with tender touch, wiped away the biter tears of remorse, as he said,

"Come, come, little girl. It was not your mind, nor your heart, that told you to speak to me last night. It was Kate, and thank God, Kate is gone forever."

Over the upturned face a smile of love and joy came stealing, and as Ralph reverently bent to press her lips to his, the sun suddenly broke away from the bank of low-lying clouds, and with its rays of warmth and gladness, blessed the happy couple and wished them God-speed on their journey together through the future years.

THE END



What great effects from tiny causes spring;
What giant trees the little seedlings bring!
I sing—this verse to Waite Seniors is due,
This, ev'n the teachers may vouchsafe to view;
Small is their number, but not so their fame,
They have inspired this story I proclaim.

Early one September morning in 1917, any passer-by might have seen a non-descript crowd of youngsters wending their way toward Waite High. Some, judging by the appearance of the lunches, might have mistaken the procession for a picnic party, but the large number of note books denied that theory. In truth, that was the embryo class of 1921, taking another turn in their educational journey.

We were typical Freshmen, true to all the old traditions of innocence and verdancy, eager to explore the mysteries of High School, but fearing and dreading the consequences. After sitting on the doorstep for fifteen minutes, waiting for the doors to open, Hilda Boden and Marion Bowland were granted admittance, and gazed with wonder down the long corridor. But to their dismay, the janitor informed them that the architects had neglectfully forgotten to provide a suitable place for their roller skates.

The crowd collected in Room 178, designated as Freshman Study Room. Here with wide and vague eyes, we listened to Mr. Pollock's oft repeated instructions as to solving a puzzling class schedule.

After wrestling half the morning with this situation, we emerged from the scene of our struggle, only to be confronted with a greater one—that of finding our class rooms. Few there were who found the correct room at the first trial. Even Sam Lynn, wearing short trousers, and a green necktie, seated himself

in a Latin VII. class, positive that it was Physical Geography. In about a week the general school routine had established itself, and we Freshmen having grown more sure of ourselves, scampered about more freely.

Very soon after the opening of school, the influence of the Great War was made evident. The Freshmen girls, not to be outdone, took up knitting also. More than once the silence of the study room was broken by the "click, click" of knitting needles, as some girl knit a few more stitches on the sly.

Painfully the boys entered into cadet life, and although the struggle to distinguish one foot from the other was hard, they kept at it. Both boys and girls conscientiously contributed to the Liberty Bond and Thrift Stamp funds while they counted more than once the 185 stars that hung in the second floor corridor.

However, the war did not interfere with the presentation of the "Belles of Corneville" and "Trial By Jury," the cleverness and charm of which was the subject of Freshmen conversation for weeks.

About this time some of the more progressive of our members found that by handing in their names to a certain teacher, they could spend one of their study hours in a large, restful room on the second fioor, where more freedom was allowed than in the study room.

But this was nothing compared to the anticipation of final examinations, whose very proximity filled us with fear. We struggled through somehow, and afterward we were amply rewarded for our strenuous and nerve-racking labors by learning that we were no longer Freshmen.

Soon September came again, bringing together a wiser and older assemblage than had left the previous June. They whose minds were still confused by x's and y's and Latin nouns and verbs, had still to struggle with planes and parallelograms and Caesar's wars and bridges.

This year of our school life we were under the guidance of Mr. Travis, and found him a pleasant taskmaster, although he insisted that duty come before pleasure. Every month was full of work and play.

It was this November that the armistice was signed, bringing a long desired peace to the world and an ever welcome holiday to us.

However, all things could not go thus fortunately, for a dreadful epidemic of influenza spread over the city, with the result that school was closed.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody some good," quoth Mary Ruth, "for now I escape geometry and ancient history exams." Queer as it may seem, there were many of our pupils who were of the same opinion.

School life again in full sway and no shadows of final examinations to cloud the year, everyone entered heartily into the social life.

The Swiss Bell Ringers filled our auditorium with delightful music that made us forget all our troubles, and the clever little Japanese fantasy, "Princess Kama Kura," exhibited very well the talent of some of our well known Friendship Club girls.

Change seemed to be the keynote of this year, for Mr. Gayman, our principal, left to take a position at the Toledo Scale Company, and Mr. Pollock, who had acted as father to hundreds of Waite Freshmen, was selected to fill the vacancy. We have all remained at Waite long enough to appreciate Mr. Pollock's leadership.

Then came the enjoyable entertainments for the heroes of the late war. At an impressive memorial service, trees were planted, one in honor of Waite's soldier dead, George Fisher and Walter Goorley, and the other for Lieutenant Roosevelt.

But "tempus fugit" and before we knew it, June had come and we were ready to start on our third year.

At last we were upper classmen, and those who had tormented us when we were Freshmen, were now seated beside us in 126, where Mr. Mathias held sway.

The Sophomore stone may be the "Blarney Stone," but truly the Junior may be called the "grindstone." These were the blissful days of Chemistry or Physics, or both; days when our very lives were in jeopardy, lest Margaret Kinsley or Arland Innis attempt some new and more disastrous experiment.

January arrived and the class of 1921 made its debut into social activities at the "J" Hop. It was indeed the crowning success of our Junior year.

In the spring a Field Day was enjoyed, at which the boys displayed some clever military training.

Then the "Appeal to Caesar," a religious play, was presented in a very elaborate style. Who does not remember Hoyt Boden as the haughty king of Judea, and our class poet as the little nephew of the Apostle Paul? The complete success of this presentation was due to the able work of Mr. Van Duesen, and the loyal support of the four literary societies.

But it was not all play for Juniors, for again final examinations were used to determine the survival of the fittest.

Vacation came and went as vacations do, and the next time we walked up the steps at old Waite, we were Seniors—real Seniors, demigods before whom all Freshmen bow in submission.

This was a year of social events, studies and books being delegated to back seats. Nevertheless we were sorry to learn that Miss Dunlap had been transferred to Scott; although the celebrated English VIII. class was assigned to Miss Spayd. Journalism, for members of Retina and Annual Boards, Dramatic Interpretation and Music were new features of the curriculum.

Of course there was the usual American History and Civics classes, in which among many other things, we learned from Mark Shovar, that the battle of Manasses was called Bull Run because the Yankees were the bulls and the Confederates run.

But lessons occupied a secondary place in the year's course, we were much more interested in the well presented Frindship Club play, "A Southern Cinderella" and in those given by the Dramatic Art pupils for the benefit of our class.

Dances, banquets, and luncheons made their appearance in quick succession. The very successful Four Lit Dance at the beginning of the year, followed by the parties of each of the literary societies had paved the way to the climax of the year, the Senior Prom. This enjoyable function was held at the Woman's Building, cleverly decorated for the occasion. Splendid music and other added features helped fix in our minds the memory of our last class day.

Besides this, there was the banquet given in the Refectory, where the evening was spent in feasting, gazing into our future, dancing, and having a general good time.

However, none of this seemed to fill us so full of pride as that day when we sailed down the Maumee, past the library of Waite High. The boat fairly shone with the vainglorious smiles of the Class of '21, while Waite seemed to take on a greenish hue as the looks of envy spread over the faces looking at us from the windows. For three years we had been in the same position and now that our chance had come, we were determined to make the most of it. A glimpse of the gay, but tired crowd, as they journeyed home from this gala day, did not leave any doubt in our minds as to whether or not we had carried out our determination.

After May Days and Field Days and Class Days we were willing to settle

down and become serious long enough to enjoy our very interesting Baccalaureate Sermon, given by Reverend Mahon.

But the best remembered day was that on which we received a roll of parchment as a reward for our four years of perseverance and labor. It was with mingled emotions that we received our sheepskins. A certain indefinable sadness spread over us, while at the same time our hearts were filled with joy at the thought that a part of our work was over, and that before us stretched the world, where, from now on until the decline of life, each one's accomplishments would depend on his own efforts.

Where those fair suns are set, as set they must,
And all these verses shall be laid in dust.
Your works the world shall consecrate to fame,
And midst the stars inscribe Waite High School's name.
Persis Border, '21

President's Farewell Address

Fellow Classmates:

"When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great."

So say the Chroniclers in John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

How many of us during these first years of life, have learned to magnify the high heart? How many of us hold within our souls a vision that will serve as our guide in the years that are to come? How many of us recognize greatness in the life about us—in our homes, our schools, our churches; in our national life and in international relations;in history, literature, and art of the past and present; in all life both secular and spiritual?

Each of us has been guided by ideals, certain standards of excellence in thoughts, words and deeds. These ideals have affected our studies, our school activities, our home and our spiritual life. The hope of a noble reward has caused us to study. The spirit of truth and sacrifice has made our school activities a success. Our ideas of duty, love, faith, and justice have influenced our home and spiritual life.

Yet, perhaps many of us have weakened at times, have put aside our ideals in order to perceive only the small gain of the present, which is easily acquired. Let me refer again to the Chronicler who says:

"Coveting the little, the instant gain,
The brief security,
And easy tongued renown,
Many will mock the vision that his brain
Builds to a far unmeasured monument,
And many bid his resolutions down
To the wages of content."

Let us, though the temptations be great, be guided by our ideals in our efforts to realize our ambition.

What is the vision that is carrying you and me onward and upward "beyond the little, the instant gain, the brief security" to the higher levels—to the crest of the mountain of ambition? Our progress will be determined largely by the character of our experiences during these years of preparation. We are, in reality, pilgrims similar to Christian of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." He passed through the Slough of Despond, over the Hill of Difficulty, through the Valley of Humiliation, through the Wilderness. That he might not follow one of the by-ways leading to destruction, he held his vision constantly before him. He finally reached his goal, Heaven. What could be more modern than the obstacles and rewards of this solitary traveler? Solitariness now as then is experienced by the one who follows directly a high vision. Yet, although the

way is not easy, the one who persists and perseveres in his efforts to overcome the obstacles in his path will find a reward even more valuable than the effort put forth.

Abraham Lincoln was a man with a vision. His ideals, acquired in a log cabin, were inspired by his mother. Upon her death he was very lonely—lonely because of his great loss and because no one about him understood his thoughts and ideals. His father took away his books and was not in sympathy with his desire to educate himself. His sister was too young to help him. Thus he was alone. Later, when President, his entire Cabinet many times opposed his plans. He was forced often to act by himself. Unfortunate it was that others did not understand him, but, as the Chronicler in Drinkwater's play says:

"Lonely is the man who understands.
Lovely is the vision that leads a man away
From the pasture-lands,
From the furrows of corn and the brown loads of hay,
To the mountain side,
To the high places where contemplation brings
All his adventurings
Among the sowers and the tillers in the wide
Valleys to one fused experience,
That shall control
The courses of his soul,
And give his hand
Courage and continence."

Biographers, historians, and statesmen tell us that Lincoln was a great man. Upon what principles do they base their judgment? How can we recognize greatness in the life about us? The Chroniclers tell us that we who "worship greatness passing by,

Great men are able to distinguish between that which is chaff in life and that which is as wheat. They recognize the things of value and apply them.

Our parents and teachers have tried to help us distinguish between that which is worthless and that which is worth while. They have tried to impress us with the idea ever present in Keat's poetry: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." We have gone to school, because our parents showed us it was worth while. We have studied the best in literature because the teachers realized the value of the message contained within the classics. Thus, both at home and in school we have been encouraged to do the things worth while—to see and to be able to recognize greatness in the life about us.

Classmates, this is a farewell address in the sense that it marks the close of our activities as students within the walls of Waite High School. We can now look forward to the reunions which we as alumni of the Class of 1921 may have in the refectory—that room which will mean more to us as the years pass by. Each, then, will be anxious to know the progress the other has made toward that vision he holds now. In following this vision let us remember the words of the Chroniclers:

"When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great."

Samuel Lynn, Class President.

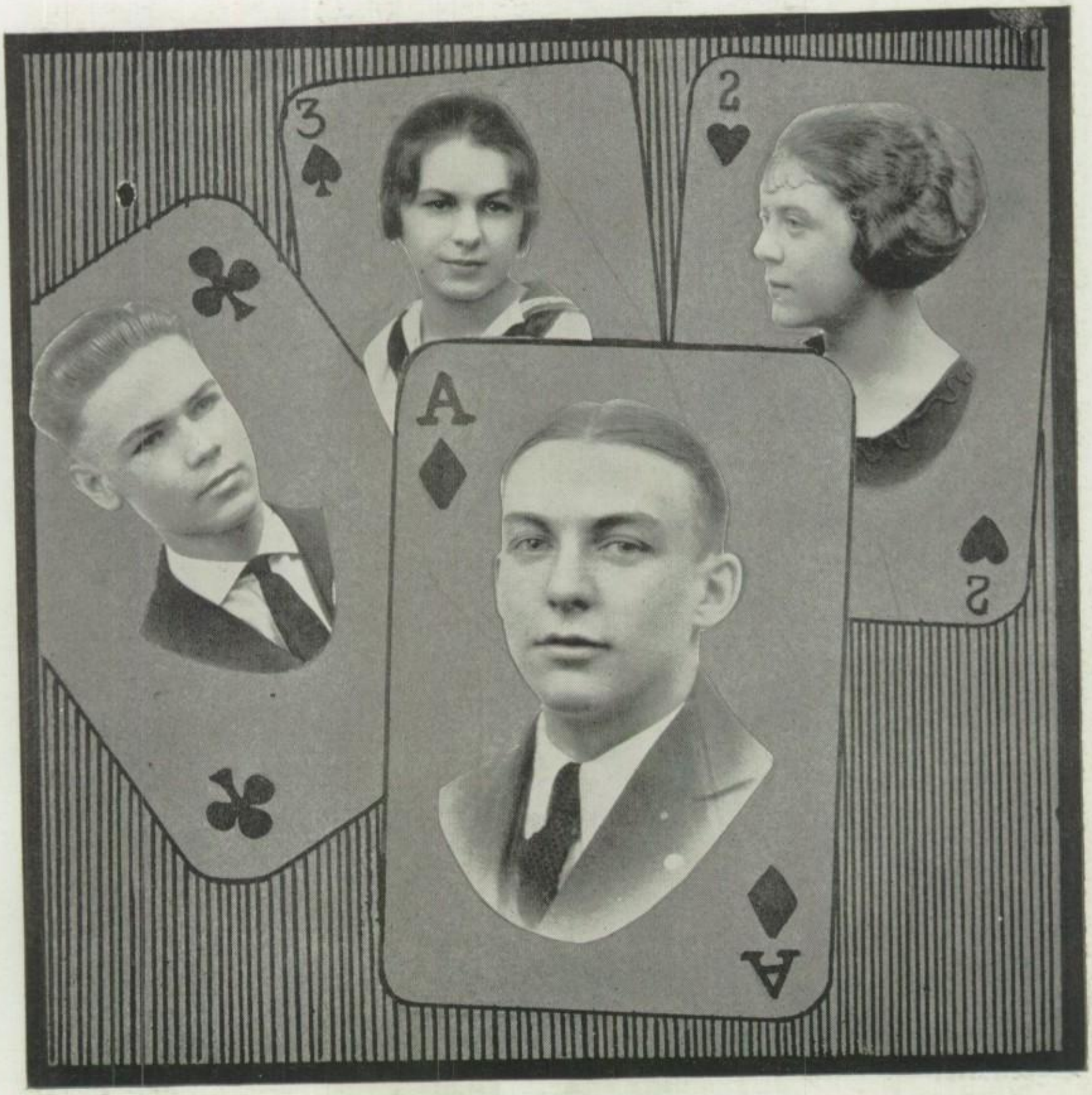
The Library

Miss Pauline Brown, Librarian

A fairy down from heaven came,
And lit upon a maid so fair;
She put a sparkle in her eyes,
And a touch of gold upon her hair.
Then up she flew, and as she left,
She drove from off the maiden's brow
The tiny frown that once was there.
Upon her lips a smile shows now.
So when you see a smiling face
That scatters every gloom and frown
A sparkling eye, a golden lock,
You're sure to know that it's Miss Brown.

S. Wesley McKee

Junior



Junior Class Officers, 1921

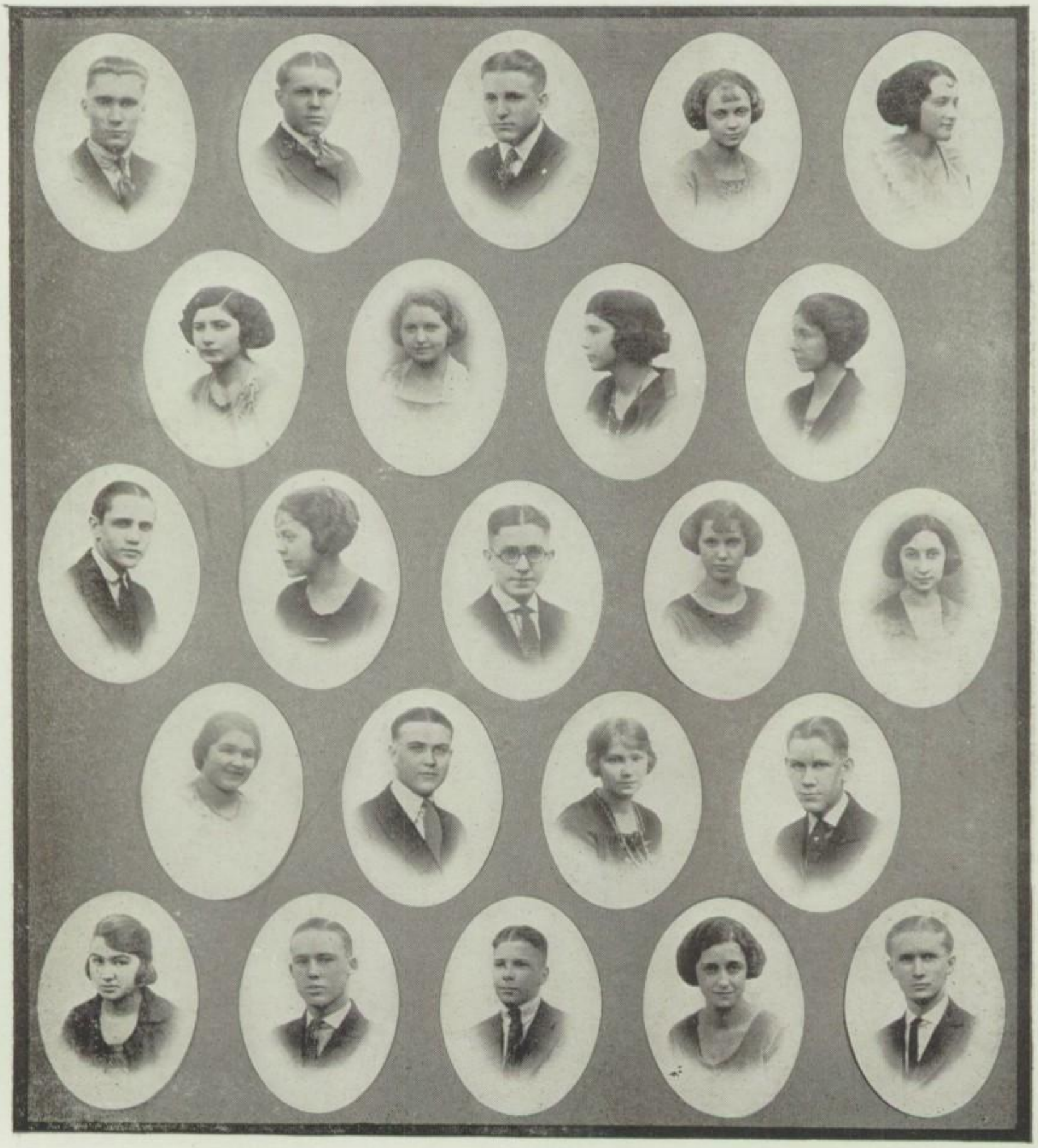
VICTOR DOMHOFF---*President*

HELEN BENNETT---*Vice President*

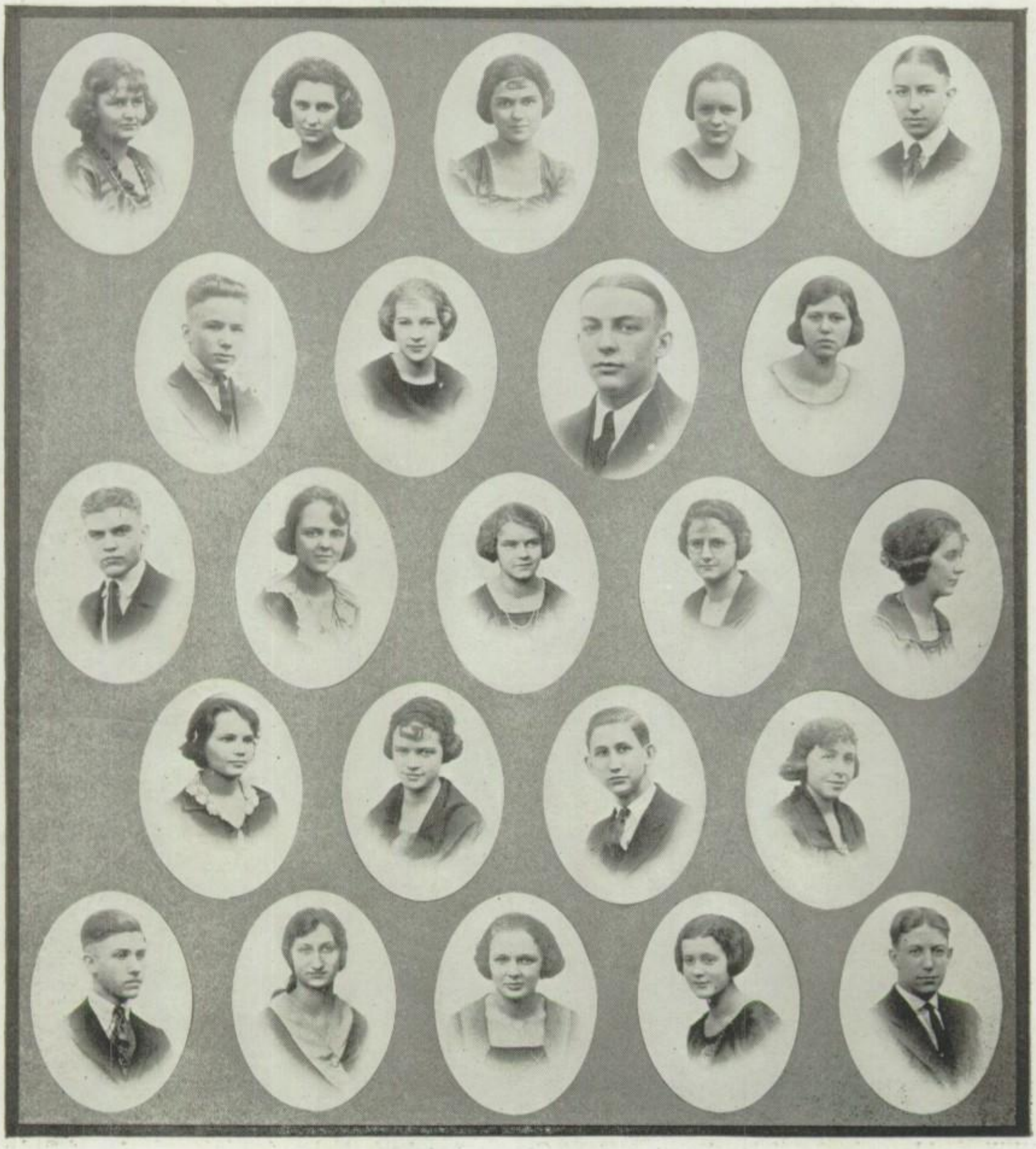
ALTA WERTZ---*Secretary*

HAROLD JENKINS---*Treasurer*

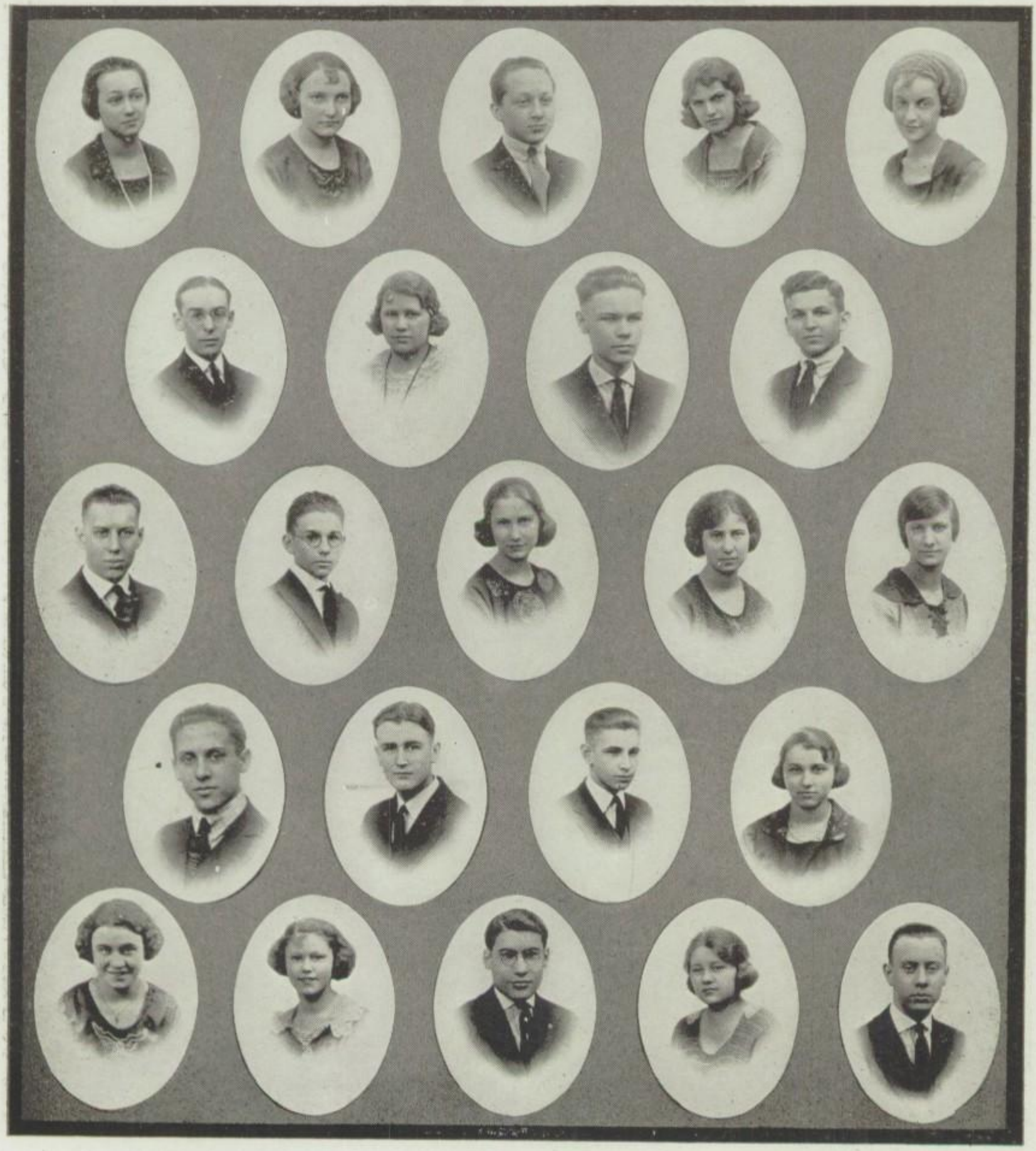
LESTER BRENOT---*Sergeant-at-Arms*



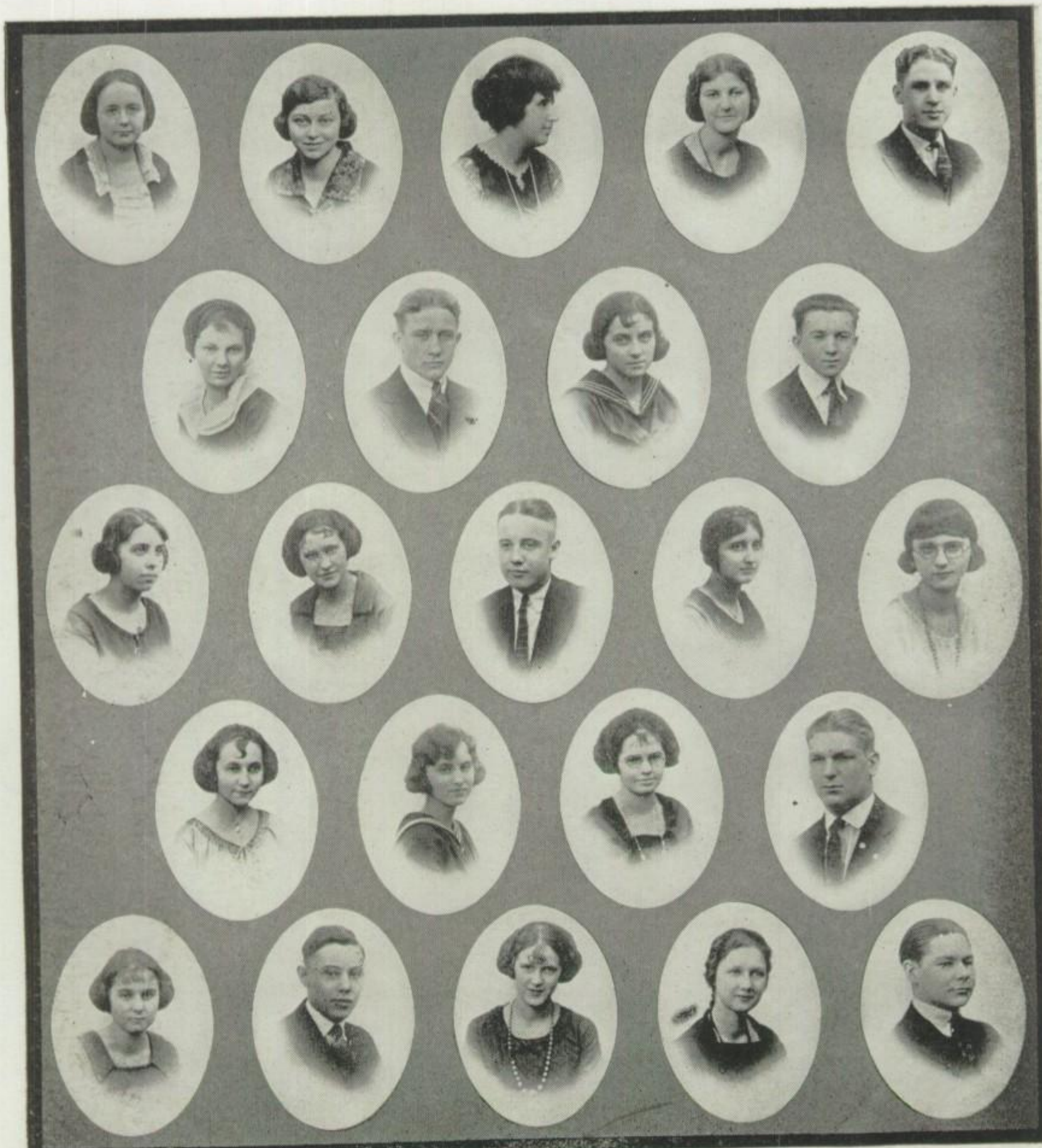
William Alexander John Arvay Caesar Auerbach Helen Austin Hazel Aylo
Ruth Bacome Fanny Baer Alice Bartley Catherine Bartley
Merlyn Beard Helen Bennett Romeyn Bitter Dorothy Block Ida Bloom
Mildred Bodinus Paul Brunthaver Frances Buerstrom Ray Camper
Hallie Cardwell Harold Carson Richard Cary Gertrude Chambers Martin Clute



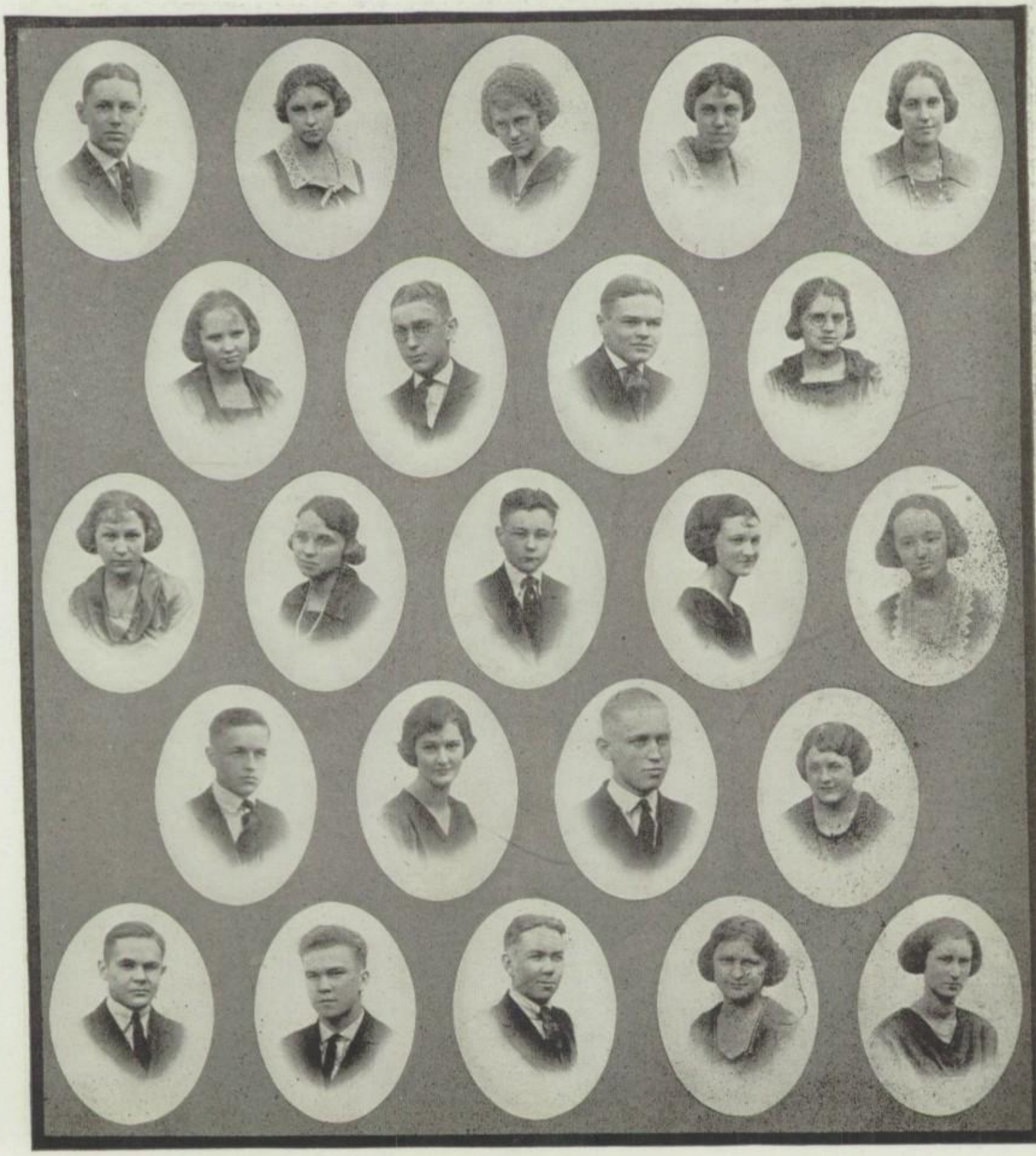
Margaret Cooper Helen Cay Dolly Darling Beatrice Dauer David Davies
DeWitt Davies Harriet Deming Victor Domhoff Alice Douglas
Carl Dreyer Marion Ellis Margaret Erwin Eugenia Evanoff Ruth Farmer
Margaret Fille Mildred Foley Friendly Ford Eva Furry
Harold Goate Adele Habib Marie Harmon Cornelia Harpter Clifford Haywood



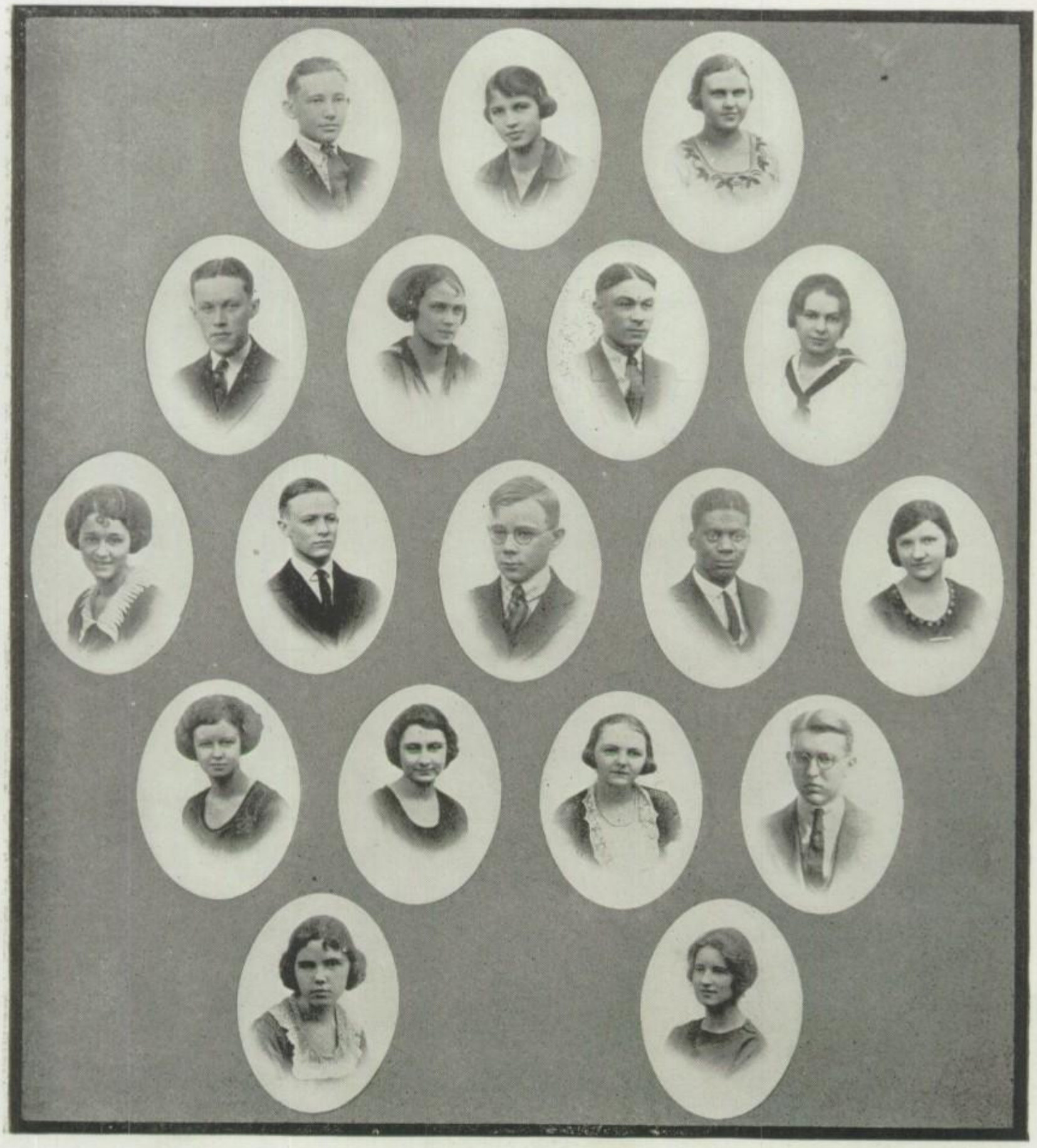
Lulu Heberger Doris Hibbs Alvin Hilgeman Marie Hug Lucille Hurrelbrink
William Irwin Florence Jackson Harold Jenkins Malcom Johnson
Marvin Joseph Clayman Kobat Juliet Mae Kelly Helen Kipp Katherine Kilian
Thomas Kilian Clifton Kinnsey Henry Klotz Pauline Knepp
Mildred Kreuger Leona Kross Rollin Kuebbler Louise Kuhlman Leonard Lashley



Lucile Lavender Audrey Legron Dorothy Lumm Julia MacLain John McInnes
Mary McLaughlin Clifford McMorgan Helen Manson Frank Markwood
Frances Marten Eunice Miller William Mohr Margaret Moon Lucile Nadeau
Lucille Otte Rosamonde Outwater Thelma Parlette Frank Pauly
Ruth Pelton Irving Power Ruth Preber Verna Reed Wilmer Reed



Walter Reichart Bernice Rier Mabel Ratert Imogene St. Clair Helen St. John
Adelaide Sampson Robert Sawhill Ernest Schats Leona Schmitz
Marie Schmidt Hazel Scott Homer Scott Pauline Sewell Alice Shauer
James Shepard Mary Shocher Murhl Smith Doris Southern
Adelbert Steinmueller Irvin Steinecker Reulle Stevens Dora Stone Mabel Strayer



Ray Statzman Beatrice Thayer May Torrence
Carl Trempf Althea Vogt Harold Weidner Alta Wertz
Rose Wheaton Charles Whitcomb Raymond Widmer Harold Wiggins Ida Wiley
Helen Williams Helen Williams Margaret Wilson Theodore Woodruff
Mildred Worman Augusta Wuestefeld

Junior Girls

Edna Ahrens
Ruth Allen
Alice Anderson
Marion Anderson
Helen Austin
Hazel Ayler
Ruth Bacome
Fanny Baer
Alice Bartley
Dorothy Beelman
Helen Bennett
Dorothy Black
Madeline Blackford
Ida Gertrude Bloom
Mildred Bodinus
Daisy Boughton
Beulah Brandeberry
Phoebe Brooke
Gladys Brothers
Frances Buerstrom
Hallie Cardwell
Gertrude M. Chambers
Thelma Collins
Margaret Cooper
Bessie Cowdrey
Beatrice Coy
Helen Coy
Dolly Daring
Beatrice Dauer
Magdalena David
Harriet Deming
Alice Douglass
Martha Dushane
Hazel Dwiggins
Olga Edgington
Marian Ellis
Eugenia Evanoff
Ruth Farmer
Margaret Fille
Myldred Foley
La Veta Foster
Elizabeth Furry
Eva Furry
Ethel Gladieux

Adele Habib
Mary Hammond
Marie Harmon
Cornelia Harpster
Lulu Heberger
Mary Heinen
Doris Hibbs
Eulalie Ione Hoffman
Dorothy May Holloway
Mabel Hoover
Thelma Howey
Marie Hug
Valeria Humberstone
Lucile Hurrlebrink
Marguerite Irwin
Florence Jackson
Ruth Jones
Juliet Mae Kelley
Hazel Kenyon
Helen Kepp
Katherine L. Kilian
Pauline Knepp
Mildred Krieger
Leona Kross
Clara Krueger
Dorothy Krumm
Louise Kuhlmann
Luella E. Lavender
Audrey Le Gron
Louise Loehrke
Meredith Long
Dorothea Lumm
Lulu Fae McBride
Mary E. McLaughlin
Mary E. Madson
Loraine Maginnis
Helen Maier
Helen E. Manson
Frances Martin
Agnes Meiring
Eunice Miller
Margaret Moon
Lucile Nadeau

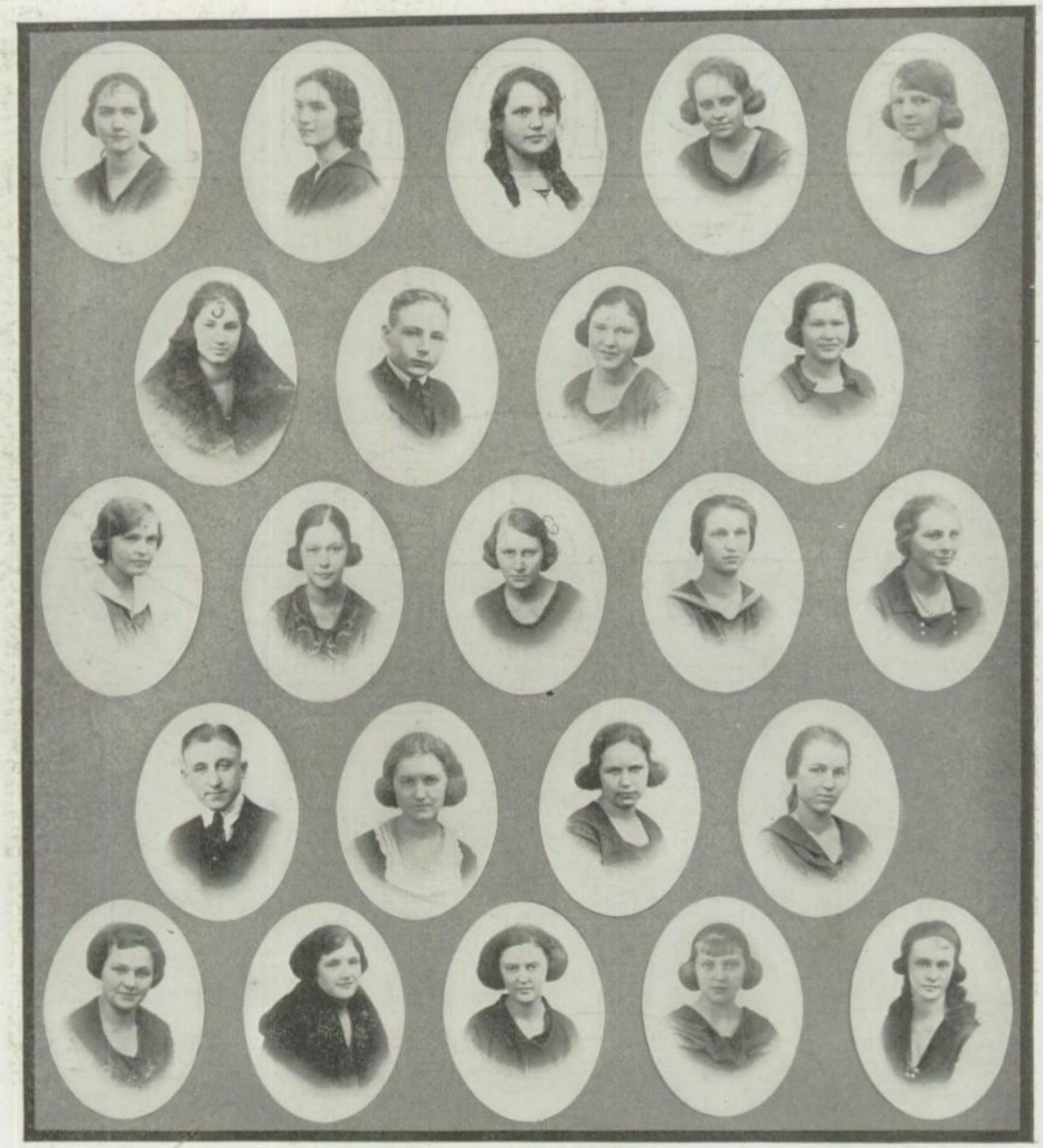
Ruth L. Noble
Norma Osgood
Lucile Otte
Rosamonde Outwater
Thelma Parlette
Theresa Peache
Ruth Pelton
Reeta Pullon
Ruth Reber
Verna Reed
Bernice Rier
Mabel Rotert
Anna E. St. Clair
Imogene St. Clair
Helen St. John
Adelaide Sampson
Marie F. Schmidt
Leona Schmitz
Hazel D. Scott
Pauline Sewell
Alice Marian Shaner
Virginia Shepard
Anna Lou Sims
Doris G. Southard
Isabelle K. Stadelman
Dora Stone
Mabel Strayer
Margaret Taylor
Beatrice Mildred Thayer
May Elizabeth Torrence
Althea Vogt
Jeannette L. Wege
Marion Wells
Alta R. Wertz
Annabelle West
Rose Esther Wheaton
Ida G. Wiley
Helen E. Williams
Helen M. Williams
Margaret L. Wilson
Mildred Eileen Worman
Augusta C. Wuesterfeld
Mildred H. Zietlow

Juinor Boys

Wm. Alexander
John Arvay
Caesar Auerbach
Fallis Barbbour
Merlyn Beard
Romeyn Bitter
Irwin Boughton
Harold Breese
Oscar Brenner
Lester Brenot
Earl Brighton
Myron Buehrer
Lyman Burt
Raymond E. Camper
Harold Carson
Richard Cary
Martin Clute
Frederick Cooley
Harry Cooper
Willis Davidson
David Davies
DeWitt Davis
Harry Derick
George DeVille
Victor Domhoff
Carl Dreyer
Dale Dunn
Harold Fehn
Friendly Ford
Harold Goate
Donald Greiner
Kenneth Hahn
Lester Hammond
Durward Hartman
Clifford Hayward
Alvin Hilgemann
Ruhl Hill
Clifford Holland
Vernon Hoover
Wm. J. Irwin
Harold Jenkins
Homer Joehlin
Malcolm Johnson
Marvin Joseph
Clayman Kabat
Clifton Kanney
Raymond Widmer
Theodore Woodruff
Harry Wright
Edward Yager
Paul Yount
Luther Killian
Henry Klotz
Leonard Lashley
Wm. H. Lindner
Jack Little
Neill McDougal
John McInnes
Gifford McMorgan
Frank Markwood
Sidney Marx
Martin Mrock
Homer Mulinix
Laurence Norton
Milton Owen
Frank Pauly
Christ Pencheff
Harold Porter
John Potter
Irving Power
Aorman Prottengeier
Wilmer Reed
Walter A. Reichhart
Alfred Riopelle
Wm. Rogge
Walter Ryan
Robert Sawhill
Ernest Schatz
August Schoenwald
Henry Schassman
Joseph Schultz
Homer Scott
James Shepherd
Oscar Singer
Lee Sipe
Charles Smith
Murhl Smith
Adelbert Steinmueller
Revillo Stevens
Irvin Stienecker
Bernard Stiffney
Wallace Streib
Ray Sutton
I. B. Swan
Carl Trempf
Walter Ulrich
Norman Vickery
Howard Warner
Harold Weidner
Charles Whitcomb

SOPHOMORE

WHEN THE CLASICS ARE TAKEN UP THE GEOMETRY IS NEGLECTED
IVANHOE
BY SCOTT
JUST BECAUSE I'M PLANE BO-HO!
PLANE GEOMETRY
HIS BIG AMBISH IS TO GET A
Herman
CLASS BASKET-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP
HE TAKES THE CAKE
COLLAR BUTTON
THE DAILY HUNT
RAZZING FRESHMEN
HIS CHIEF HOBBY



Lillian Ayers

Mildred Ayers

Isabel Babcock

Helen Beaverson

Edna Bernhard

Caddie Belleter

Vincent Birkenkamp

Julia Boehn

Agnes Bolton

Dorothy Brewster

Lois Brown

Isabelle Brown

Esther Bruggeman

Emma Brugemier

Edwin Buermele

Kathryn Burnep

Edytha Burnett

Thya Brussdicker

Helen Carr

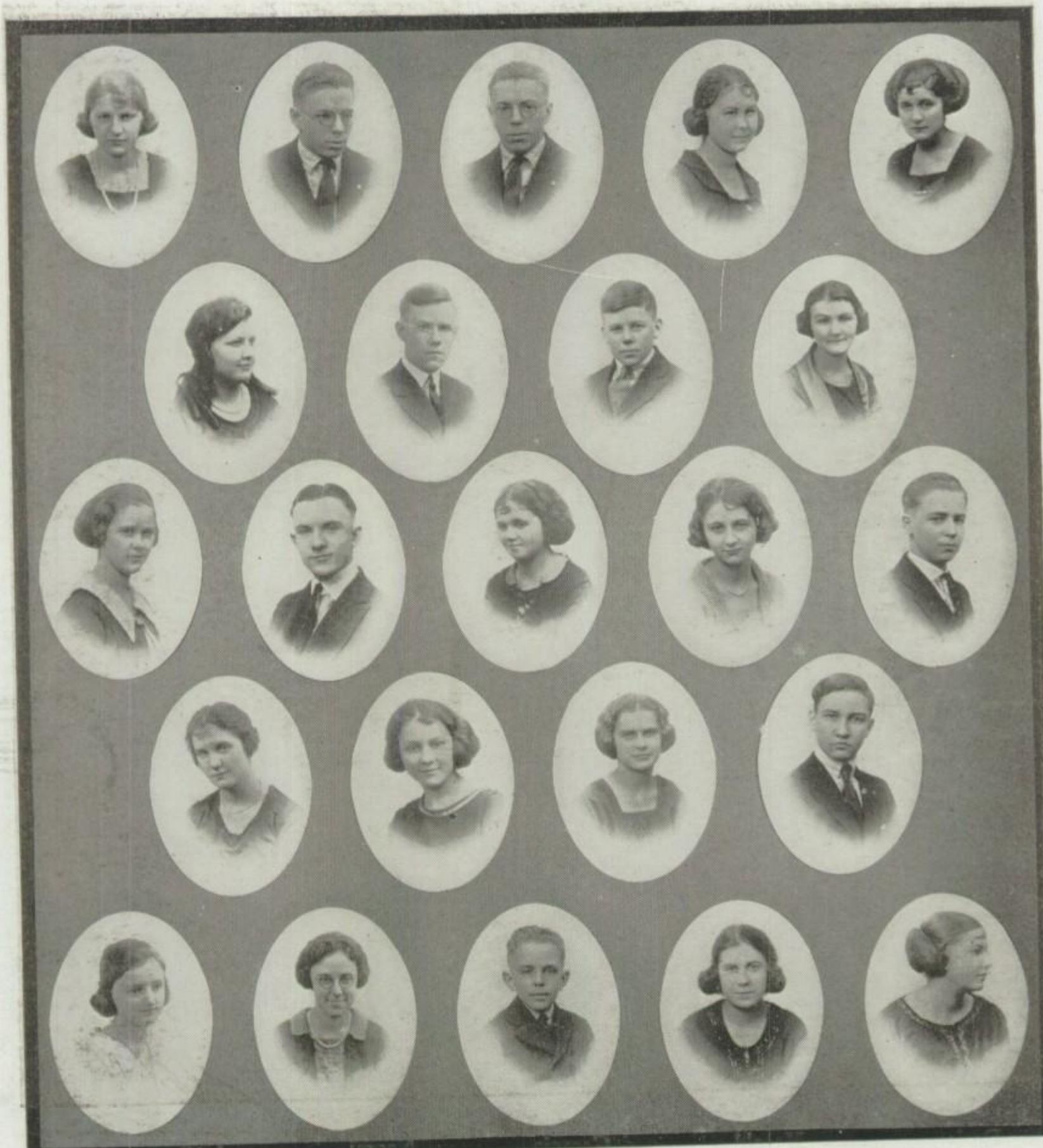
Mildred Cassidy

Eva Chalberg

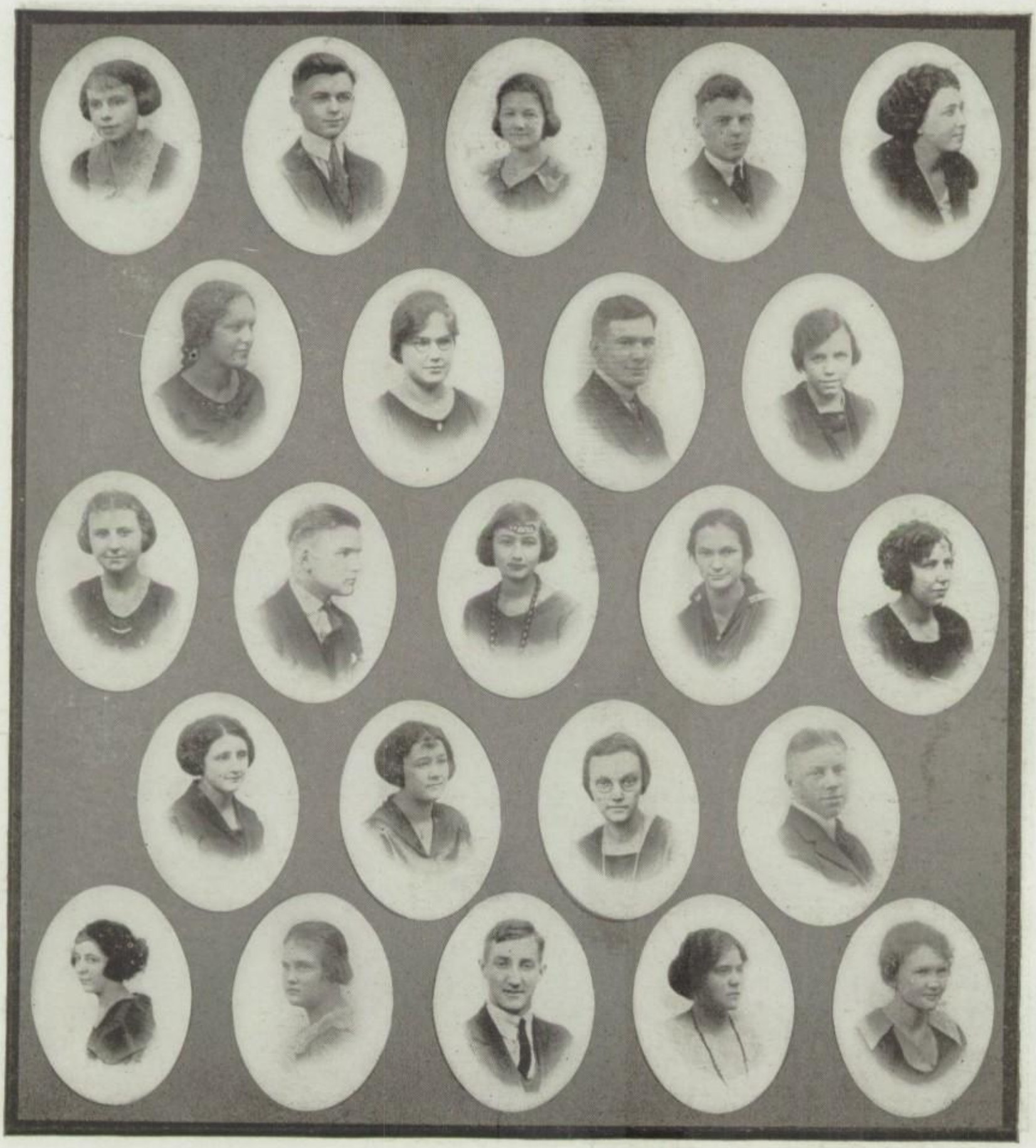
Mary Chawatt

Julia Clark

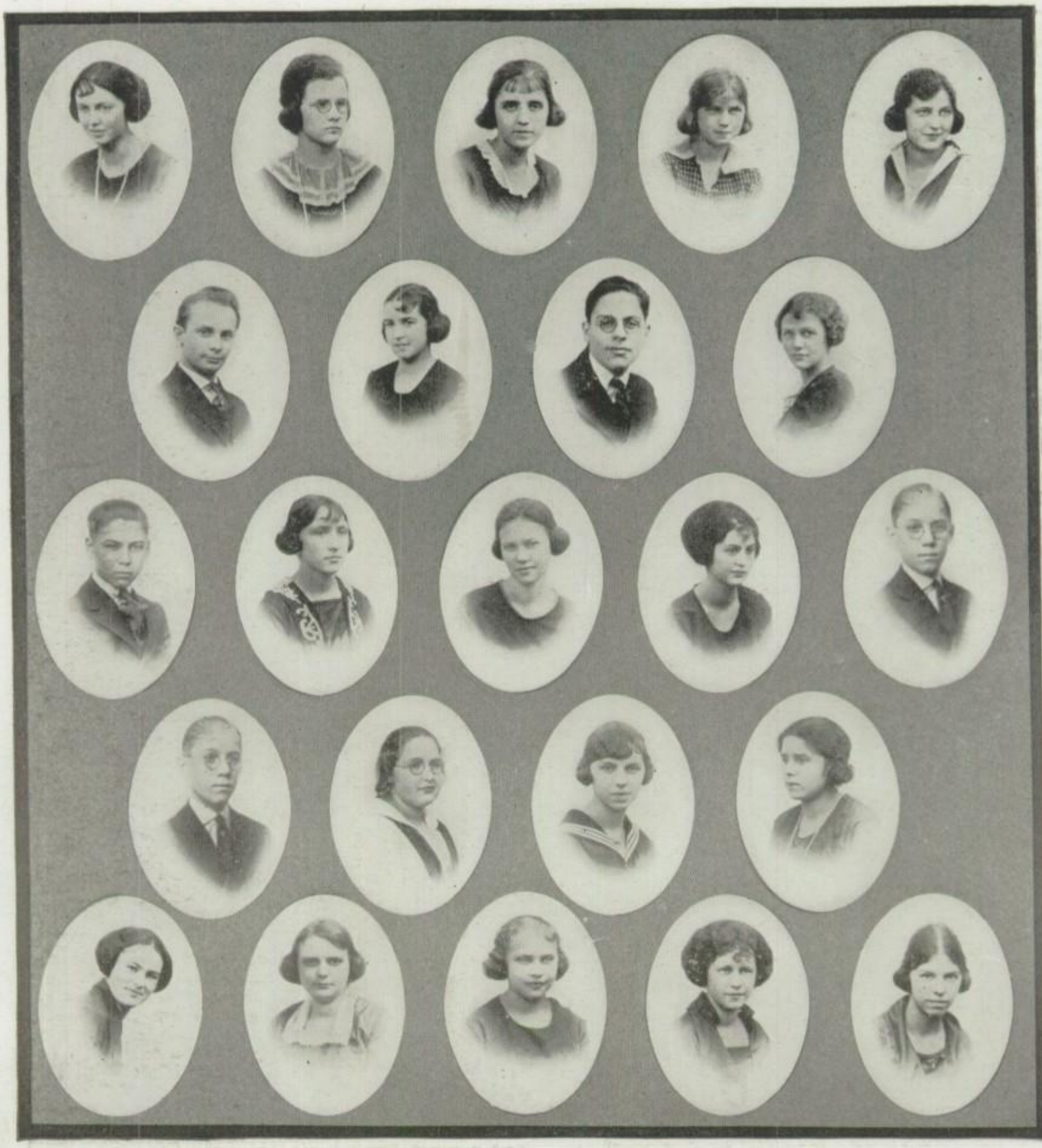
Doris Clifford
Florence Dier
Violet Eggleston
William Gidley
Maxine Gordon
Harold Conrad
Helen Dock
Helen Frautschi
Joseph Gillooly
Alfred Hahn
Georgia Crawford
Prudence Early
Lenore Frey
Louise Gogel
Mildred Haley
Naomi Detray
Lucile Gable
Gladys Harpst
Carl Dexheimer
Helen Eggleston
Hilda Gibbs
Edith Goodman
Clarice Heilman



Dorothea Henderson
Olga Hirzel
Ruth Keller
Hazel Krieger
Maurine Lewis
Ray Herman
Robert Hutton
James Kendall
Gertrude Krupp
Evelyn Lynch
Roy Herman
Joseph Jackson
Margaret Kirby
Frances Kuhlman
Gail Lyons
Ruth Hemean
Gertrude Kaney
Valeria Kofflin
Edwin Lane
Ella May Berry
Margaret Martin
Frank Kornrumff
Catherine Markley



Eunice McLain
Charles Mason
Lillian Michael
Herbert Mielle
Helen Miller
Anne Mills
Lois Moll
Paul Molvar
Helen Morse
Eunice Moulton
Frances Murphy
Marie Myers
Alice Nauts
Nellie Newcomb
Ruth Nichurtz
Clarabelle Nixon
Mary Otteson
Arnold Palmer
Edna Puller
Doris Parrott
Lawerance Paul
Geraldine Perkins
Lasetta Picard



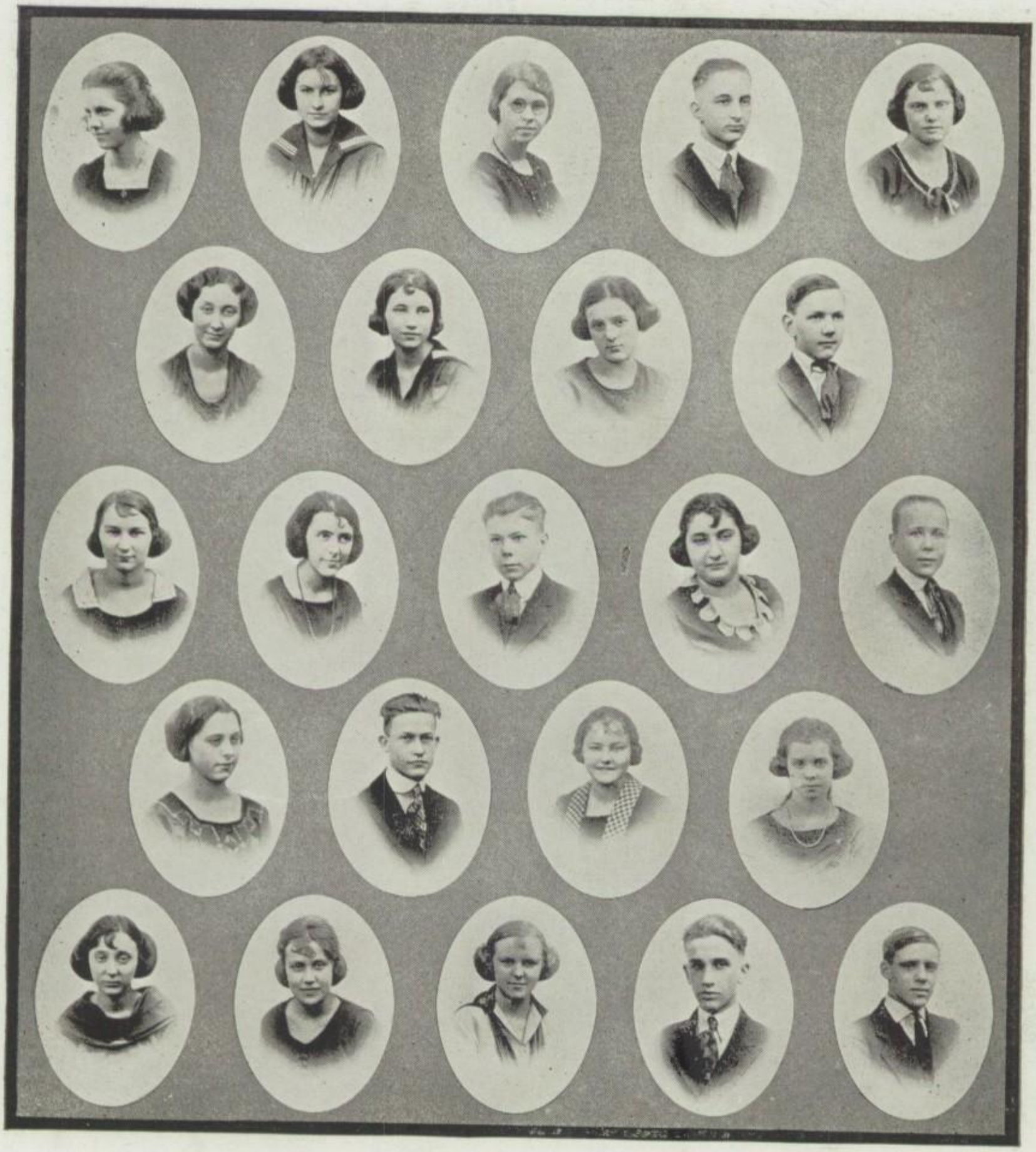
Ethel Pratt — Katheryn Reed — Mildred Rice — Grace Robbins — Helen Robinson

Ralph Rode — Bernice Roper — Roy Rosengarten — Elizabeth Rotart

Leslie Rydman — Geraldine Salisbury — Leora Salisbury — Irma Sanzenbacker — Max Schnitker

Maurice Schnitker — Elizabeth Schwyn — Elizabeth Scott — Lois Seaman

Mary Sessler — Harriet Sheplar — Catherine Spafford — Leona Stoll — Wilma Stoner



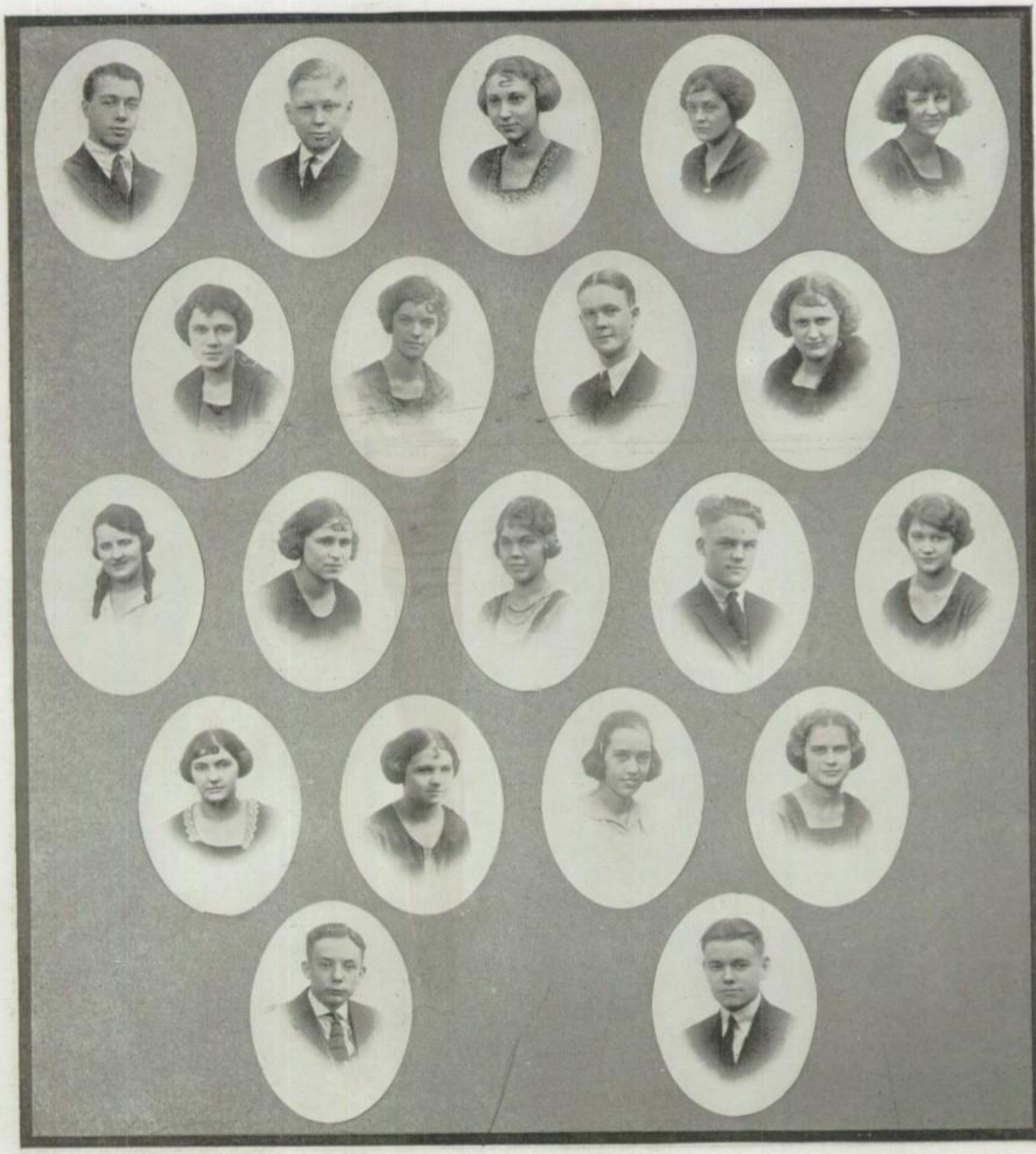
Mabel Swinehart
Constance Taylor
Ruth Torber
Everett Unger
Dorothy Walker

Margaret Watts
Edith Wells
Elsie Weigt
George Wiley

Norma Wright
Naomi Yeslin
Reuel Yount
Rose Bloom
George Eggelston

Gertrude Reed
William Hahn
Geraldine Hale
Clara Young

Grace Bateman
Cecilia Brenot
Emma Bruggemier
Charles Burgeon
Howard Carson



Edward Carsten — Rollin Catchpol — Gertrude Clegg — Kathryn Compo — Constance Courson

Phyllis DeVerma — Janet Hinz — Ellis Kelley — Dorothy Kurtz

May McClure — Beatrice Mufford — Irma Shears — Franklin Sheplar — Bernice Weston

Phyllis Brooke — Beatrice Dennis — Maud Kuebbler — Francis Kuhlman

Kenneth Orwiler — Raymond Swank

Sophomore Girls

Esther Anderson
Lillian Ayers
Mildred Ayers
Inabell Babcock
Dorothy Baker
Grace Bateman
Helen Beaverson
Edna Bernhard
Ella Berry
Elsie Berry
Caddie Billeter
Ruth Blaisdell
Rose Bloom
Julia Boehm
Agnes Bolton
Celia Brenot
Dorothy Brewster
Cora Brothers
Lois Brown
Isobel Browne
Clara Bruggeman
Emma Bruggemeier
Esther Bruggemeier
Kathryn Burnep
Edytha Burnett
Thya Bussdicker
Grace Butler
Evelyn Carr
Helen Carr
Mildred Cassidy
Eva Chalberg
Mary Charvat
Julia Clarke
Gertrude Clegg
Doris Clifford
Frances Collins
Kathryn Compo
Gladys Courson
Wilma Coy
Georgia Crawford
Beatrice Dennis
Naomi DeTray
Phyllis DeVerna
Gladys Dimmer
Helen Dock
Prudence Early
Helen Eggleston
Violet Eggleston
Grace Eisenhart
Leone Endsley
Mary Esling
DeLee Ewing
Helen Ewing
Florence Fischer
Eloise Fletcher
Beatrice Fookes
Janice Fookes
Mildred Fox
Helen Frautschi

Lenore Frey
Esther Fritz
Lucile Gable
Lida Gibbs
Louise Gogel
Maxine Gordon
May Graves
Florence Grow
Geraldine Hale
Mildred Haley
Lucy Hand
Ella Harder
Gladys Harpst
Betty Hartney
Viola Hayes
Clarice Heilman
Dorothea Henderson
Ruth Herman
Ann Higginson
Velda Hildebrandt
Janet Hinz
Olga Hirzel
Ruth Holmes
Helen Hoobler
Myrtle Hubert
Mabel Huntress
Elizabeth Jakcsy
Lucile Jenne
Della Jenning
Freida Jinske
Nellie Johnston
Gertrude Kanney
Ruth Keller
Ruth Kimple
Margaret Kirby
Ruth Kirschner
Alma Kock
Lida Koella
Valeria Kofflin
Adelaide Kreutzfeld
Hazel Krieger
Gertrude Krupp
Maude Kuebbeler
Frances Kuhlman
Dorothy Kurtz
Maurice Lewis
Helen Lindhorst
Iona Long
Evelyn Lynch
Julia MacLane
Martha McCauley
May McClure
Eunice McLain
Ruth McPeek
Katherine Markley
Margaret Martin
Ruth Martin
Velma Masney
June Matthes

Lena Maza
Beatrice Mefford
Ruth Meinhardt
Irene Metzger
Marie Meyers
Lillian Michael
Helen Miller
Ruth Miller
Viola Miller
Amy Mills
Lois Moll
Helen Morse
Funice Moulton
Etta Mulinix
Florence Murphy
Alice Nauts
Nellie Newcomb
Claribel Nixon
Helen Oberkiser
Ruth Oberle
Marie Oliver
Velma Orwiler
Mary Ottesen
Edna Parker
Dorice Parrott
Evangeline Peache
Dorothy Permar
Lasetta Pickard
Mary Pim
Reba Poreman
Ethel Pratt
Miriam Price
Alice Price
Marguerite Queenan
Wilhelmina Recht
Kathryn Reed
Gertrude Reid
Dorothy Remley
Cecil Rhodes
Mildred Rice
Grace Robins
Helen Robinson
Bernice Roper
Elizabeth Rotert
Geraldine Salisbury
Leora Salisbury
Mildred Sanders
Velma Sandrock
Irma Sanzenbacher
Alice Schaefer
Doris Schardt
Goldie Schifferd
Hildegarde Schmidlin
Isabel Schneider
Letha Schowbocker
Margaret Schulz
Elizabeth Schwyn
Elizabeth Scott
Louise Seaman

Mary Sessler
Erma Shears
Harriet Shepler
Mary Shocker
Edna Siewert
Helen Simpson
Kathryn Sims
Gladys Slintz
Helen Smith
Catherine Spafford
Mabel Stauffer
Esther Stoll
Leona Stoll
Wilma Stoner
Constance Taylor
Ruth Torber
Erma VanNatta
Thelma Venia
Zelma Wade
Constance Walborn
Dorothy Walker
Isabelle Walters
Adele Warnock
Margaret Watts
Caroline Weber
Elsie Weigt
Alice Wells
Edith Wells
Eleanor Wernert
Bernice Weston
Grace Wilkins
Marjorie Williams
Madelene Winslow
Mary Witherell
Katherine Wolf
Gladys Wood
Luella Woodard
Norma Wright
Naomi Yeslin
Clara Young
Phyllis Brooke
Florence Dier
Gwendolyn Dush
Catherine Enis
Edith Goodman
Minnie Greab
Faithe Greene
Faithe Green
Oleta Harms
Maude Harriss
Marguerite Kreachbaum
Emily Kruse
Theresa Lemming
Letha Mason
Dorothy Moses
Ruth Nishwitz
Irma Parker
Geraldine Perkins
Eunice Pheils
Minerva Schroeder
Hilda Smith
Mabel Swinehart
Mariana Thornton
Helen Warren

Sophomore Boys

Simon Ackley
Dodge Alexander
Glenn Applegate
Edward Arhart
Norman Ball
Orville Ballin
Gaylord Brancroft
Harry Barber
Eugene Barnes
Howard Barron
Carl Berndt
Alan Berry
Vincent Birkenkamp
Theodore Blair
Fred Bolander
George Bollin
Ernest Born
Kent Bradford
Hillard Brandenberger
Clarence Breese
Franklin Breisacher
Ralph Brown
Paul Brunthaver
Edwin Buermele
Arthur Caldwell
William Caldwell
Norman Campbell
John Caple
Paul Carlton
Harold Carmack
Howard Carson
Edward Carsten
Howard Carter
Rolland Catchpole
Gordon Chambers
Raymond Chapman
Edwin Clark
Walter Cline
Arnie Clucas
Harold Conrad
Albert Courtney
Theodore Cumberworth
Edward Day
Elmer Deline
Herbert Demorest
Carl Dexheimer
Donald Dresser
Charles Duerr
George Duvendack
William Eberth
Arthur Emmel
Harmon Emmer
Glenn Ewing
Norman Fields
Leroy Fifer
Arnold Finck
Lawrence Fisher
Rolland Frederick
Russell Frick
Floyd Furman

Harold Gauthier
Waldo Geach
Lyle George
William Gidley
Joseph Gillooly
John Glauser
Edmund Gomolski
Gerold Goodell
Frederick Gradwahl
Robert Groff
Alfred Hahn
William Hahn
Marshall Hailman
Orth Hamilton
Harry Hansen
Edward Harris
Fred Haverfield
Merrill Haynes
Ray Herman
Roy Herman
Toby Hill
Eldean Hindee
Anton Holm
Marion Hudson
Floyd Hugo
Donald Irey
Howard Irwin
Joseph Jackson
Harold Jaehn
Wardell Jett
Carl Julius
Fred Keim
Charles Keller
James Kendall
Frank Kesting
Carl Kinker
Gail Kleinhaus
Sylvester Klewer
Frank Kornrumps
Rollin Kuebblere
Conrad Keuhn
Edwin Lane
Harland Lark
Elroy Lehmann
Leo Landowski
Morgan Levelle
Earl Lewis
Gail Lyons
Frank McCarthy
Stuart McLean
Harold McLean
Anthony Madison
Donald Mahaffey
Alfred Mann
Alvin Marti
Charles Mason
Harris Mawhorter
Howard Meagher
Melvin Mercer
Herbert Miekle

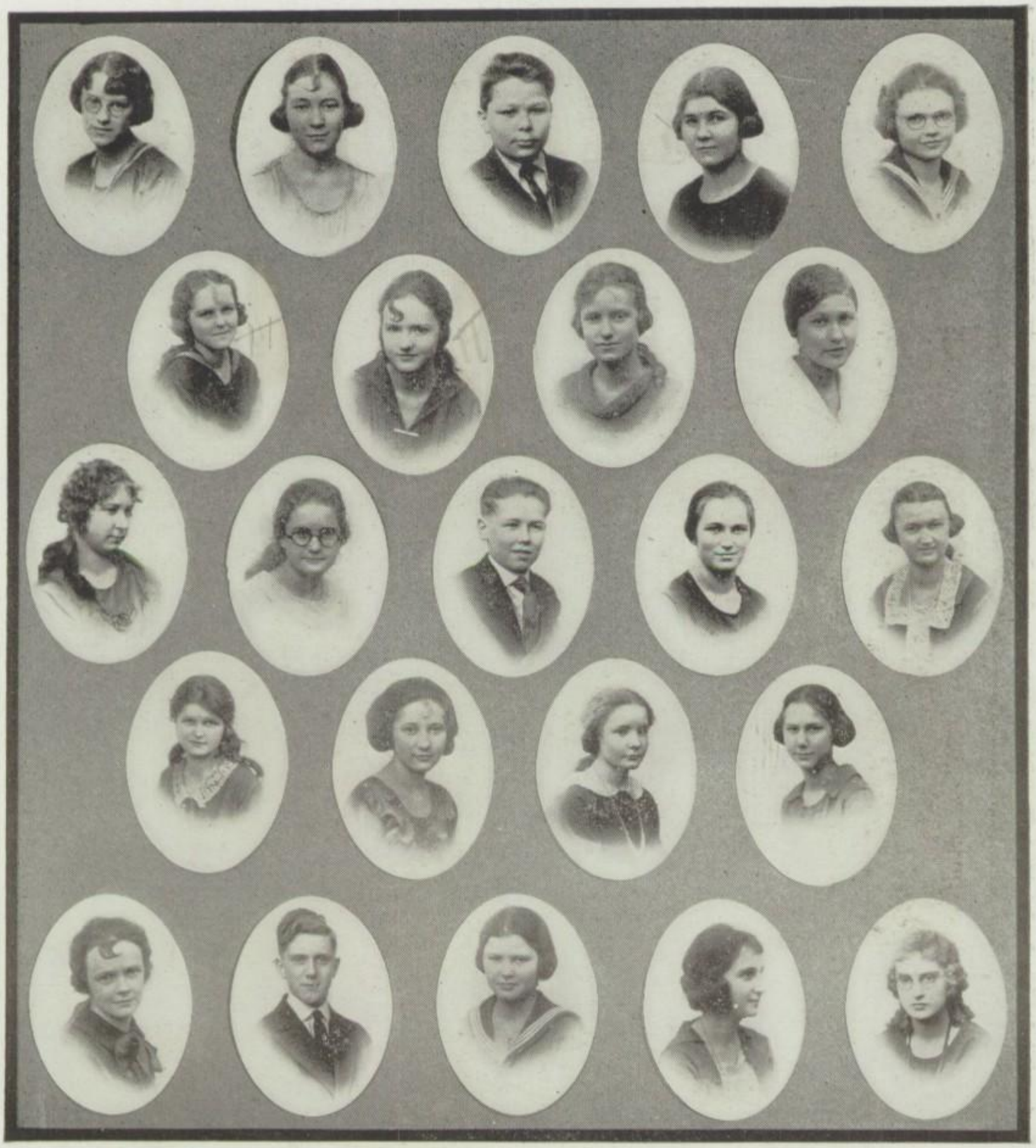
George Miller
William Mohr
Paul Molnar
Harve Moore
Orville Morrill
Eugene Msose
Glenn Mowrey
Francis Murphy
Clarence Myers
Robert Nichols
Paul Norton
Harold Oerting
Kenneth Orwiler
Carl Ostman
Arnold Palmer
Lawrence Paul
Edward Pollex
Mark Pollman
Walter Priest
Harold Puls
Ralph Reed
Leonard Reilly
Ralph Rode
Karl Rogers
Edward Rohrer
Roy Rosengarten
Ernest Rutter
Leslie Rydman
Edward Salisbury
Melvin Schnieder
Max Schnitker
Maurice Schnitker
Victor Schuetze
Edmond Schulty
Roland Scott
Franklin Shepler
Richard Sheridon
Paul Sie.ing
Harry Simmons
Leon Simmonds
Robert Smith
Karl Stanman
Noble Stewart
William Streiher
Raymond Swank
Ross Teets
Edward Topliff
Alexander Toth
Paul Trutt
Forrest Uhley
Everette Unger
Henry Nan Gordon
Joseph Varner
Henry Vogeli
Walter Warren
Leon Watson
Ernest Weating
Gerald White
Harold Wiggins
George Wiley

Deihl Wilson
Alexander Wolf
Pierce Wood
Harold Wunderly
Cecil Yaekel
Clarence Zimmer
Gerold Abbey
Harry Berry
Charles Burgoon
Kenneth Byers
Vernon Clark
Austin Deibert
Norman Dimke
Harold Donegan
Walter Dow
George Eggleston
Earl Emrick
Joseph Fitzgerald
Martin Girard
Lawrence Harmon
Ruel Harvey
Paul Harui
Anthony Heferle
Kenneth Hipp
Robert Hutton
Ellis Kelly
Werner Koch
Clayton Koontz
Howard Lester
Leonard Lewis
Theodore Lorenzen
Harold Lump
Virgil Lump
James McGuire
Harold McLeau
Albert Miller
Paul Morgan
Chester Murray
Kenneth Nester
Aaron Nolthers
Clarence Nopper
Marvin Ollom
Paul Patrick
Albert Remley
George Riek
George Simon
Samuel Simon
Ralph Slates
Ralph Steinmetz
Richard Yost
Reuel Yount

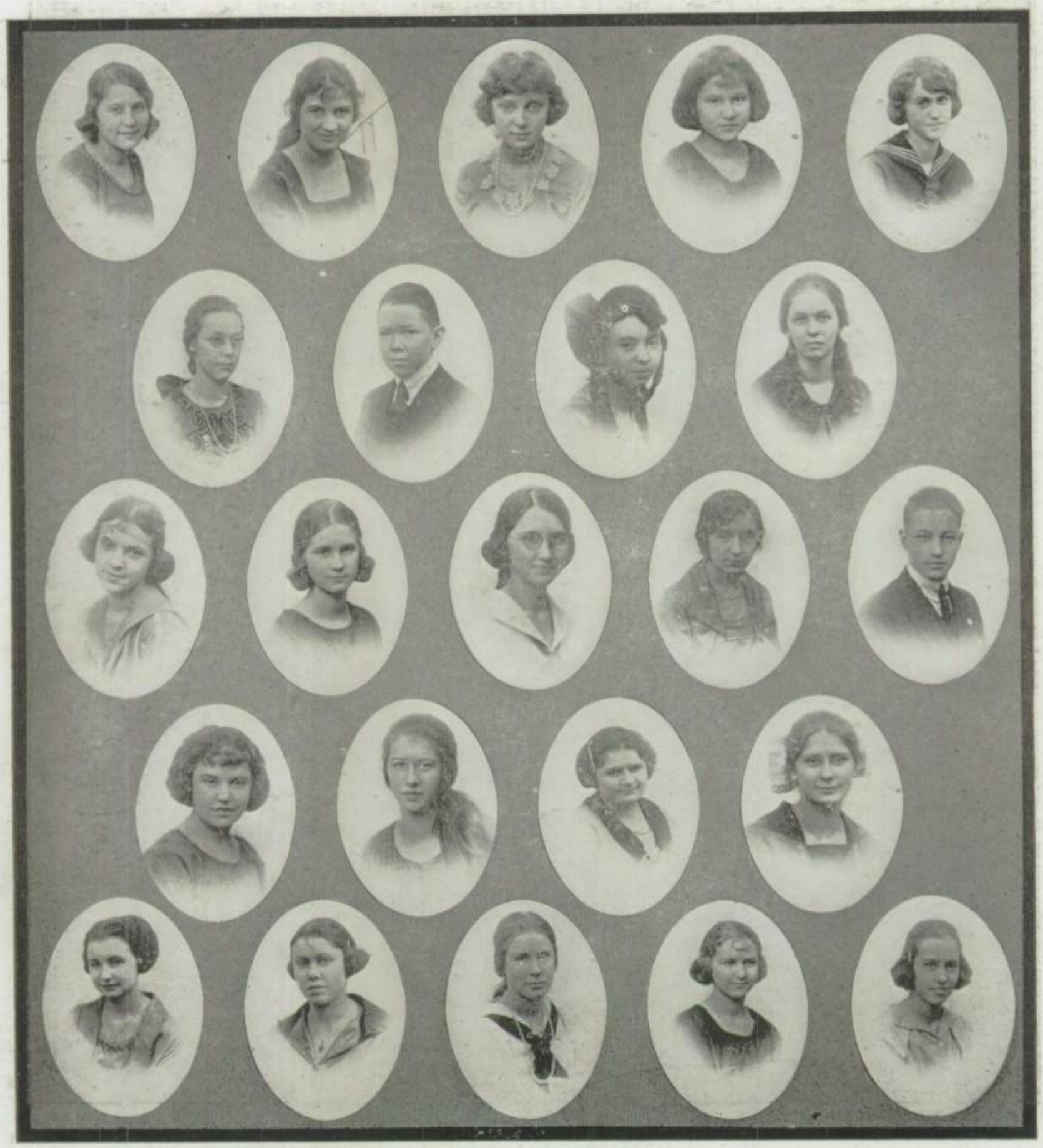
Waite High Refectory

Cafeteria

FRESHMAN
HERE SON GET IN THIS !!
FRESHMAN
ATHLETICS
Bauerman



Ruth Alderman
Theodosia Athaus
Marion Babion
Dorothy Bancroft
Edna Beers
Miriam Bender
Gertrude Bennett
Constance Boughton
Hazel Bowen
Alta Brown
Helen Brown
Marion Brown
Louise Brudgman
Ruth Burke
Mary Buttery
Lelah Callahan
Marian Carrel
Esther Carstenson
Helen Chambers
Harry Chapman
Ellen Chetister
Gladys Colbert
Mary Dale



Coral Dennenberger
Noblene Early
Catherine Fisher
Dorothy Gladieux
Francis Harr

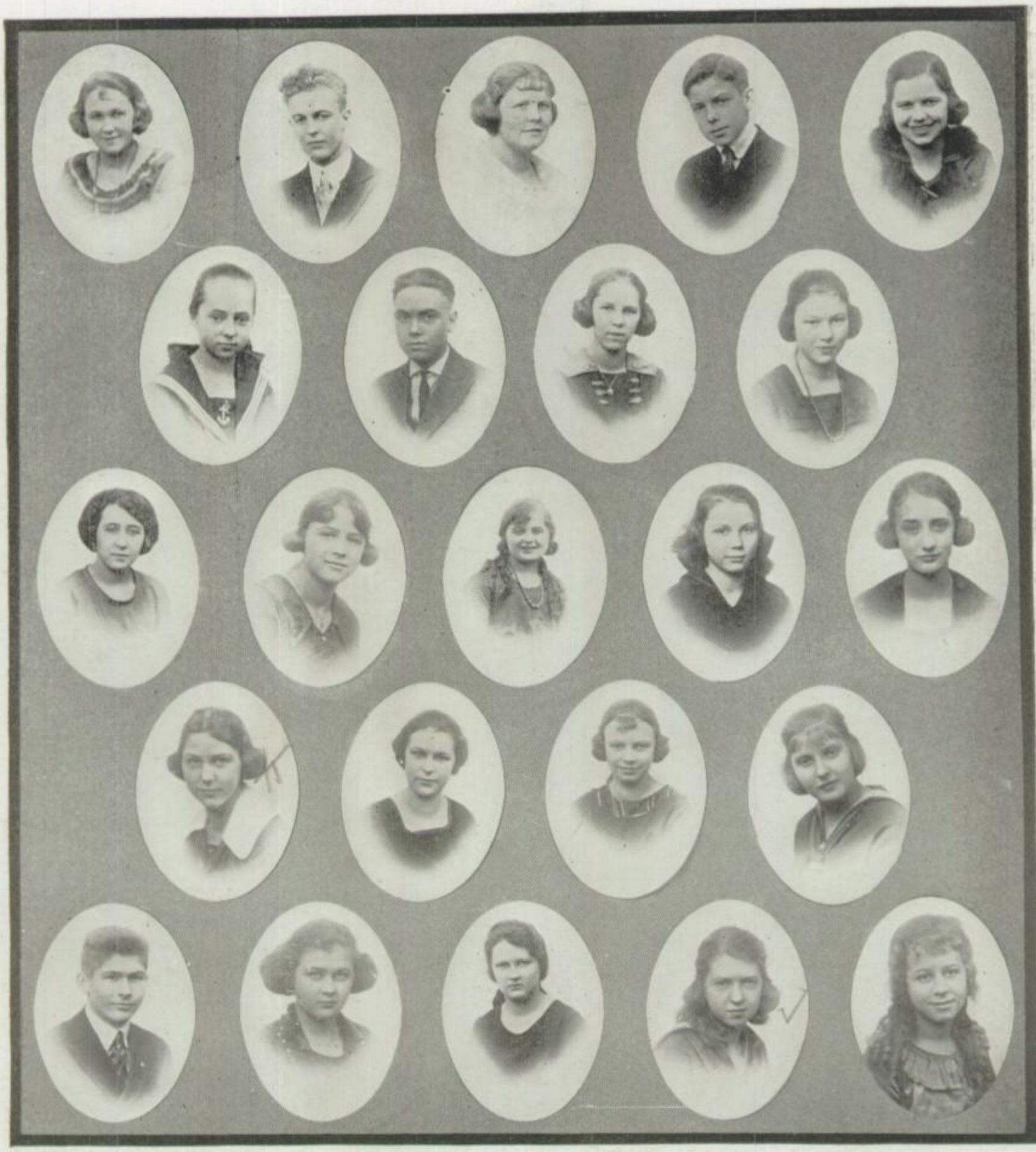
LaVerne Daring
Jack Ellis
Alma Flick
Virginia Gordon
Phyllis Headly

Estella Dewey
Averil Finch
Lucille Ford
Edna Hackman
Cora Helbing

Marie Dock
Ethel Fisher
Elsie Foraquer
Una Harman
Edith Herman

Iris Dunn
Paul Gebhart
Cecile Huebner

Arline Innes
Louise Irwin
Elgin Johnson
Frances Jones
Harriet Kellogg
Mildred Kennerly
James Kievet
Thomas Kilian
Edward King
Myrtle Klotz
Harriet Koofer
Herbert Kurth
Hilda Lampe
Francis Lane
Geraldine Larkin
LeRoy Leatherman
Florence LeBarr
Gladys Lester
Mary Jane Leister
Lucille Linden
Edith Luelf
Jessie Lyman
Catherine McGuire



Helen Majeska — Clayton Matt — Velma McGlone — Walter McKinley — Gertrude Mielke

Eleanor Mong — Jeremiah Montgomery — Helen Montry — Florence Morgan

Elsie Munday — Nina Nixon — Cora Nowakowski — Violet Oakley — Hazel Oberle

Dorothy Pasch — Bertha Pauley — Gertrude Peck — Julia Pruss

Carleton Rahmstock — Pauline Raufft — Marian Reed — Anabel Richardson — Grace Ryan

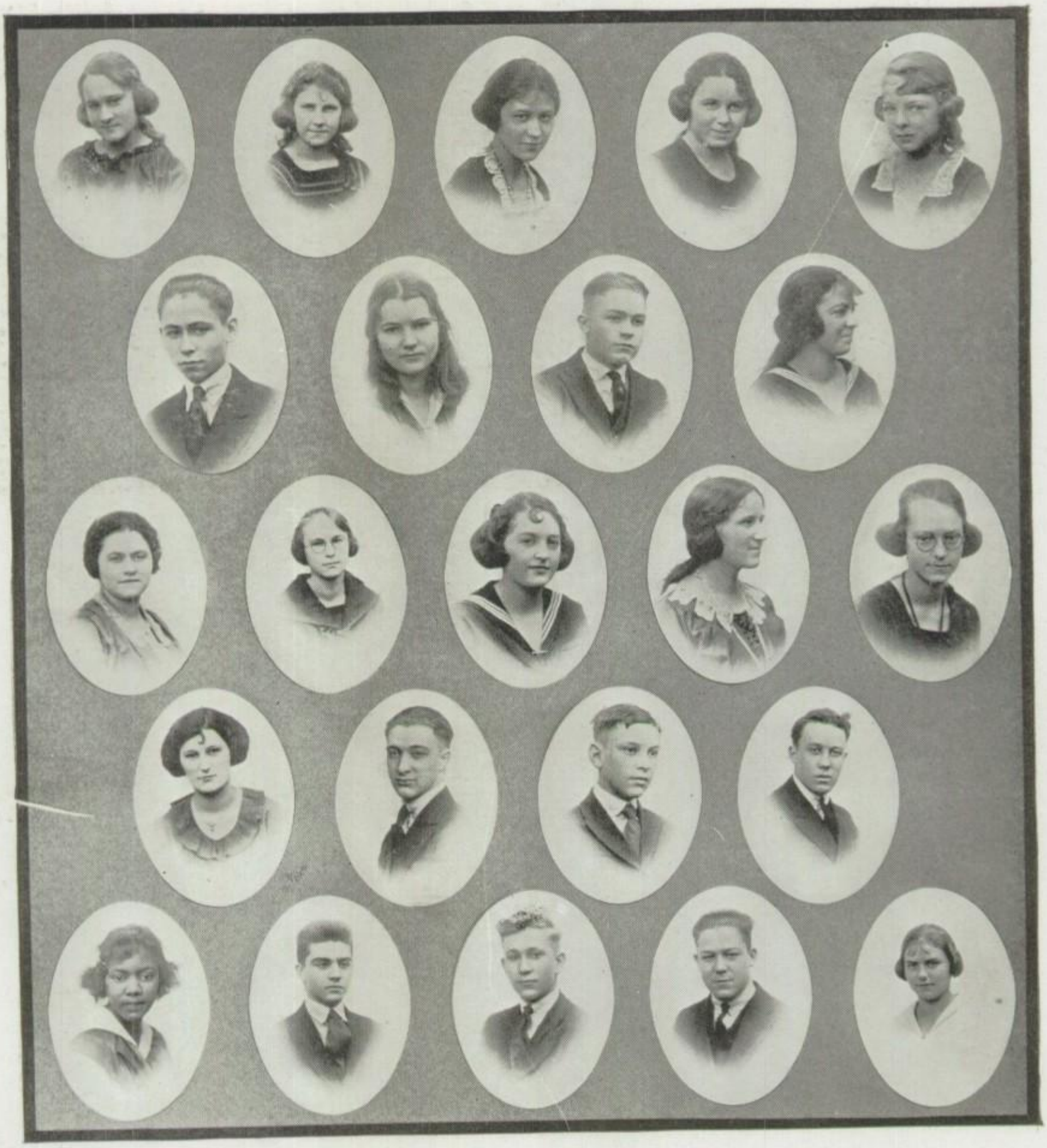
Charles Schackel — Doris Scharf — Dorothy Schaub — Dorothy Schausten — Mable Schmidt

John Schmittker — Genevive Scouten — Nellie Severance — Wanda Schiffler

Anna Sloan — Albert Smith — Dorothy Smith — Kermit Snoke — Alfred Southard

Mary Standish — Helen Stephenson — Myra Steffens — Florence Sturgeon

Margaret Suhrweier — Earl Tanner — Ruby Thompson — Sylva Thornalen — Grace Trauger



Vera Truman — Ruth Vail — Mildred Warner — Lois Warring — Margaret Weitzel

George Weingardt — Anna Lou Wells — James Wickenden — Edith Wiedner

Catherine Winebreuer — Mildred Wolfe — Mary C. Wright — Sadie Young — Antoinette Zelner

Louise Gogel — James Hulse — Clifford Lutner — Harry Quinn

Hannah Harris — Harold Heilman — Theophilus Kuhlman — Harold Meyers — Helen Majeska

Dorothy Brewster	Raymond Domhoff	Percy Faneuf	Anona Miller	Evangeline Murphy
Mary St. Clair	Leslie Shauf	Allan Thompson	Lillian Vye	Irene Woodruff

Freshman Girls

Annabel Ackley
Ruth Aderman
Ruth Ahlfors
Leila Allen
Marian Allen
Theodosia Althaus
Rose Bage
Frances Bailey
Dorothy Bancroft
Van Betta Barrett
Rose Bartley
Mariam Bartz
Laura Bassett
Rose Basso
Florence Beard
Emily Beckmann
Edna Beers
Margaret Beltz
Miriam Bender
Gertrude Bennett
Mary Irene Bennett
Hazel Billings
Doris Birie
Gertrude Blatter
Gladys Blessing
Helen Bloom
Virginia Boote
Constance Boughton
Hazel Bowen
Winafred Bowser
Rhea Brim
Helen Brinkman
Alta Brown
Helen Brown
Louise Bruggeman
Evelyn Bruning
Adelaide Buchhoiz
Wilma Clair Burgess
Ruth Burke
Ethel Burroughs
Genevieve Burson
Elizabeth Buske
Dorothy Butchbach
Mary Buttery
Helen Caldwell
Isabel Cantrick
Josephine Cardot
Marian Carrel
Esther Lucille Carstensen
Cora Carter
Gertrude Carter
Helen Chambers
Ellen Chetister
Doris Evangeline Chilcote
Magaret Church
Elsie Clark
Esther Clark
Edith Clifford
Helen Cline
Dolorie Cloud
Gladys Colbert
Dora Collier
Lela Conley
Maragret A. Costigan
Ruth Counter
Leona Cousino
Velma Coy
Grace Crane
Cora Coryle
Iris Culbertson
Gladys Cummins
Frances Curran
Ruby Curson
Mary Dale
Coral Dannenberger
La Verne Daring
Suvilla Darr
Marion Dauer
Esther Davis
Anna Deak
Evalena Dennis
Hildegarde Dessum
Estella Dewey
Loretta Diefenthaler
Marie Dock
Beatrice Doughty
Iris Dunn
Nobleine Velva Early
Florence Lucille Eberlin
Mary Elizabeth Eberst
Marcella Eckhart
Dorothy Katherine Edgington
Lillian Kathryn Elsperman
Constance Wilda Epker
Gertrude Amelia Epmyer
Winifred Marie Erd
Naomi Beatrice Farber
Pearl Ruth Farner
Eunice Fehn
Catherine Elizabeth Fesler
Avril Kathryn Finch
Ethel Elizabeth Fischer
Alma Martha Flick
Lucille Winnifred Ford
Elsie Forquer
Gertrude Mabel Francis
Florence Fires
Helen Louise Frye
Dorothy Louise Fuller
Loretta Elizabeth Gens
Lenora Gessler
Dorothy Gladieux
Ruth Ida Gomoll
Virginia Ellen Gordon
Helen Graf
Almira Mary Gramer
Mary Margaret Greenich
Beatrice Geraldine Griffin
Ethel Grow
Nathalie Hass
Josephine Habib
Edna Hackman
Muriel Jean Hagedon
Anna Hanline
Una L. Harman
Kathryn Harmon
Frances Harr
Hannah Harris
Ida Harsanyi
Una Hartman
Ruth Hasemeyer
Frances Hausch
Phyllis Headley
Ruth Heil
Mabel Heimrich
Cora Irma Helbing
Edith Herman
Naomi Herskovits
Mertyl Highland
Vera Holder
Ruth Holley
Lucy Hollister
Eula Howey
Cecile Huebner
Millis Hunter
Arlene Vivian Innes
Louise Constance Irwin
Irma Israel
Edna P. Ives
Kathryn E. Jackson
Sarah Joehlin
Ruth Johns
Frances Elsie Jones
Helen Marie Julius
Helen Justice
Luella Justus
Helen Kegelman
Ada Lucile Kelb
Harriett Madeline Kellogg
Mildred Kennerly
Alice M. Kerschner
Lelah Maude Kester
Ethel Kies
Claudus Kirk
Flo Ann Kirk
Berthelle Yvonne Kistner
Eunice Kleinhans
Mary Margaret Kline
Helen Klotz
Myrtle Agnes Klotz
Helen Audrey Knapp
Anna M. Knierim
Hazel Koch
Harriet Koofer
Martha Krause
Florence Krauss
Helen Lucille Kriener
Helen La Fountaine
Hilda Lampe
Frances Lane
Lois Lark
Geraldine Larkin
Florence Le Barr
Mary Jane Leister
Gladys Lester
Lucille Linden

Charlotte Logel
Alice Long
Helen Loomis
Edith Luelf
Mae Luetka
Jessie Lyman
Rose McClain
Ruth McClain
Velma McGlone
Catherine McGuire
Kathryn McLaughlin
Helen Majeska
Ruth Martelle
Helen Mason
Irene Metzger
Florence Meyerhofer
Gertrude Mielke
Marie Anna Mikesell
Anona Miller
Thyra Miller
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Florence Morgan
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Florence Neise
Nina Nixon
Cora Nowakowski
Violet Oakley
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Dorothea Schausten
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Opal Schmitz
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Dorothy Bernice Scott
Mona Jane Scott
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Vivian Lucile Seger
Irene Jessie Selbeck
Nellie May Severance
Mildred Martha Sharples
Georgia C. Sharpstein
Wanda A. Shiffler
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Ruby Helen Skinner
Anna Sloan
Venora Sly
Rae Small
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Grace Smith
Marabelle Smith
Verdilla Elizabeth Smith
Bernadette Louise Snyder

Catherine Snyder
Mary Frances Standish
Myra Kathryn Steffens
Florence Stevenson
Helen Mary Stevenson
Florence Maragret Stohon
Marguerite C. Stoll
Florence Margaret Sturgeon
Margaret E. Suhrweier
Leita Z. Sweetland
Geraldine J. Swin
Garnet J. Tea
Naomi Tebbe
Helen Theaker
Ruby Thompson
Sylva Thormalen
Elda G. Thurston
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Olga Marie Torgler
Grace Trauger
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Vera Truman
Marzouwla Turner
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Lillian Vye
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Lois Ellen Warring
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Mary Elizabeth Wright
Ila May Wuerfel
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Sadie Ruth Young
Antoinette Zelner
Marie Gladys Zindell
Mary Ursula Zlotkowski

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Carl Aderman
Arthur Ahlfors
Marion Baboine
Donald Bailey
Raymond Baker
Kenneth Barnswell
Charles Bassett
David Bassett
John Basso
Arthur Beck
Franklin Benjamin
Earl Bennett
Theodore R. Benster
James Benschoter
Roger Berkshire
Ralph I. Berry
Norman Besesky
Lewis Biniker
Harvey Bish
Arnold H. Bitter
John Blake
Carl Blodgett
Emanuel Bloom
Robert Blowney
Thomas Bocian
Wm. Bodinus
Maxwell Boor
Edwin Border
Wilbur Boschard
John Bowman
Walter Braun
Rolland Brenkman
Wilbert Brookner
Booth Brouhard
Marion Brown
Clare Buck
Allan Carlson
Irvin E. Carver
George Cassis
Harry Chapman
Lyle Chase
Walter Christopher
Grover Clark
Aloysius Coehrs
Glen Cole
John D. Cole
Kenneth Cook
Theodore Cook
Russell R. Cooper
Richard Corkins
Chester Cowdrey
William Cowdrey
Lester Coy
Lewis Cross
Andrew D'Angelo
Franklin D'Angelo
Jacob Decker
Ray Dixon
Milton Dorpker
Raymond Domhoff
Robert Drue
Robert O. Duden
Clifford Dunn
Ralph Eisenhart
Jack Ellis
George Engers
Ross Enright
George Esay
Raymond Fader
Percy Faneuff
Robert H. Finch
Walter Flowers
Clarence Foels
Ernest Forrest
Ralph Foster
Thad Franks
Joe Freeman
George Fries
George Gable
Paul Gebhart
Otto Gettings
Philip Ghareeb
Glen Clifford
Marvin Gluntz
Orville Goldner
Earl Goodyear
Wm. Goorley
Mervin Gregersen
Wm. E. Greiner
Richard Gunlite
Louis Halbach
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Claire Hannum
Clyde Hederman
Harold Heilner
Morris Heltebarke
Wm. Herbster
Lester Herman
John Hicks
Frank Holmes
Glenn Horsman
Carl Howe
Glenwood Hulme
James Hulse
Kai Hung
Elsworth Hutchison
Vernon Jaggers
Lawrence Jarvie
John Jaynes
Elgin Johnston
Harry Johnson
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Edmund Kieper
James Kievit
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Edward King
Harold Klewer
Harold Kock
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Carleton Kopfmann
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Cecil Kiker
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Marvin Lambert
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Clifford Leitner
Arthur Lemke
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Loftin Leydorf
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Harry McElroy
Harold McGhee
Malcolm McKinley
Walter McKinley
Clair McLargin
George McLeary
Harold Madden
Donald Magly
Aloizy Majewski
Willard Mann
George Marsh
Clayton Matt
Louis Mayo
Hyman Maza
Charles Merwin
Harold Meyers
Harold Mielke
Erving Miller
Wilbur Miller
Steven C. Molnar
Jeremiah C. Montgomery
Lawrence Moore
Virden Moore
Byron Moses
Fred Mueller
Earl Myers
Gerald Myers
Carl Alexander Nicholas
Leland Nickerson
Arnold Carl Oehlers
Lester Densmore Parecl
Richard Barnes Pelton
Elwood Potter
Franklin Potter
Howard Clarence Potter
Donald Preston
William Albert Puls
Gerald Lloyd Quinlan
Harold Charles Quinlan
Harry Quinn

Robert Rabbitt
Malcolm Raby
Carleton Rahmstock
Clifford Reed
Frank Alvin Reicherd
Herbert Frederick Ricard
Oliver Richard Rideout
Clarence Ritter
George Washington Roth
Victor Ruben
Jacob Gerald Rudolph
James Howard Runyan
Lawrence R. Sarra
Thomas Schaekel
Lorenz J. Schenck
Lawrence I. Schiermyer
Harold Schiever
Ralph A. Schleicher
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John H. Schnittker
Edward A. H. Schnitker
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Floyd S. Smith
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Alfred W. Southard
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Wilard St. John
Kenneth Steele
Vernon G. Steele
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Robert Talbot
Earl Tanner
John Tattersall
Emerson Taylor

Harry Thayer
Gerald Thomas
Allan Thompson
Ray Thompson
Steven Toth
Leger Traver
Franklin Unruh
George Urie
Harry Vail
Ernest Dudley Vore
Douglass Watters
George Weingadt
Norman Wellingr
John White
Wm. W. White
Alva Wick
James Wickenden
George Wieland
Vernon Will
Glenn Williams
Guy Wilson
Alvin L. Wittman
Kenneth Woodman
Clyde Woolaver
Ross Worden
Earl Young

PROBABLE MEDAL LIST, FIRST SEMESTER, 1920-1921

SENIORS

GOLD—(12)—Hubert Birkenkamp, Arland I. Innes, Edward Rommel, Hilda Boden, Persis Border, Dorothy Gassaway, Audrey E. Gea, Isabella A. Harry, Violet Miller, Marguerite Murphy, Hilda Sasse, Ruth Zahrly.

SILVER—4 A's—Lelah Holden, Irene McGinity.

3 A's—Samuel Harold Lynn, Eleanor P. Bassett, Kathryn Berno, Dorothy Donnelly, Marie Harms, Helen Marie Herbert, Mlidred H. Leeth, Rae Janette Morse, Charlotte Quill, Margaret Sargent, Lavanda Schlupp.

2 A's—Herbert Jenne, Felix A. King, Wesley McKee, Francis B. Moore, Howard Rowell, Dorothea May Campbell, Helen Margaret Campbell, Minnie K. Kohne, Dorothy M. Lee, Constance W. Muntz, Hattie W. Recht, Henrietta Schippers, Mildred Stuck, Alice Zimmer.

1 A—Hoyt Boden, Edward John Gogel, Roland E. Leonard, Esther Keck, Margaret D. Knisely, Lucille E. Scouten, Dorotha Verle Taylor, Alice Thompson, Opal Weida, Jane Wiles.

BRONZE—John H. Davis, Beatrice Bancroft, Luella M. Hill, Pauline Tefft.

JUNIORS

GOLD—Mildred Gertrude Bodinus, Dolly Daring, Adele M. Habib, Cornelia Harpster, Mary Heinen, Ruth Ellen Jones, Rosamonde Outwater, Ida Gertrude Wiley, Willis Davidson, Harold Goate, Clifford T. Holland, Clayman A. Kabat Adelbert Steinmueller.

SILVER—4 A's—Lulu Leona Heberger, Meredith Long.

3 A's—Ruth Allen, Madeline Blackford, Ida G. Bloom, Phoebe Kelley Brooke, Olga Edgington, Eulalie Ione Hoffman, Mabel Hoover, Lucille Hurrelbrink, Florence Jackson, Luella E. Lavender, Dorothea Lumm, Helen Manson, Frances Martin Margaret Helen Moon, Helen St. John, Althea Vogt, Myron Buehrer, Harold Earl Jenkins, Russell C. Sutton.

2 A's—Mildred Bamer, Dorothy Beelman, Gladys Brothers, Thelma Howey, Katherine Kilian, Louise Elizabeth Loehrke, Ruth Reber, Bernice Rier,

Mabel Naomi Rotert, Marie Frances Schmidt, Isabelle Stadelman, May Torrence, Rose Esther Wheaton, Helen M. Williams, Mildred Zietlow, Alvin Hilgeman, William J. Irwin, Malcom Johnson.

1 A—Beatrice Dauer, Dorothy L. Krumm, Helen M. Maier, Thelma E. Parlette, Imogene St. Clair, Caesar Auerbach, Kenneth Hahn, Frank Markwood, Wilmer Reed, Carl Trempf.

BRONZE—Fanny Baer, Alice Lucille Bartley, Helen L. Bennett, Hazel Dwiggins, William H. Lindner, James Shepherd, Ray Stutzman.

SOPHOMORES:

GOLD—Esther Bruggemeier, Prudence Early, Velda Hildebrandt, Gertrude Kanny, Valeria Kofflin, Amy Mills, Alice Nauts, Claribel Nixon, Lasetta Pickard, Vincent Birkenkamp, William D. Hahn, Joseph J. Jackson, Harry Simmons, Henry Van Gorder.

SILVER: 4 A's—Georgia A. Crawford, Olga Hirzel, Helen May Morse, Cecil Yaekel.

3 A's—Helen Beaverson, Rose Bloom, Kathryn Burnep, Beatrice Fookes, Janice Fookes, Lenore Frey, Geraldine Hale, Ruth Martin, Lois Moll, Edna Siewert, Ruth Torber, Edith E. Wells, William Caldwell, William Eberth, Leroy Fifer, Merrill Haynes, Stuart McLean, Herbert E. Miekle.

2 A's—Cora Brothers, Thya Bussdicker, Naomi DeTray, Lucille Gable, Della Jennings, Lena Maza, Florence Murphy, Helen Robinson, Bernice Roper, Elizabeht Scott, Gladys Slintz, Mable Stauffer, Marjorie Williams, Mary Witherell, Edward Arhart, Edwin Clark, Anton C. Holm, Earl Lewis, Harold A. Oerting, Robert R. Smith, Joseph Varner, Alexander Wolf.

1 A—Helen Dock, Violet Eggleston, Maxine Gordon, Florence Grow, Mildred Haley, Ruth Kirschner, Helen Jane Miller, Mary E. Otteson, Marguerite Queenan, Wilhelmina Recht, Grace Robins, Elizabeth Schwyn, Bernice Weston, Simon Ackley, Herbert Demorest, Rolland Frederick, Alfred Mann, Evertte Unger.

BRONZE: Reba Poreman, Glenn Applegate, Marion James Hudson, Frank A. Kornrumpf.

FRESHMEN:

GOLD: Annabel Ackley, Helen Bloom, Josephine, Cardt, LaVerne Daring, Iris Dunn, Nobleine Early, Lillian Elsperman, Avril Finch, Ethel Fischer, Eula Howey, Alice Kerschner, Catherine G. McGuire, Helen Amanda Mason, Dorothy Pasch, Mary Standish, Anna Lou Wells. Mildred Wolff, Dinah Wollins, Elizabeth Wright, Emanuel Bloom, Jacob Decker, James Hulse, Thomas Killian, Curtis Koester, Louis Levine, Jeremiah Montgomery.

SILVER: 4 A's—Marian Carrel.

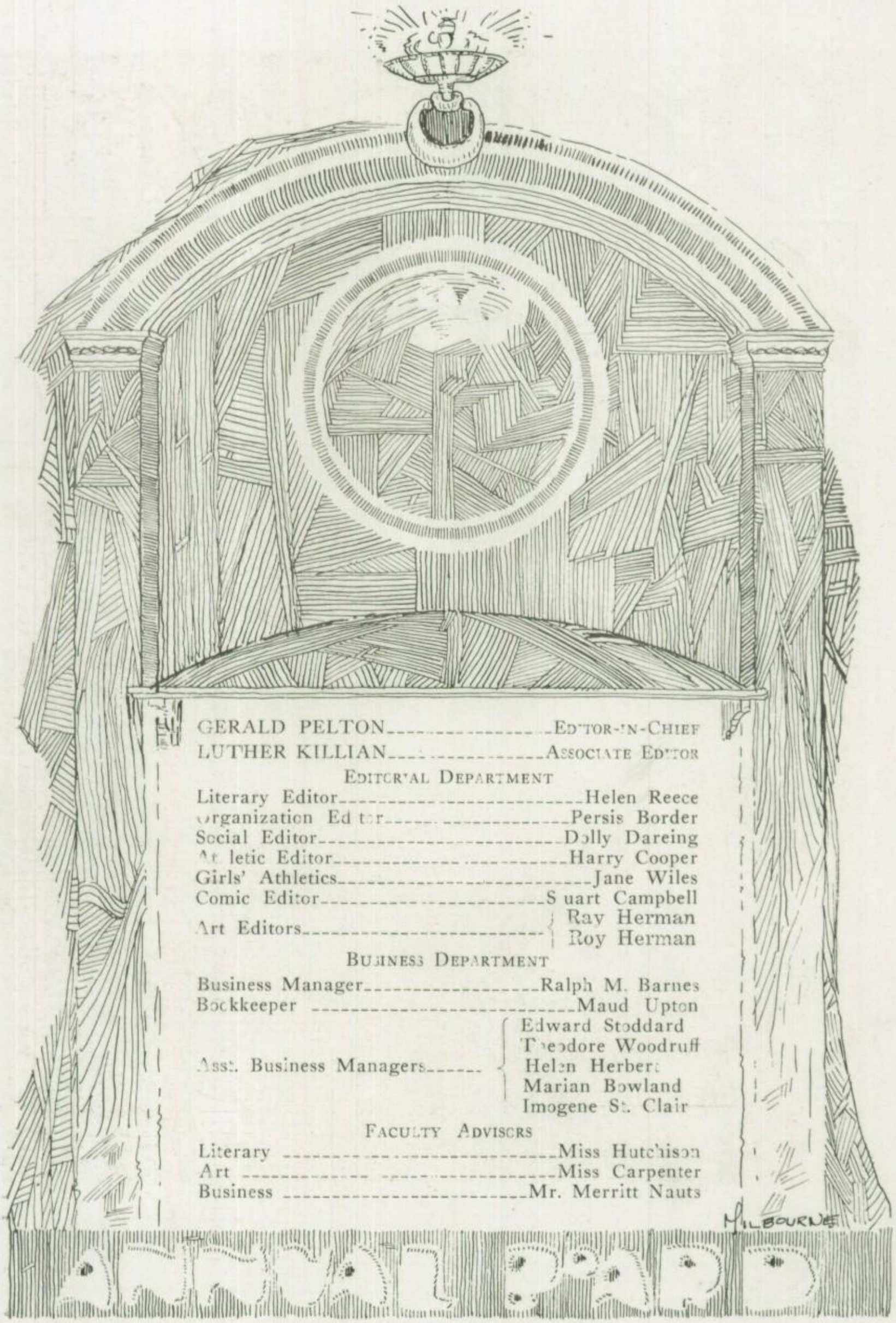
3 A's—Miriam Binder, Winifred Bowser, Marcella Eckhart, Ethel Grow, Katherine Harmon, Ruth Johns, Frances Elsie Jones, Geraldine I. Larkin, Lunette Reinhart, Guelda Runkel, Norma Runkel, Georgia Sharpstein, Marabelle Smith, Catherine Snyder, Hazel Vesta Travis, Lillian Vye, Marion Babione, David Bassett, William Bodinus, Philip Ghareeb, William Greiner, Clifford Leitner, Hyman Maza, Joseph R. Fitzgerald.

2 A's—Laura Bassett, Gertrude Bennett, Louise Bruggeman, Evelyn Bruning, Henry Caldwell, Esther Davis, Evalena Dennis, Cecile Huebner, Louise Irwin, Margaret Mary Kline, Harriet Koofer, Evangeline Murphy, Nina Nixon, Hazel Oberle, Adelaide Parish, Helen Price, Dorothea Schausten, Mabel Schmidt, Irene Selbeck, Wanda Shiffler, Ruby Skinner, Mildred Warner, Edith Widmer, Helen Wild, Edwin Border, Louis Halbach, George McLeary, Edward Schnitker, Steve Toth, Dorothy Moses.

1 A—Frances Bailey, Hazel Claire Bowen, Ruth Brand, Isabel Cantrick, Marion Dauer, Naomi Farber, Dorothy Gladieux, Virginia Gordon Almira Gramer, Pauline Odom, Evelyn Ricard, Annabel Richardson, Grace Ryan, Margaret Weitzel, Josephine Habb, Frances Harr, Ida Harsanyi, Helen Justice, Lelah Kester, Gladys Lester, Gertrude Mielke, Eleanor Mong, Belle White, Arthur Beck, Allan Carlson, Jack Ellis, Kai Hung, Lawrence Jarvie, James Kievit, Herbert Kurth, Harry McElroy, Wilbur Miller, James Wickenden.

BRONZE—Mary Irene Bennett, Ruth May Burke, Mary Greenich, Vera Holden, Ada Kelb, Helen Knapp, Frances Marie Lane, Florence Sasse, Doris Scharf, Elda Thurston, Franklin Benjamin, Franklin D'Angelo, William Goorley, Marion Lambert, Harold Myers, Harold Mielke, George Urie, Samuel J. Simon.

Organizations



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LUTHER KILLIAN ---------- ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Organization Editor ---------- Persis Border
Social Editor ---------- Dolly Dareing
Athletic Editor ---------- Harry Cooper
Girls' Athletics ---------- Jane Wiles
Comic Editor ---------- Stuart Campbell
Art Editors ---------- Ray Herman, Roy Herman

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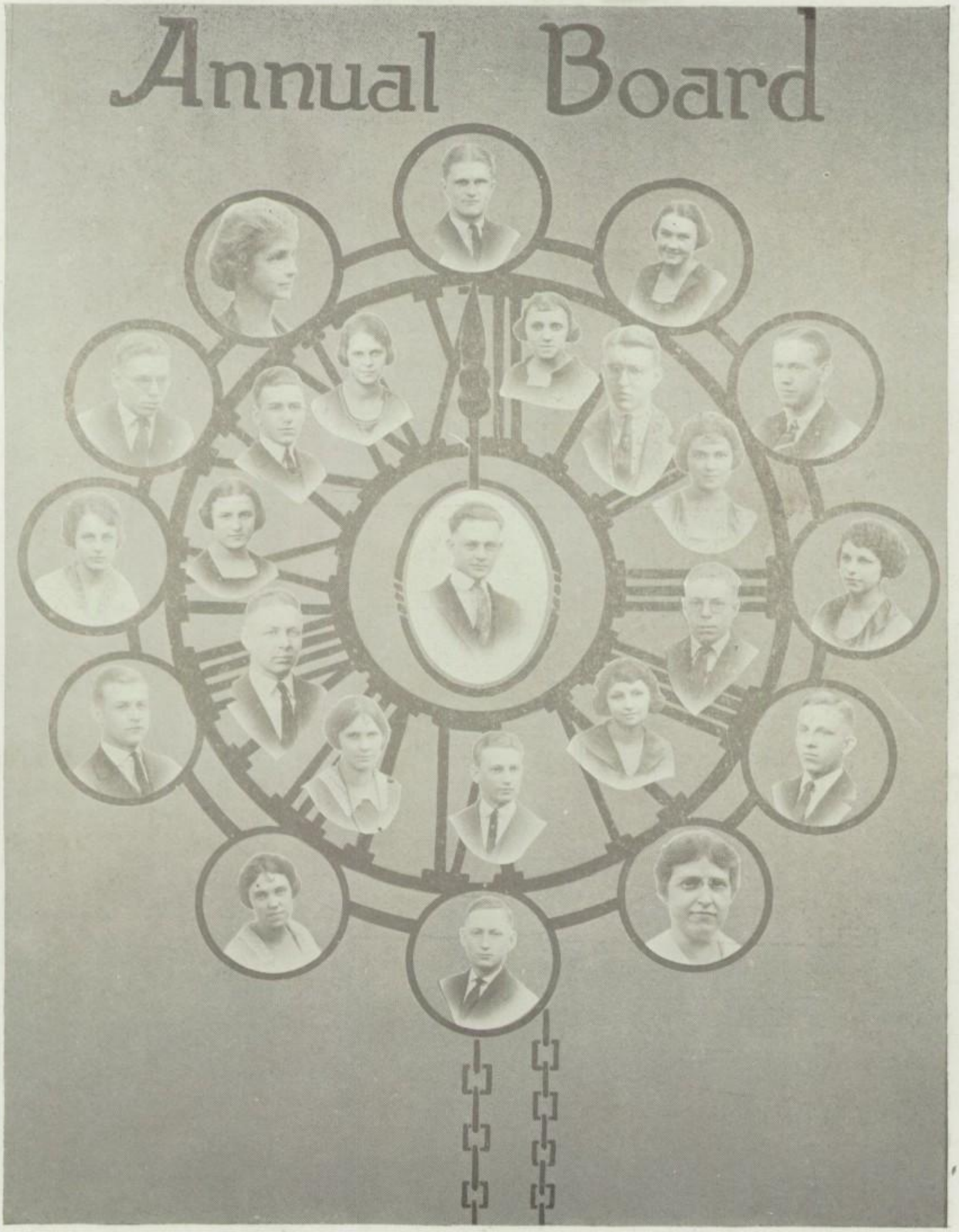
Bookkeeper ---------- Maud Upton
Asst. Business Managers ---------- Edward Stoddard, Theodore Woodruff, Helen Herbert, Marian Bowland, Imogene St. Clair

FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary ---------- Miss Hutchison
Art ---------- Miss Carpenter
Business ---------- Mr. Merritt Nauts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Francis Moore
Organizations.....Mary R. Boardman
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'Office Boy".....Grace Plain
Helen Roberts
James Wolf
Alumni.....Warren Gressley
Exchange.....Wesley McKee
Sports.....Robert Maginnis
Girls' Ath'etics.....Jane Wiles
Faculty Facts.....Rae Morse
Comics.....Harold Jenkins
John Crane
Art.....Marvin Joseph
Ray Herman
Roy Herman

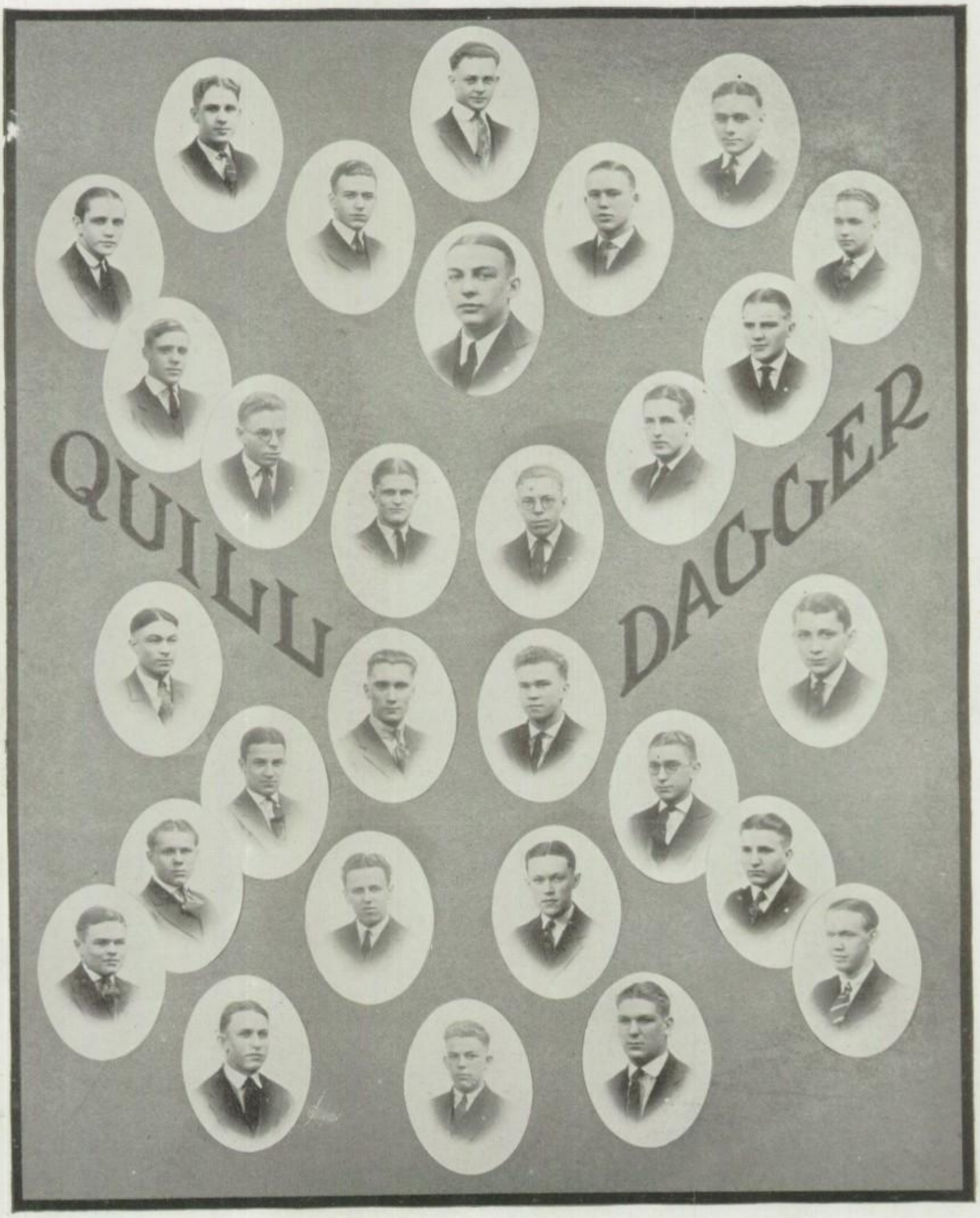
FACULTY ADVISORS

Miss Hutchison, Literary.
Mr. Nauts, Financial.
Miss Carpenter, Art
Mr. Pollock, General.

RETINA BOARD
19
21

Some of the Fairer Sex
Moving Time
Our Star
Some Cook

QUILL AND DAGGER


QUILL
DAGGER

The Quill and Dagger Literary Society

COLORS: BLACK AND GOLD

OFFICERS

President ---------- Gerald Pelton
Vice-President ---------- Victor Domhoff
Secretary ---------- Stuart Campbell
Treasurer ---------- Harold Carson
Sergeant-at Arms ---------- Huburtus McLain
Chaplain ---------- John McInnes
Reporter ---------- James Wolf

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Howard Carson
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Irvin Steinecher
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Earnest Schatz
Raymond Domhoff
Roy Herman
Lester Brenot
Myron Buehner
Frank Ranley
Alvin Marti
Robert Kinker
Pierce Wood
Robert Sawhill
Durelle Osten
Carl Benson
William Alexander
-- Barnard Stiffney
Walter Dow
Carl Trempf
Roy Herman
Lyman Burt
Werlyn Beard
Cecil Kiker
Kai Hung
James Pollock
Fred Klag
Nelson Rupp

Quill and Dagger

Since its inception in 1915, the Quill and Dagger Literary has enjoyed many successful years, and this is true of this year more than ever.

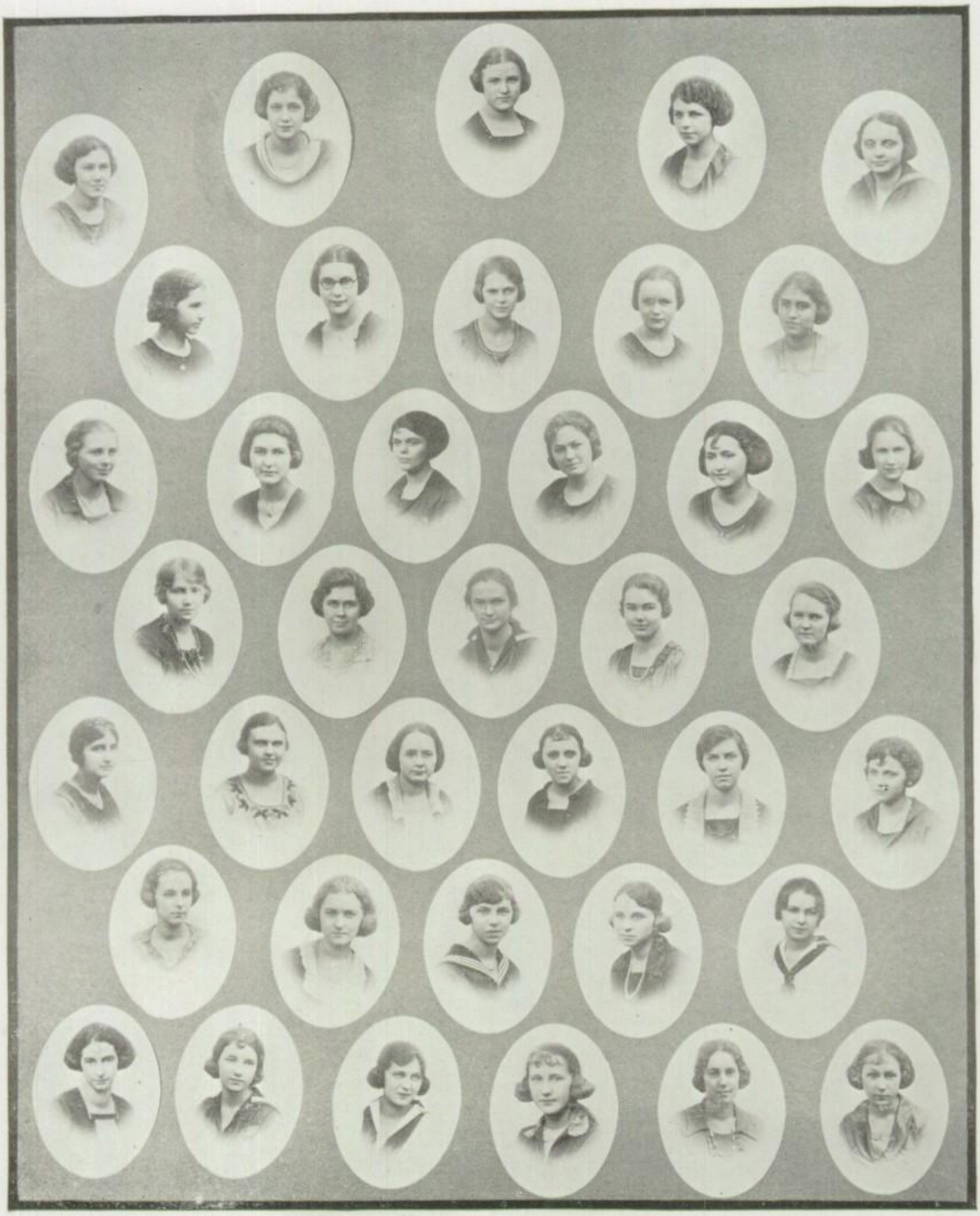
Of the forty members of the society more than half of this number represented Waite on the gridiron, court and track. The class organizations, the Retina and Annual Boards count among the members of their staffs many Quill and Daggers.

During the past year the society has realized more than ever before that intellectual and cultural development are of the paramount importance, and as a consequence music, public speaking, current events in literature, art, and science have largely been contributors to our programs.

But in the strife for development along scholarly lines social activities have not suffered. The Quill and Dagger Dance, the Mock Inauguration and Dance in conjunction with the Pericleans, and the Banquet are the social functions the society has enjoyed.

The Quill and Dagger spirit is inextinguishable. It lasts and is carried on. Alumni of this organization are glorifying the name of their society and Old Waite High Schol at Ohio State, Michigan and Dennison. Boni Petcoff, president of his Freshmen Class, captain of the Freshman Basketball Team, is assured a place on States' football team next year. Frank Young, Herbert Colvin and Thurlow Wilder are the Quill and Dagger representation at State; while Charles Traut is at Michigan and Malcoln McInnis is at Dennison. Those men left us something to aim at and it has been our desire to do the same for future members, and we feel sure that they will uphold the standards that have been set.

Zetalethean



Zetalethean Literary Society

Founded 1903

COLORS: SILVER AND GREEN

MOTTO: MIHIEL SISE LABORE

OFFICERS

President ---------- JANE WILES
Vice-President ---------- PERSIS BORDER
Secretary ---------- HELEN ROBERTS
Treasurer ---------- MARGARET KNISLEY
Chaplain ---------- CORNELIA HARPSTER
Sergeant-at-Arms ---------- MARIE HARMS
Reporter ---------- DORTHEA CAMPBELL

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Persis Border
Mary R. Boardman
Frances Buerstrom
Dorthea Campbell
Beatrice Dauer
Ruth Farrell
Audrey Gea
Helen Goetz
Cornelia Harpster
Marie Harms
Helen Herbert
Juliet Kelley
Isabella Harry
Margaret Knisely
Luella Lavender
Frances Martin
May McClure
Constance Muntz
Grace Plain
Charlotte Quill
Bernice Roper
Helen Roberts
Helen St. John
Pauline Teft
Alice Thompson
Jeanette Wege
Edith Wells
Marion Wells
Alta Wertz
Jane Wiles
Marjorie Williams
Ruth Zarhly
Lavonda Schlupp
Thelma Dorr
Lillian Beckman
Kathryne Berno
Katherine Burnep
Madeline Blackford
Dorothy Beelman
Esther Bruggemier
Marion Dauer
Rae Morse
Dorothea Henderson
Mary Heinen
Vera Holder
Geraldine Hall
Margaret Moon
Lillian Michael
Marguerite Murphy
Alice Nauts
Elizabeth Nauts
Helen Robinson
Elizabeth Scott
Hazel Scott
Marie Schmidt
Mabel Schmidt
Isabel Stadleman
Mary Torrence

Zetalethean History

The Zetalethean Literary Society had its beginning eighteen years ago. At East Side Central School, a small group of girls desiring a closer acquaintance with literature, music, art, and various questions of the day, formed a society under the capable leadership of Miss Grace Gibson. It was at this time called the Margaret Fuller Society, but a few years later the name was changed to its present name, the Zetalethean Literary Society. Later it was moved to Central High School and finally to Waite.

Since that time the society has improved each year, and this year has made more progress than ever before in maintaining the standard set by the original society.

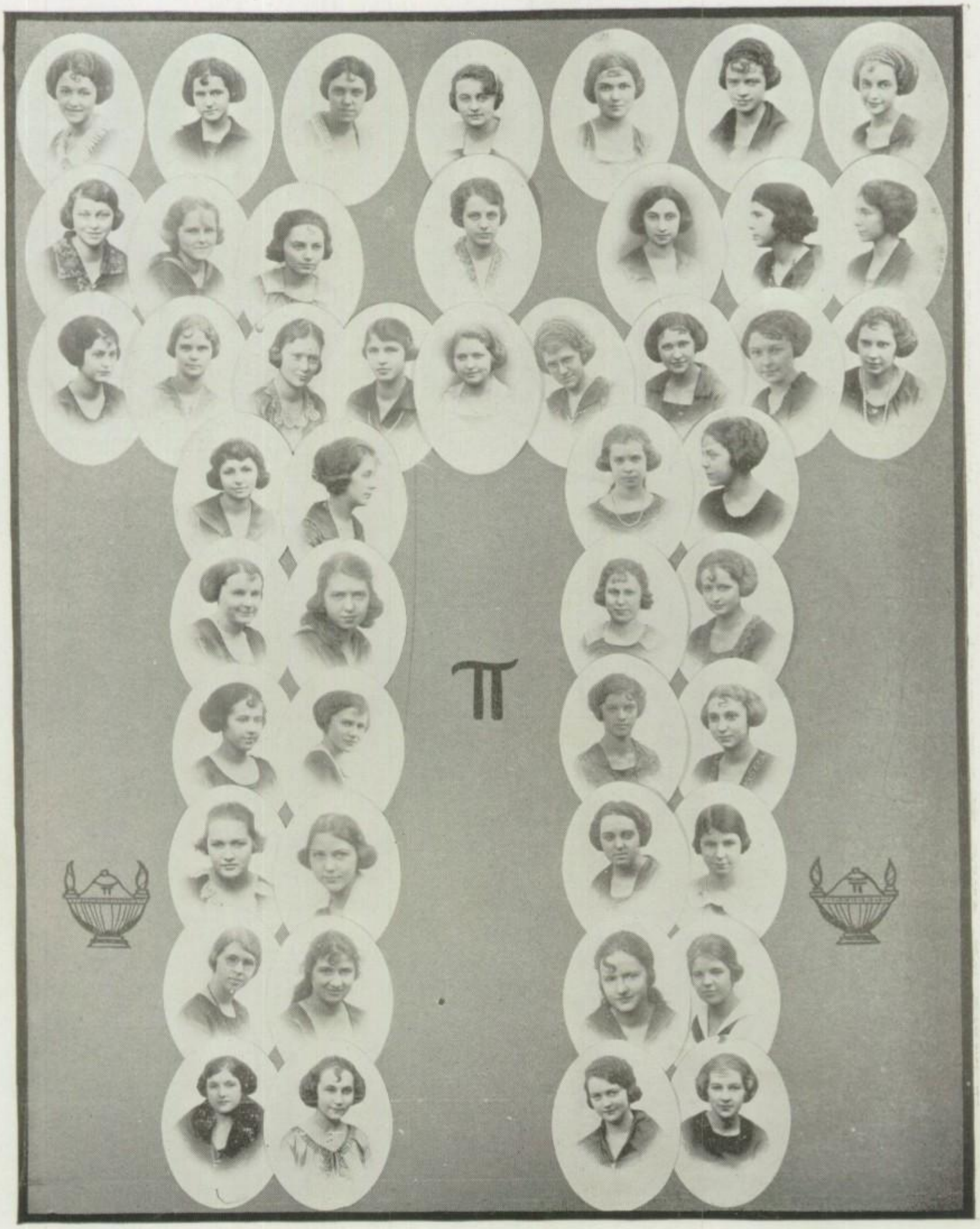
Among our members are the foremost girls of the school; members of the Retina and Annual Boards, members of the Girls' Basketball team, officers in other organizations, and of the Senior Class. All these are among our ranks.

In addition to the benefits derived from orations, debates, and current events, we have enjoyed many social affairs, such, as, spreads, parties, informal dances, joint meetings with other societies and theater parties. Besides these, the members and critics enjoy the dance of the four literary societies, the annual dance and the banquet.

The programs during the past year have been very interesting and instructive due to the cooperation of the girls, the program committee, and the critics, to whom we are indebted for their kind advice and willing service.

Without a doubt the year, 1920-1, has been the most successful in the history of the Zetaletheans.

Pericleans
Roy Herman



Periclean Literary Society

Founded 1901

COLORS: WHITE AND GOLD

MOTTO: NULLI SECUNDAE

OFFICERS

President ---------- Helen Reece
Vice-President ---------- Imogene St. Clair
Censor ---------- Hilda Sasse
Recording Secretary ---------- Dolly Daring
Corresponding Secretary ---------- Eleanor Bassett
Treasurer ---------- Virginia Shepard
Reporter ---------- Rose Wheaton
Chaplain ---------- Lucille Hurrelbrink
Sergeant-at-Arms ---------- Myldred Foley

MEMBERS

Hilda Boden
Margaret Sargent
Eunice Miller
Audrey LeGron
Adelaide Kiemle
Ruth Farmer
Lucille Scouten
Alice Bartley
Katherine Bartley
Ida Bloom
Irma Sanzenbacker
Helen Eggleston
Mabel Rotert
Florence Sasse
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Beatrice Thayer
Maude Upton
Clara Helen Young
Helen Bennett
Gertrude Clegg
Ruth Torber
Dorothy Gassaway
Fannie Baer
Morana Baker
Miriam Bender
Gertrude Bennett
Mildred Cassidy
LaVerne Daring
Harriet Demming
Lenore Fry
Janet Henz
Maxine Gordon
Hazel Kenyon
Ruth Kirchmer
Dorothy Lee
Lucille Otte
Dorothy Pasch
Annabel Richardson
Genevieve Scoutin
Lillian Vye
Rachel Keller

Periclean Literary Society

The year, 1920-1, has been the most successful and important one for the Pericleans since the society was organized more than nineteen years ago.

The literary side of the years' program has been very commendable and interesting. The programs were arranged by the censor and have been carried on with great interest on the part of the members.

But it is quite evident that the social side of the Periclean program was "la mellieure moitie," so to speak.

Theater parties, the joint luncheon with Scott, a meeting entertaining the Scott "Peris," the dance, April 20, the annual banquet, the excursion to Sugar Island, and many spreads form the social functions of the Waite Pericleans.

With our competent and interprizing President, and the help of our critics, we have accomplished in the last year, leaving us with many high hopes for the future.

The following program was one of the most interesting.

SALUTORY

Life of Pericles---*Imogene St. Clair*

READING

Speaking of Operations---*Myldred Foley*

EXTEMPORE

The Ideals of the Pericleans---*Virginia Shephard*

ESSAY.

A Day's Life of an Athenian Woman---*Dolly Daring*

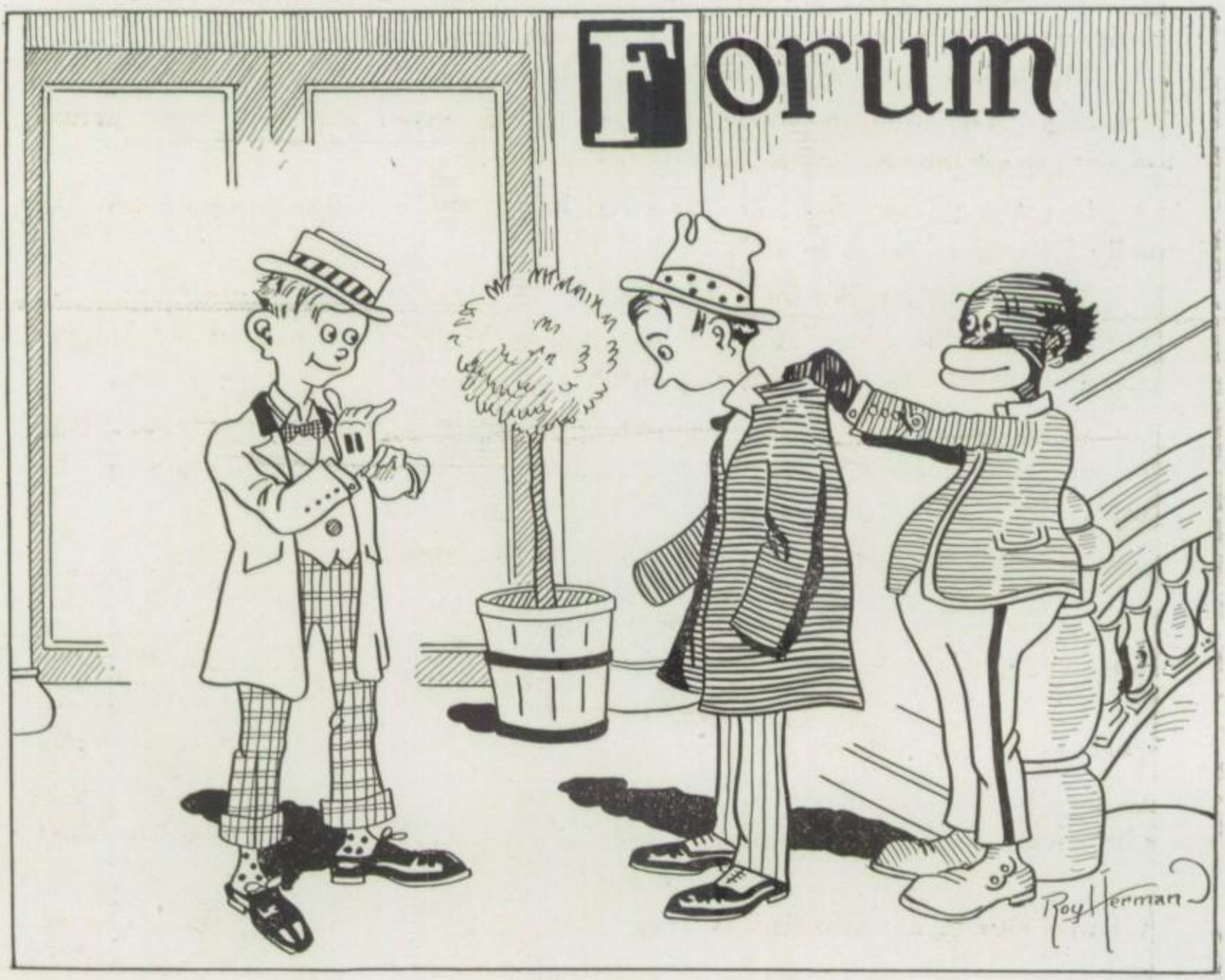
VALEDICTORY

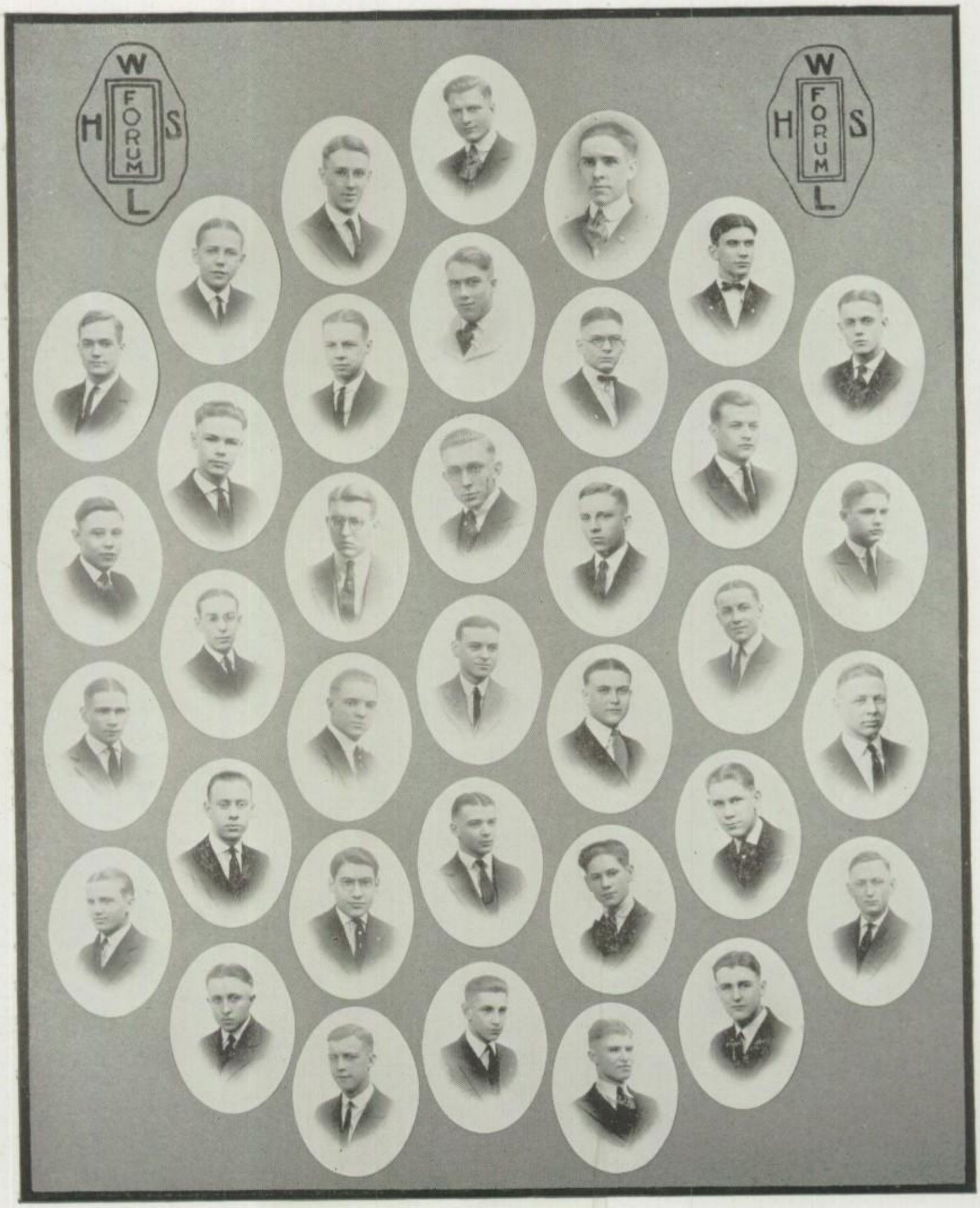
The Age of Art and Literature---*Ruth Farmer*

ESSAY

Culture During the Age of Pericles---*Maude Upton*

Forum

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Forum Literary Society

MOTTO: SATIS ELOQUENTIA SIT

COLORS: BLACK AND GOLD

OFFICERS

President ---------- Samuel Lynn
Vice-President ---------- Richard Mugfor
Recording Secretary ---------- Francis Moore
Corresponding Secretary ---------- J. Donald Fisher
Treasurer ---------- Howard Powell
Censor ---------- Wesley McKee
Chaplain ---------- Hoyt Boden
Sergeant-at-Arms ---------- Kenneth Ward

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mr. Collins
Mr. Klag
Mr. Mathias
Mr. Van Deusen

Ralph M. Barns
Franklin Benster
Hoyt Boden
George Booth
Paul Brunthaver
Raymond Camper
Chester Clark
Fred Cooley
Ward Cordill
John Crane
Frederick Dahn
Carl Dexheimer
J. Donald Fisher
William Gidley
Warren Gressley
Lysle Griggs
Theodore Woodruff
Roy Young
Vernon Hoover
Arland Innes
William Irwin
Harold Jenkins
Herbert Jenne
Marvin Joseph
Clifton Kanney
Clarence Kitchen
Henry Klotz
Walter Kruse
Rollin Kuebbler
Leonard Lashley
Wesley McKee
Samuel Lynn
Robert Maginnis
Merritt Metz
Francis Moore
Richard Mugfor
Christ Pencheff
Irving Power
Norman Roth
Howard Rowell
Fred Schoettley
Herbert Shauf
Edgar Stoddard
Webb Tuttle
Henry VanGorder
Kenneth Ward
Howard Warner

Forum Review

The Forum is one of the oldest literary societies at Waite. Since its formation in 1905 at East Central High School, it has always been regarded as a leader in schood activities.

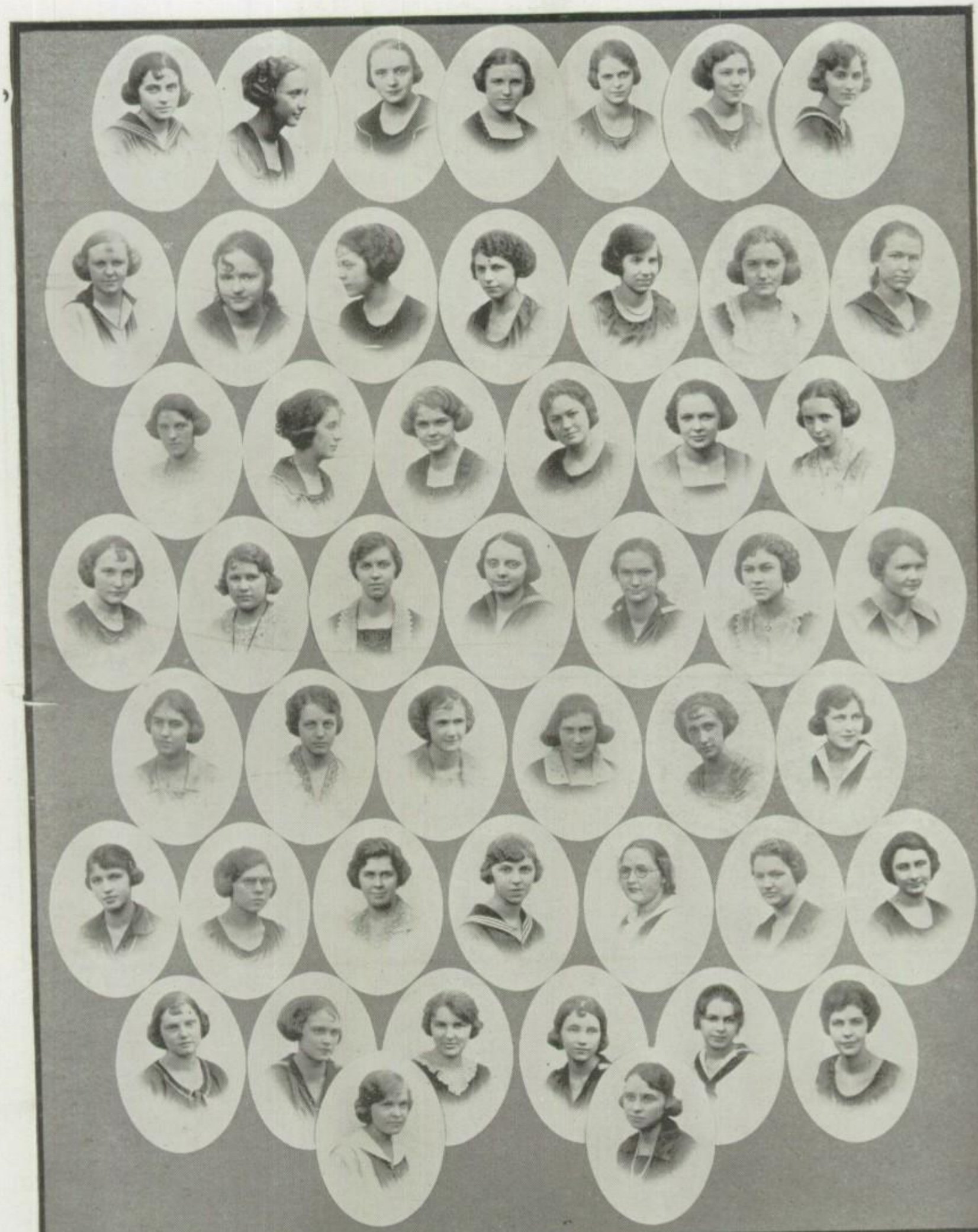
The main purpose of the society is to develop fellowship and leadership in its members. A glance at the class officers, at the Retina and Annual Boards, at the athletic leaders and at other prominent pupils will reveal the fact that an amazingly large percentage of them are Forum members.

Although the Forum has ever been regarded as a society which places great stress upon its literary work, it has never been left behind in social events. The "Dance given in April was an affair not soon to be forgotten. Joint meetings and inter-society debates have aided in a social as well as a literary way. The Forum also enjoyed the Four Lit Dance which showed an excellent spirit of co-operation between Waite's literary societies.

During the past year our society has accomplished much in a beneficial way. Besides the splendid programs on such subjects as, Burbank, Pershing, Sports, and present day topics, we have studied the people, customs and products of many distant lands thru our programs. However our own country has not been neglected and has formed the basis of many interesting topics.

One of the things that the Forum has done for Waite was the purchasing of a bust of Abraham Lincoln for the school library. It is hoped that when the future members of the Forum look at this bust, that they will remember the good work accomplished during the sixteen years of the Forum's existence, and will

FRIEND SHIP
Ray Herman



The Friendship Club

OFFICERS

President ---------- JANE WILES
Vice-President ---------- HELEN HALEY
Secretary ---------- HELEN HERBERT
Treasurer ---------- RUTH LEE
Sergeant-at-Arms ---------- HELEN MANSON
Pianist ---------- ROSAMOND OUTWATER
Reporter ---------- HELEN ROBERTS

WAITE FRIENDSHIP CLUB

This year has been the most successful in the history of the Friendship Club. The unusually large membership during the past year was no doubt the result of the clever membership campaign at the beginning of the year. The Friendship Club now holds a place near the top of Waite's liveliest organizations.

The very interesting and instructive programs were changed somewhat this year. The Bible study, in charge of Miss Paine, was carried on very interestingly in story form. The regular welfare work of previous years was continued with beter results than ever before. In addition to this the proceeds of the afternoon performance of the annual play, "A Southern Cinderella," were converted into a fund for unemployed girls of the city. The members have also heard many special talks, which were greatly enjoyed.

Then too, the social side of the club life was crowded with good times. Numerous clever parties were given, some of which were, "Splash Parties," Roller Skating Parties, a "Turkey" Party and several with the Hi-Y. The annual play was a great success and also the banquet given in May.

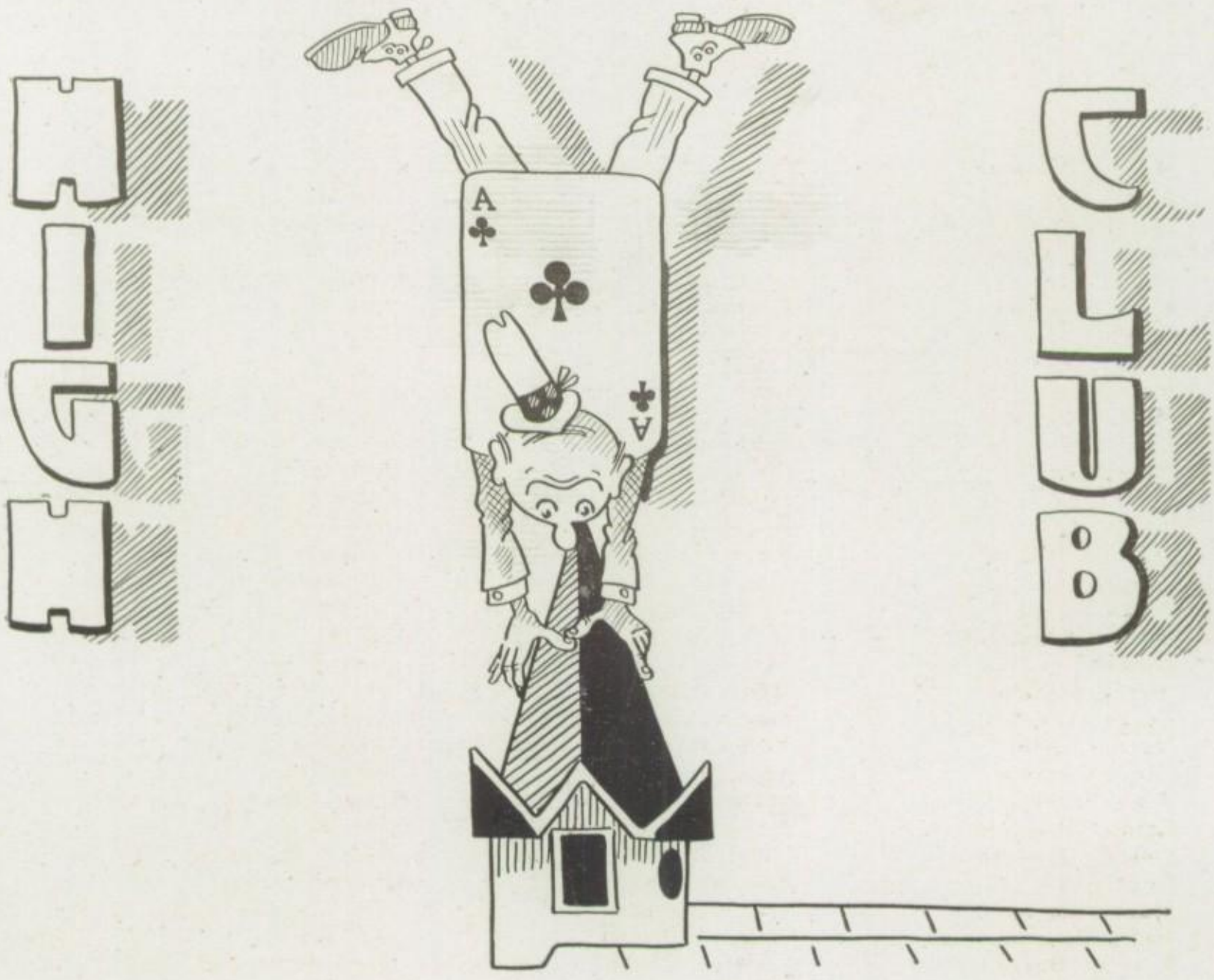
We have made great advances this year in more ways than one, and we hope that those who take up the work in the future will continue to keep The Waite Friendship Club in the high position it now occupies.

Friendship Members

Nina Barron
Josephine Cardot
Esther Carstersan
Ellen Chetister
Gwendolyn Dush
Marion Dauer
Marcella Echart
Constance Eiser
Ruth Ehlyss
Gertrude Epmyer
Elsie Forquer
Lucille Ford
Cecile Huebner
Arline Innes
Harriet Kellog
Mary Kline
Harriet Koofer
Gertrude Kanney
Lois Lark
Marie Micksell
Florence Morgan
Velina McGlove
Evangeline Murphy
Helen Majeska
Elizabeth Nauts
Hazel Oberle
Helen Pettys
Grace Ryan
Harriet Sheppler
Leona Stoll
Hilda Smith
Elizabeth Scott
Dorothy Walkner
Elizabeth Schyn
Edyth Wells
Naomi Yeslin
Cecile Rhodes
Alice Schaefer
Emma Bruggemier
Dorothy Brewster
Ruth Allen
Hazel Taylor
Helen Austin
Frances Buerstrom
Dorothy Black
Helen Bennett
Phyllis Brooke
Martha Dushane
Beatrice Dauer
Alice Douglass
Marion Ellis
Ruth Farmer
Marie Harmon
Marie Hug
Doris Hibbs
Mary Hammond
Florence Jackson

Marion Reed
Anabel Richardson
Doris Scharf
Burnadette Snyder
Verdilla Smith
Helen Stvenson
Elizabeth Wright
Margaret Weitzel
Antoinette Zelner
Ruby Thompson
Hazel Travis
Ruth Ahlfois
Mae Luetha
Marion Carrel
Welma Burgess
Charlotte Logel
Virginia Bote
Velma Orweiller
Clara Bruggeman
Edythe Burnette
Thya Brussdicker
Kathryn Burnep
Esther Bruggemier
Anabel Babcock
Kathryn Compo
Bertha Dennis
Phyllis DeVerna
Dorothy Krumm
Kathryn Killian
Luella Lavender
Louise Lacheke
Helen Mauson
Margaret Moon
Helen Maur
Rosamond Outwater
Verna Reed
Adelaide Sampson
Mabel Strayer
Anna St. Clair
Helen St. John
Beatrice Thayer
May Torrence
Helen Williams
Elizabeth Wolf
Alta Wertz
Althea Vogt
Persis Border
Liela Brown
Hazel Critzer
Audrey Gea
Esther Gladeau
Isabella Harry
Lelah Holden
Helen Haley
Helen Herbert
Dorothy Lee
Eulalie Hoffman

Florence Finker
Lida Gibbs
Louise Goggel
Mildred Haley
Lucy Hand
Dorothea Henderson
Clarice Heilman
Florence Fisher
Marjorie Kirby
Bernice Koper
Maude Kuebbler
Frances Kuhleman
Hazel Krieger
Evelyn Lynch
Ruth Meinhardt
June Matthes
Eunice Molton
Helen Miller
Martha McCalla
Alice Nauts
Mary Ottsen
Geraldine Perkins
Lasetta Pickard
Grace Robins
Helen Robinson
Kathryn Reed
Mae McClure
Constance Muntz
Margaret Murphy
Rae Morse
Dorothy Owen
Merisha Palmerton
Grace Pluin
Charlotte Quill
Lorena Rinker
Loretta Rinker
Helen Reese
Helen Roberts
Edith Rollo
Gladys Rowell
Mildred Struck
Alice Thompson
Jane Wiles
Helen Wckenden
Ruth Warner
Florence Watters
Ruth Lee
Margaret Knisely
Beatrice Bancroft
Hattie Recht
Minerva Schroeder
Mildred Krieger
Theresa Lemming
Laveda Foster
Dorothy Bulman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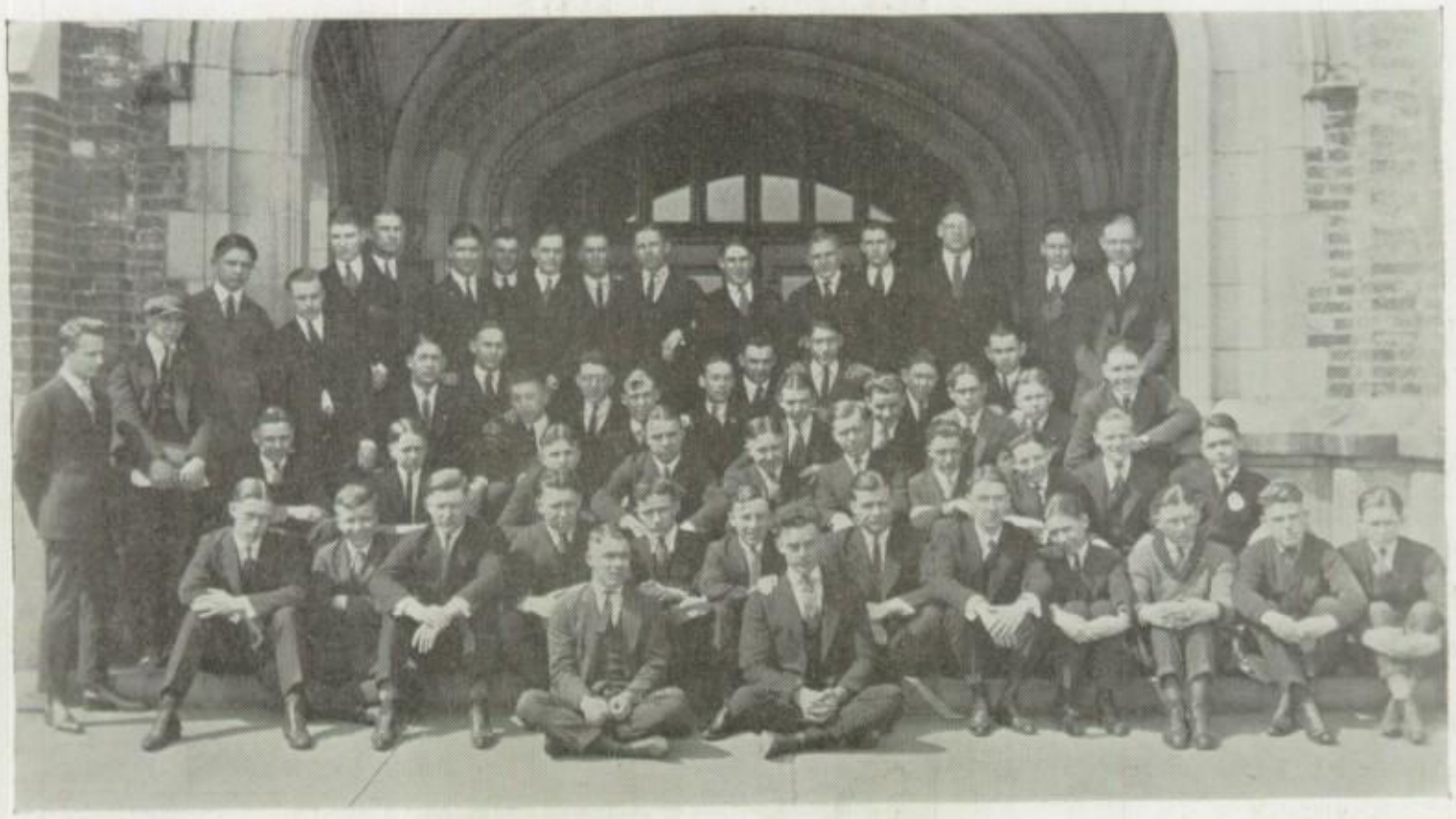


The Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y Club was organized in October, 1915. At the time of its organization it was known as the Waite High School Boys' Club. In 1918 it changed its name to the Waite Hi-Y Club, and under this name has gradually grown in membership until it can now proudly boast of about a hundred members.

Under the excellent leadership of Mr. Pearson, the Hi-Y Club has passed thru a very succesful year, both from a beneficial as well as a social standpoint. This year our program have been based on one general theme, "Choosing Your Life Work," and all the talks and discussions have been formed around this topic. Various phases of this subject have been taken up, such as: The Young Man in Business, in Law, in Industry, etc. Besides these interesting talks, given by prominent citizens of Toledo, the club under the leadership of Mr. Rupp, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Winchester has had discussional study on many vital subjects.

But this was not all, for social times have also held a prominent part in the Hi-Y Club's activities. The members have enjoyed the social times after the meetings, and the parties given by the Friendship Club in return. The final social event of the year and probably the most enjoyable was the annual banquet held the later part of May.

The past years have indeed been a success. The aims of the club have at least in part been realized, and we hope that those that follow will carry on the good work already started.

The Hi-Y Club

OFFICERS

President ---------- Richard Mugfor
Vice-President ---------- Gerald Pelton
Secretary ---------- Wesley McKee
Treasurer ---------- Kenneth Ward
Sergeant-at-Arms ---------- Frank Pauley
Chaplain ---------- Carl Benson

MEMBERS

Caesar Auerbach
William Alexander
George Booth
Carl Benson
Hoyt Boden
Paul Bruthaver
Kent Bradford
Robert Blowney
William Bodinus
Clarence Breese
Harry Berry
Frank Breisacher
Ward Cordill
Stewart Campbell
John Crane
Vernon Clark
Harold Carson
Howard Carson
Arnold Clucas
Gerald Pelton
Frank Pauley
Howard Potter
Irvin Power
Howard Rowell
George Roth
Herbert Shauf
William Streicher
Rexello Stevens
Thomas Shaekel
Alfred Southard
Frederick Schoettley

Gordon Chambers
John Caple
Victor Domhoff
Carl Dexheimer
George Deville
Frederick Dahn
George Duvendack
Donald Fisher
Friendly Ford
Norman Fields
Paul Gebhart
Harold Goate
John Glauser
Toby Hill
Floyd Hugo
Harry Hansen
Hunter Hamilton
William Irwin
Harold Jenkins
Earnest Schatz
Bernard Stiffney
Irvin Stienecker
Harry Simmons
Edward Salisbury
Lawrence Schiermyer
Kenneth Ward
Pierce Wood
Howard Warner
Harold Wunderly
Kenneth Woodman
Walter Warren

Carl Julius
Marion Joseph
Rollin Kuebbeler
Conrad Kuehn
George Keller
Paul Kunkle
Samuel Lynn
Leonard Lashley
Leonard Lewis
William Lindner
Richard Wugfor
Wesley McKee
John McInnes
Francis Moore
Alvin Marti
Herbert Mielke
Wilbur Miller
Clarence Nopper
Kenneth Orweiler
Edwin Lane
James Wickenden
Henry Klotz
Orville Goldner
Russell Cooper
Clifford Leitner
Glenn Schick
Joseph Jackson
James Hulse
Roy Domhoff
Muhrl Smith
Leon Watson
Lyman Burt

The English VIII Club

Miss Spayd, Censor

The English VIII classes, according to custom, have organized a club under the direction of Miss Spayd. The club meeting were held on alternate Fridays in the respective classes. A joint meeting of the three chapters occured monthly at which a literary program followed by some other form of entertainment was enjoyed by the members of the club and their guests, the senior class.

The work of the organization of this year was very interesting and we hope will be very beneficial. A book of information was sent to each elementary school in Waite's district. The purpose of this book is to interest the pupils graduating from these schools in higher education and to acquaint them with high school life. Co-operation has been the keynote in the work of the English VIII Club.

The English VIII Club

ALPHA CHAPTER

LYLE GRIGGS ---------- *President*
ELEANOR BASSETT ---------- *Vice-President*
LILLIAN BECKMAN ---------- *Critic*
KENNETH WARD ---------- *Treasurer*
DONALD GRIENER ---------- *Sergeant at-Arms*

Eleanor Bassett
Lillian Beckman
Alice Bisnette
Grace Boughton
Hazel Critzer
Agnes Findley
Nora Findley
Audrey Gea
Helen Goetz
Donald Griener
Lyle Griggs
Marie Harms
Adelaide Kiemle
Luther Killian
Samuel Lynn
Irene McGinty
Violet Miller
Marguerite Murphy
Margaret Sargent
Donald Fisher
Frederick Schoettley
Lucille Scouten
Kenneth Ward
James Wolfe

BETTA CHAPTER

RUEBEN GOLDSTEIN ---------- *President*
RUTH SHRIVER ---------- *Vice-President*
EUNICE FRIEND ---------- *Secretary*
CLARENCE KITCHIN ---------- *Critic*
WADE LADD ---------- *Treasurer*
CLIFFORD BARRETT ---------- *Sergeant-at-Arms*

Clifford Barrett
Hubert Birkenkamp
Arthur Frutschi
Eunice Friend
Rueben Goldstein
Tilford Greenway
Isabella Harry
Clarence Kitchen
Margaret Knisely
Wade Ladd
Horton Lyle
Luther Meyerholtz
Carl Noller
Ruth Shriver
Harry Stegenya
Marguerite Taylor

GAMMA CHAPTER

VICTOR CREW ---------- *President*
DOROTHY GASSAWAY ---------- *Vice-President*
HELEN WICKENDEN ---------- *Secretary*
PHOEBE BROOKE ---------- *Critic*
IRWIN BOUGHTON ---------- *Treasurer*
RUTH FARRELL ---------- *Sergeant-at-Arms*

George Booth
Irwin Boughton
Phoebe Brooke
Ward Cordill
Ruth Farrel
Dorothy Gassaway
Luella Hill
Esther Keck
Marian McNees
Robert Mathews
Dorothy Owen
Hilda Sasse
Henrietta Schippers
Kathryn Smith
Herbert Shauf
Victor Crew
Sara Smith
Alta Speckey
Jeanette Tracy
Florence Watters
Helen Wickenden
Roy Young

GIRL SCOUTS

Patrol Leader—CONSTANCE WALBORN
Corporal—EDNA BERNHARD
Treasurer—MARY WHITHERAL
Color Bearer—FREDERIKI WITT

Aloha Literary Society

COLORS: GREEN AND GOLD

MOTTO: INTEREST WAITE IN THE FRESHMEN.
INTEREST THE FRESHMEN IN WAITE.

OFFICERS

President ---------- LILLIAN VYE
Vice-President ---------- DOROTHY PASCH
Secretary ---------- MIRIAM BINDER
Treasurer ---------- FLORENCE SASSE

MEMBERS

Rose Bartley
Helen Bloom
Josephine Cardot
Esther Carstensen
Iris Culbertson
LaVerne Daring
Marie Doch
Avril Finch
Helen Frye
Josephine Habil
Edth Herman
Louise Irwin
Gertrude Meilke
Florence Morgan
Hazel Oberle
Lunette Reinhart
Norman Runkel
Wanda Shiffler
Doris Scharf
Marabelle Smith
Helen Thaeker
Olga Torgler
Marzouela Turner
Mildred Warner
Frances Webber
Bertha Pauley
Dinah Wollins
Mary Leister
Dorothea Schausten
Iris Dunn
Anna Wells
Irene Selbeck
Maude Harris
Grace Trauger
Mildred Kennerly
Nellie Severance
Eula Howey

The year, 1921,, has been the second successful year of the Aloha Literary The first semester was spent in procuring members, with the result that the membership is now twice as large as ever before. This has not been entirely a club, however, as many social events have taken place during the year.

Parties,spreads, and a banquet at La Salle's followed by a theatre party at Keith's make up the social calendar.

The regular meetings, held every other Friday, have proved to be both entertaining and educational. Our programs have dealt with current events, and the study of authors and their works. An especially interesting program reads as follows:

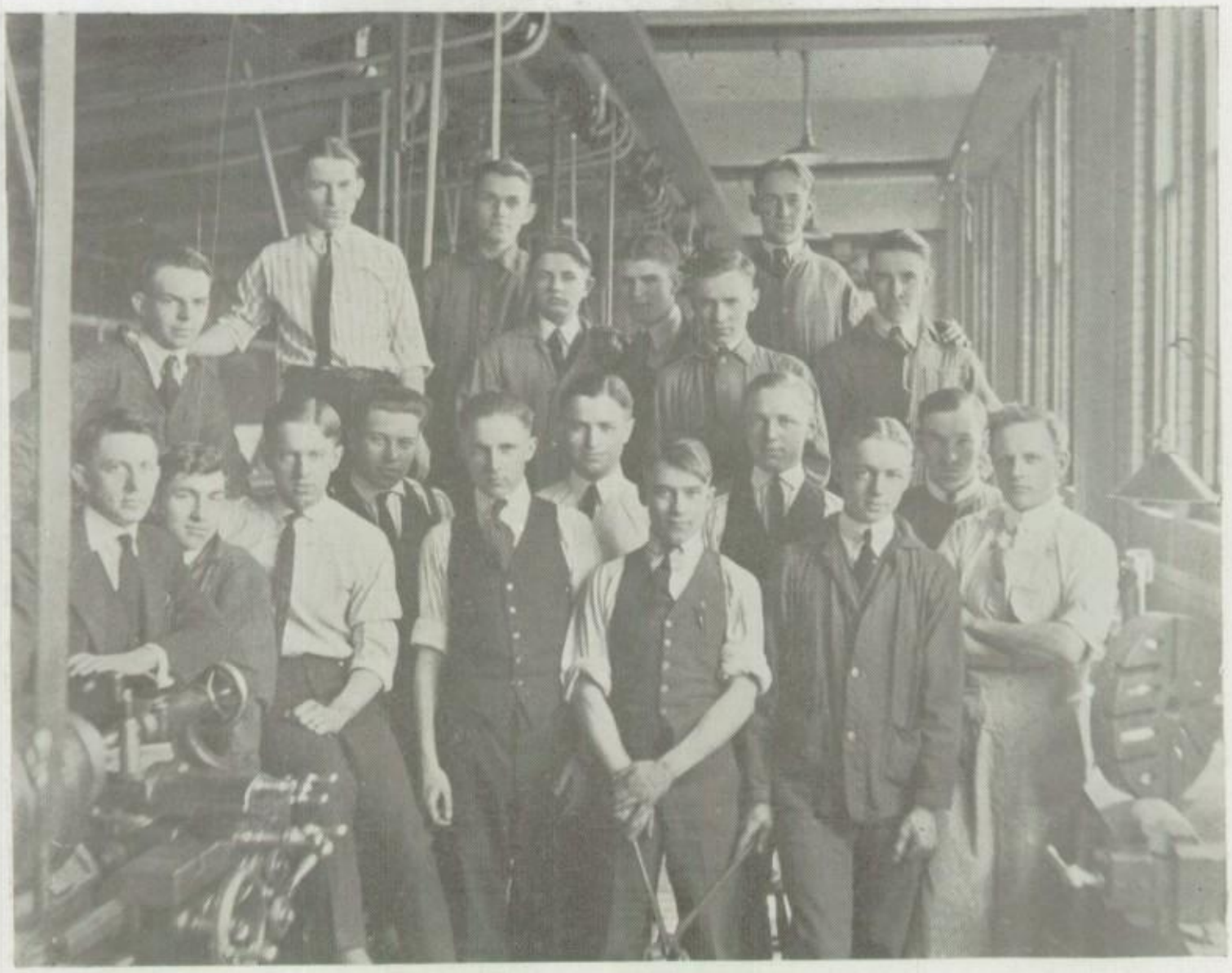
DAYLIGHT SAVING ---------- *Iris Culbertson*

MUSIC
AVRIL FINCH

BLUE LAW SUNDAY ---------- *La Verne Daring*

READING
MARABELLE SMITH

HARDING'S INAUGURATION ---------- *Dinah Wollins*



Waite's High Engineering Club

OFFICERS

President ---------- Victor Gauthier
Vice-President ---------- Eugene Overmier
Secretary ---------- Richard Mugfor
Treasurer ---------- John Porter
Sergeant-at-Arms ---------- Lester Brenot

Roland Black
Rayner Bercher
Lester Brenot
Arthur Frautschi
Donald Fisher
Frederick Dahn
Montgomery Gallagher
Victor Gauthier
Edward Gogel
Hilding Johnson
Richard Mugfor
Eugene Overmier
John Potter
Alfred Riopelle
Frederick Schoettley
Mark Shovar
Oscar Singer
Harold Sullwold

The Waite High Engineering Society was organized to promote principles of engineering and to further practical education.

The organization is made up of boys taking the Manual Training Course, with boys from the Senior Class as charter members. The Faculty advisors are Mr. Stirling, Mr. Dannenfelser and Mr. Klag, to whom we owe a great deal.

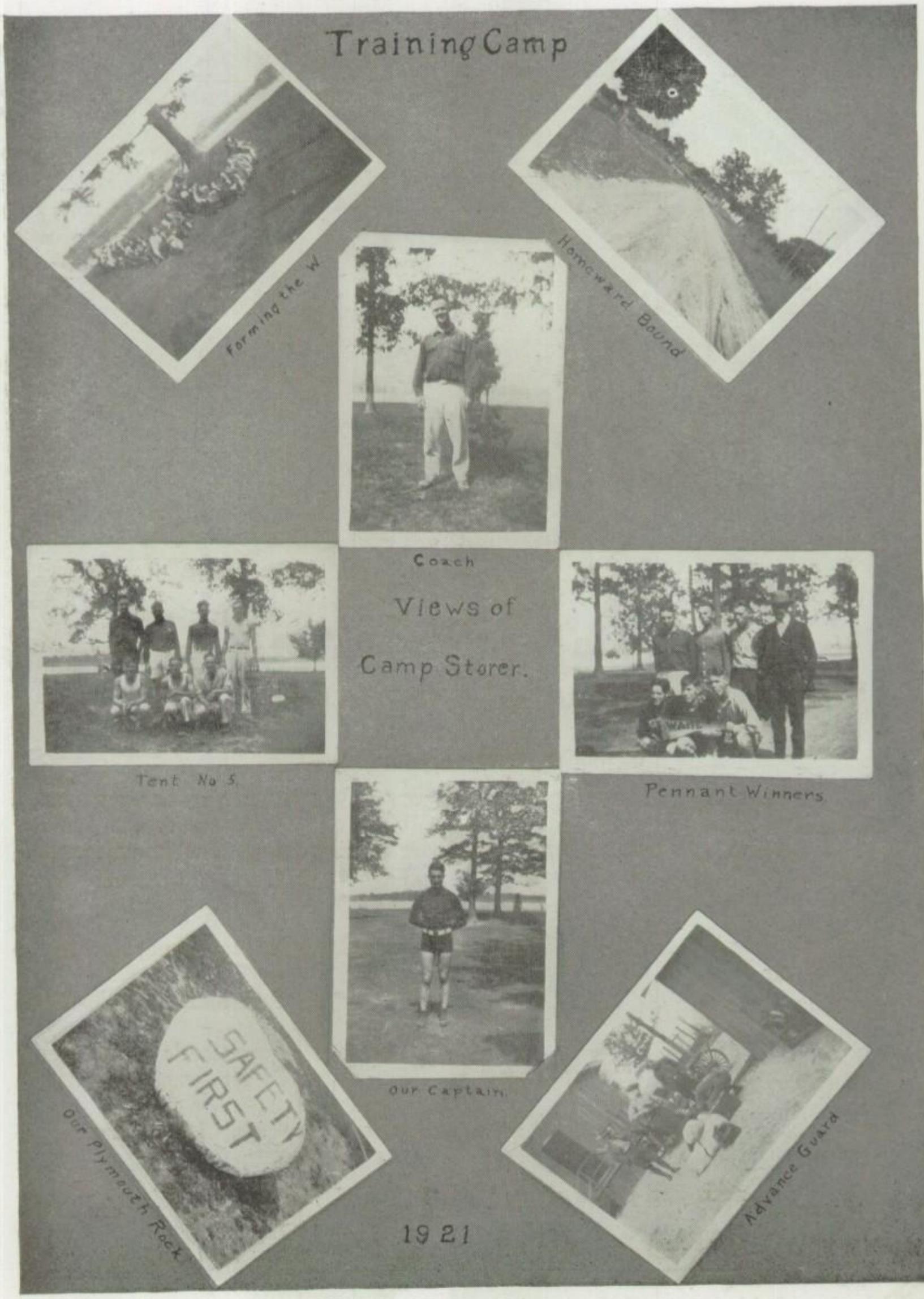
With the help of the students, the Faculty, and the Board of Education, this society hopes to accomplish a small part of the great possibilities in this line of work.

CHARLES IRVING WINTERS

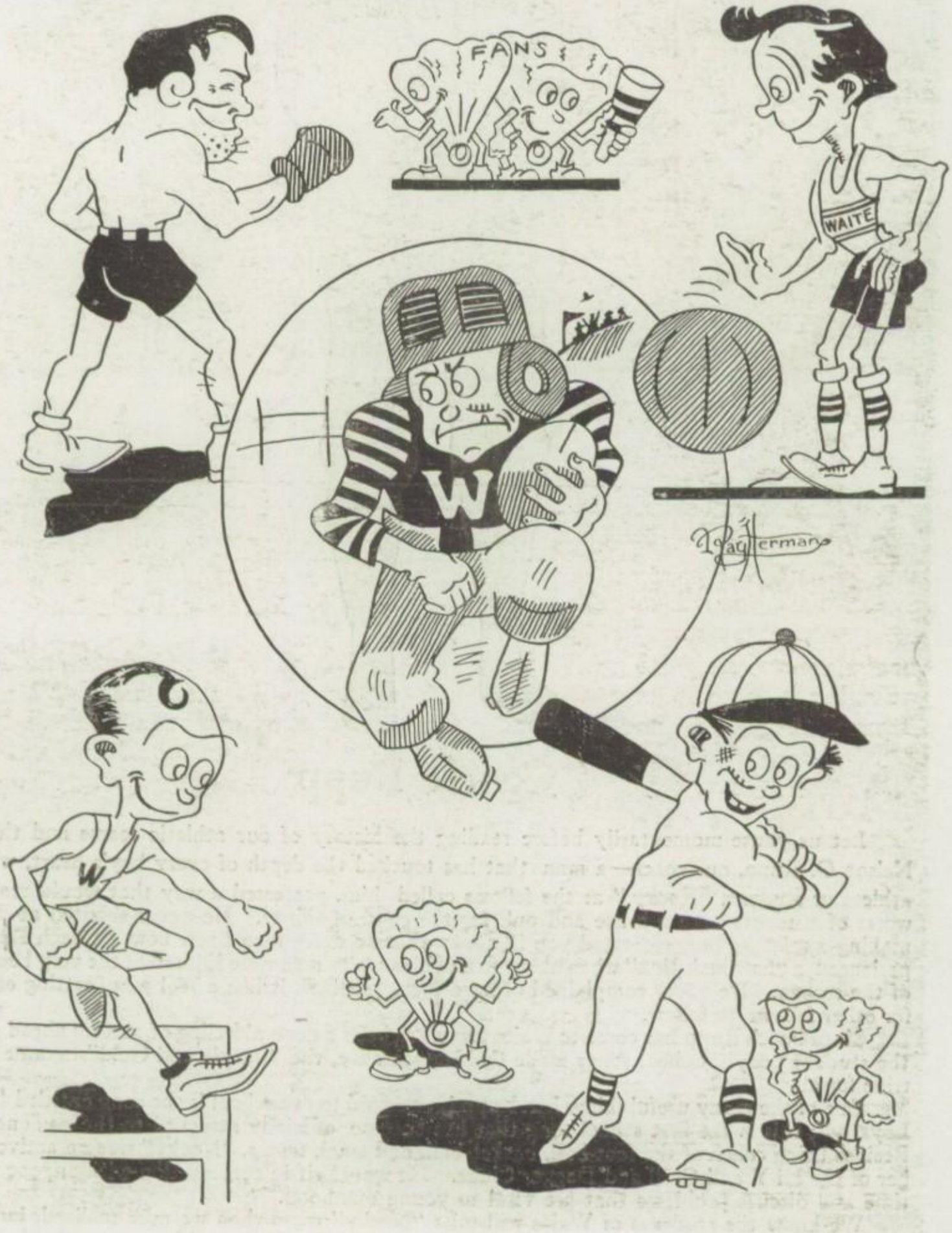
March 22, 1903 - October 25, 1918

Charles was just beginning his second year at Waite, being an honor student of the Freshman Class of the year before. He was a member of the Junior Naval Reserve, members of which took part at his funeral, a white-uniformed boy blowing "Taps" at his grave.

'Tis true, now is a time when Death stalks far
And wide o'er Earth's broad-reaching fields, and war
And pestilence fill our hearts to overflow
With grief for loved ones sharing world-wide woe.
Death came near her proud mother of the boy,
And near the loving father, who, with joy
Lived with his son a wholeosme life and free;
Pale, silent Death, shrouded in mystery.
All we who knew him loved the willingness
To serve, the sympathetic cheerfulness
Of soul, which oft was hid 'neath careless mien,
And so loved him in whom these traits were seen.
For us, 'tis sorrow's lesson, so to spend
Our days that when our sojourn here shall end
We may, like him, be unafraid, and say—
Serene, "It's all right, mother, either way."


Training Camp
Forming the W
Homeward Bound
Coach
Views of
Camp Storer.
Tent No 5.
Pennant Winners
Our Captain.
SAFETY FIRST
Our Plymouth Rock
Advance Guard
1921

ATHLETICS



Coach Rupp

Let us pause momentarily before reading the history of our athletic teams and think of Nelson G. Rupp, our coach—a man that has touched the depth of every boy's heart, whether athlete or student, "Nocky," as the fellows called him, possessed a way that would make the worst of students take a brace and pull for the good of things. He never shouted at you for making a mistake but corrected you in a way that no other man knew how. Coach Rupp experienced a "hardluck Jinx" when about five of his varsity men were injured at the very beginning of the season. He never complained of hard luck, but took it like a real man, setting example for other fellows to follow.

Since Coach Rupp has come to Waite there has been a general feeling of getting ahead among the student body. School songs made their appearance, the "Purple and Gold" became a doctrine for all.

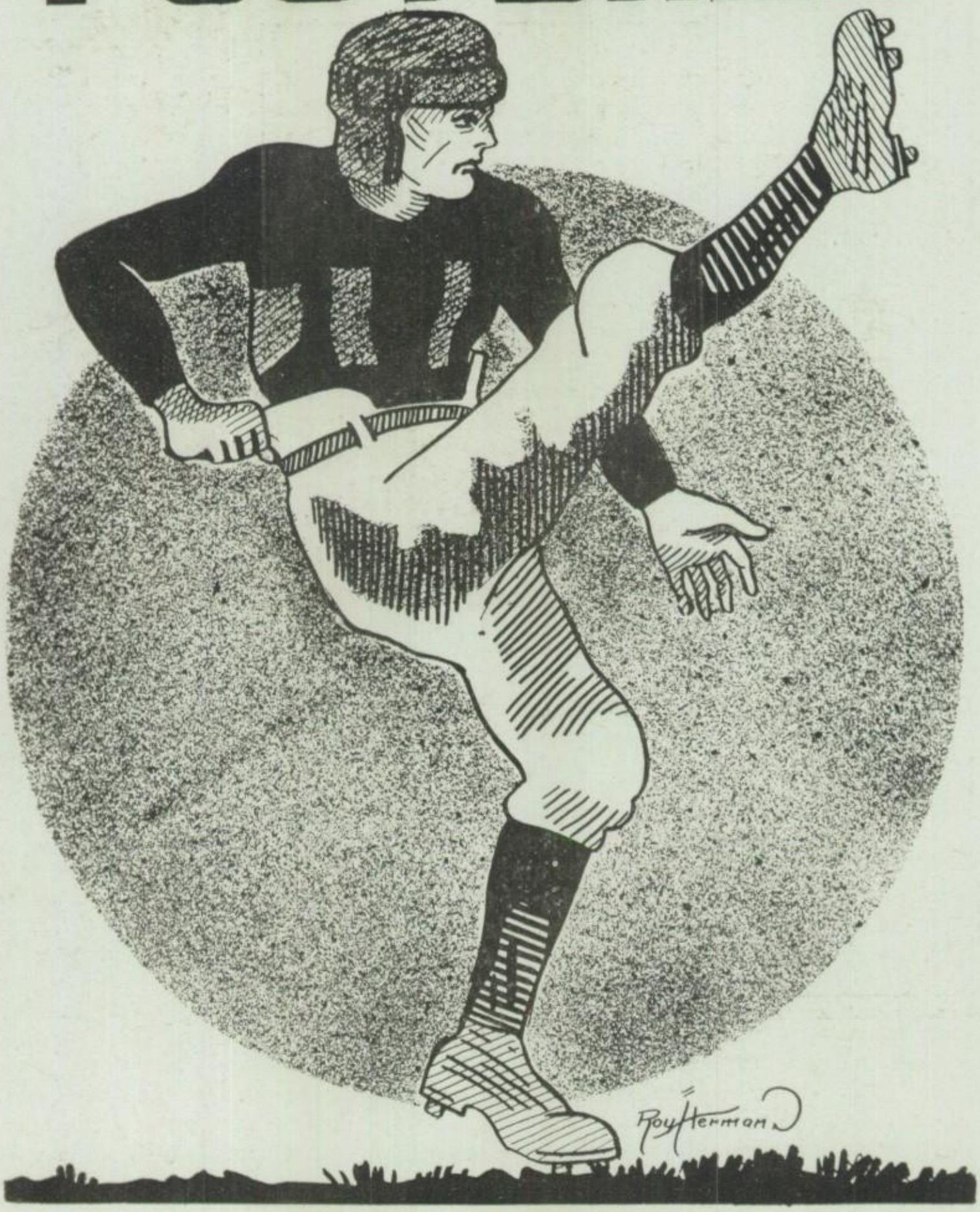
One of the many useful things Mr. Rupp introduced to our school is the song entitled "Waite Loyalty"; this is the first school song that has become officially attached to the student body. Besides being coach of the foot-ball, basket-ball, and track teams, "Nocky" was an active member of the Hi Y and Quill and Dagger Clubs. He would sit in consultation with anyone at any time and discuss problems that are vital to young manhood.

We know the students of Waite will miss "Nocky" more than we ever realized, but since he has left us to assume duties in a new field, we wish him all the golden success in the world. The imprint left on the hearts and souls of the young men who worked under him will be one that even age cannot wear away. Once more we say, "Good-bye, Good luck, God bless you Nocky."

Fred W. Klag, Faculty Manager

Athletics and finances go hand in hand. They are inseparable. Without the proper financial backing no team, it matters little how fine the material or how good the coach, can succeed. The faculty manager is the man who buys equipment, schedules games and in short, handles the money end of the game. Fred W. Klag is the holder of that responsible position in Waite High School and it is a tribute to this popular man to say that since he took charge of the business affairs of the Waite Athletic Association, the yearly debt has been done away with and the athletic team is now a paying proposition. As popular in the class room as he is on the football field, "Freddy" is truly the closest link between the faculty and the student body.

FOOTBALL



The Season

Waite 9—Alumni 7

Our opening game was staged in the bowl against the Alumni, Sept. 18 The ex-Waite squad was "some" team. When they came on the field they looked formidable enough to beat anything. They greatly outweighed our gridders and were the more experienced. Our men were attacked by "buck fever" at the beginning of the game and it was only after the Alumni had rolled up seven points that they woke up. From this point on it was a great battle. Waite desperately trying to overcome the lead and the Alumni trying equally as hard to prevent it. In the last quarter the ball was toted across the goal line and kicked over the bar for seven points and a tie game. The team played well as a whole making remarkably few mistakes and gave promise of a very strong aggregation. Nothing but straight football was used which makes the result of the game the more remarkable. We are certainly going to have a "world-beater" this year.

Waite 83—Bellevue 0.

Around the school Friday, Sept. 25, it was rumored that Bellevue, our opponent of the morrow, had a better team than popular concensus gave them, so the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 26, found quite a good-sized crowd

gathered to witness the struggle. When Bellevue lined up against our men on the field it was apparent that we were right in our surmise for the Bellevue team, man for man, was a husky bunch, fully as heavy as our men. The game started at three o'clock, Myers receiving the kick and cleverly dodging his way to their 40. An end run by Domhoff and 10 yards through center by Haynes brought the ball to the 1 yard line. "Vic" took it over but "Cully" missed goal. Schultz kicked off to Wright who was downed in his tracks. The Waite defense was impregnable and Bell punted to Haynes, who dodged his way down the field for our second score. "Cully" kicked goal. Wright again received the Waite kick-off and made little progress. Bell punted to Farrell who returned 15 yards. On the next play Domhoff made 6 points; "Cully" missed goal. "Vic" received the kick and lopped off 30 yards. On the next play Haynes, our speed merchant, planted the pigskin between the goal posts. From now on the spectators witnessed many a fine sprint and many touchdowns were made. Bellevue, though an even match in weight, did not have the fight and foot-ball knowledge that the East-Siders had and left Toledo on the short end of a 83—0 score.

Waite 42—Tiffin 0

Our third engagement was with Tiffin, a school that usually turns out a good team. Waite needed a battle to put them in shape for the Athens game, so Faculty Manager Klag scheduled this crowd to provide it.

Everybody thought that they would provide a sort of light workout for Coach Rupp's crew, preparatory to the coming battle with Athens.

Well, to make a long story short, the best our gridders could do in the first and second quarters of play, was to score one touchdown and kick goal. During the intermission Coaches Rupp, Ellis and Sheets literally called the gods down on the heads of the Waite gridders, and the result was that in the second half Tiffin thought that they were experiencing a combination tidal wave and earthquake.

When the final whistle blew, the Waite steam roller had rolled over the goal line just six times and five goals had been kicked. This score does not in any way indicate the real class of Tiffin, but rather the fighting spirit of Waite, for the Trolley-Leagues, man for man, were just as heavy as the East-Siders, and in addition had been playing together for three years. It is certain that Tiffin will not soon forget this game.

Waite 2—Athens 0

The first real test of the calibre of Waite's foot-ball machine came on the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 10. Athens High, last year champions of Southern Ohio, and strong contenders for the state honors this year, brought a formidable aggregation to Toledo. Among the victories they claimed were ones over Massilon amd Marietta, two of the strongest schools in the State. They had not lost a game in two years and did not intend to lose this one. Everything seemed to be in their favor, for they had the same team as last year, the same coach, and in addition hailed from a college town. Benson, our star guard suffered a broken shoulder on Thursday and this lowered our chances greatly.

The large crowd that viewed the contest saw one of the hardest fought games that has ever been played in Toledo.

Captain Oldfield of Athens won the choice and chose to receive. Schultz kicked to Dow who returned it to Waites 40. A series of forward passes and end runs placed the ball on Waite's 3-yard line, but here the Purple and Gold braced and with the cries of the rooters ringing in their ears held Athens for four downs. A wonderful punt by Schultz took away the down-staters only

chance of scoring. At this point the team stiffened and the quarter ended with the ball in midfield.

During the second quarter all of the play was in Athens territory due to long end runs by Berndt and Haynes, and plunges by Domhoff. The oval was carried to Athens 10-yard line, but the whistle robbed Waite of its best chance to score.

The third quarter found both teams unable to gain and often forced to punt. The loss of Farrell, early in the second quarter seemed a staggering blow, but Dick Mugfor, who took his place, proved the find of the season. Both at piloting his crew and running back punts he showed wonderful ability.

Athens started the last period with a succession of line plunges. Barrett and Sharpe, both centers, started to swap punches, but Referee Sperry would not allow this side attraction to interfere with the main show, and banished the two participants from the field. Waite failed to gain on three attemps and Schultz got off a punt that sailed far over the head of the Athen's quarter-back. Wise tried to pick up the ball on the run but fumbled, sending it spinning over the goal; he recovered it but Kinker nailed him for the only score of the game. There was some argument but Referee Sperry ruled it a safety and brought the ball out the 20 yard line. By means of passes the ball was worked down to Waite's 30. With but a few minutes to play Wise tried to drop kick. It was blocked but Wise recovered it. Again and again he tried to boot over the bar, while the rooters sat breathless, but all at-temps failed. Waite, upon getting the ball, kicked far into Athen's terri-tory where the game ended.

Waite 3—Lakewood 16

On October 23 the Waite squad accompanied by about fifty loyal rooters, journeyed to Cleveland to play the strong Lakewood High team of that city. This game promised to be harder than the Athens affair but most Toledoans expected Waite to win. Close followers of the team were not so optimistic for Fud Farrell, our star quarter, had his shoulder broken in the Athens game, and "Cliff" Barrett, our center, was suffering from infections which however, did not keep him from playing. A large crowd viewed the contest which was one of dedication, this being the first game on the new field.

Lakewood won the toss and decided to receive. On the first play they pulled off their famous triple pass which resulted in a touchdown. This seemed to take the "pep" out of our team and before they got it back another touchdown had been scored. Waite now began to fight, and foot by foot worked the ball up to Lakewood's 10 yard line; here the whistle for the end of the first half robbed us of a certain touchdown for the Forest City defense was crumbling. The third quarter found Lakewood going great guns and the Toledo team just about equalled them. Plunges by Stamman, Domhoff and Kinker, aided by circling runs by Cully, brought the ball to the Cleveland 15 yard line. Klinck was sent in and neatly booted a drop-kick. Early in the fourth quarter Lakewood also received 3 points when Sweeny made a beautiful 30-yard boot. Waite desperately tried to come from behind but the final period passed too quickly and Lakewood took the contest.

One of the features of the game was the exceptional work of "Cully" Berndt, who repeatedly tore through the opposition for big gains, one of them being good for 55 yards.

This defeat was a most disastrous one for it descended like a thunderbolt and wiped out our chance for a championship eleven. We all felt blue but it's all over now and it is as they say, "Tomorrow is another day," and 1921 is another year, so cheer up for they come here next fall. Then we'll show them what we really can do.

Waite 17—Bryan 18

Bryan was our next opponent. In former years this team has always given Waite a good fight but never succeeded in beating us. The Bryan squad was composed almost entirely of experienced men, gridders that very nearly equalled Waite in weight and speed, while the Waiters were for the most part inexperienced. Everybody thought that the game would be interesting but nobody thought that Bryan would win. The unexpected happened however and we lost 17—18.

The game started promptly at 2 o'clock, Churchman kicking to Mugfor. Schultz punts on the first down and Myers nails the receiver in his tracks. Bryan is unable to gain and punts. Again Schultz punts on the first down gaining about 15 yards on the exchange. Bryan finds the Waite line a stone wall and punts. Schultz is sent in for Mugfor. Waite started to go and in four plays carried the ball to Bryan's 5-yard line. The ball is fumbled on an attempted cross-buck and Lovejoy picks up the loose oval and races 95 yards for a touchdown that was perhaps the greatest fluke that ever happened in the Bowl. The Purple and Gold gridders were greatly incensed over this little gift and receive the kick-off and crash down to Bryan's 21 when the quarter ended. Mugfor is sent in for Schultz. Bryan holds and receives the ball. Waite holds and gets the ball taking it 30 yards in one play, Berndt being the ball-toter. Mugfor takes it over and Schultz kicks goal. Waite then lines up and by means of end runs and bucks takes the ball to Bryan's 20. A pass, Schultz to Myers, results in a touchdown and Schultz kicks goal. The rest of the first half saw the play in Bryan's territory. When the whistle terminating the first half blew, the score was, Waite 14—Bryan 6.

Waite receives and starts a march down the field, but an intercepted forward pass halted them. Waite holds, receives ball. Berndt carries it to Bryan's 10. Schultz drops back 10 yards and boots a pretty drop-kick over the bar. Waite 17—Bryan 6

Bryan receives and carries ball to midfield, two passes result in a touchdown. Lovejoy fails goal. Waite 17—Bryan 12.

Rupp's crew was slow to wake up but they began to fight now and began another march on Bryan's goal. A forward pass over the goal gave the ball to Bryan. Neath makes 31 off left tackle. Churchman loses 10. A pass Beerbower to Neath nets 15 yards. Another pass Churchman to Lovejoy resulted in a touchdown. Churchman missed goal. Waite 17—Bryan 18.

Waite receives. Haynes makes 4. Berndt makes 10. Haynes makes 15. Mugfor makes 5. Haynes reels off 9. Schultz makes 1. Schultz tries a drop-kick but it is blocked, Lovejoy recovering. Waite holds. Bryan punts. A pass, Schultz to Mugfor, is good for 15 yards. A pass, Schultz to Myers failed; and a third, Schultz to Reilly fails. Waite punts. Bryan punts, Berndt returning 15. Stamman makes 10. Haynes dashes off 20. The final whistle blows and Bryan wins.

Waite 0—Northern 27.

Saturday morning, Nov. 6 the Waite squad, accompanied by about one hundred rooters went to Detroit to play Northern High of that city. The Eskimoes had a very strong team, meeting Waite with a clean schedule. The field upon which the contest was staged was a cross between a southern swamp and a northern dump. Thick muck with now and then a tin can showing, and here and there a bit of stick or wire, made up the surface of the playing field. A good-sized crowd was there and witnessed a much closer game than the score would indicate.

Northern won the toss and chose to kick. Allen kicked to Stamman on Waite's 23-yard line and he was downed in his tracks. After two attempts

to gain, Schultz punts to Bratton who returns the ball to midfield. An end run gains 15, an off-tackle buck 4 yards, and a pass, a touchdown. Allen misses goal; Waite receives, Cully returning 8 yards. Cully gains 8 off-tackle. Cully tries end but loses 2. Cully makes 20 around end. Stamman gains 4 through center but fumbles. Pelton recovers ball. Schultz punts to Allen who is downed on his own 10-yard line. An end run and a pass bring the ball up to Waite's 40. Two plunges gain 5. A pass nets 10. Two passes and a placement kick fail, Waite's ball on own 35 yard line. Cully made 5 through center and first down on next play. Northern intercepts pass and runs to midfield. Northern's shift play was good for 4. Cellen tries pass, fails. Pass, Monihan to Allen, makes first down on Waite's 13-yard line. End run on same shift formation was good for touchdown. Monihan kicks goal.

Waite kicks to Lightbody who is downed on his 40. Pass fails and Waite is penalized 5 yards for off-side. Allen punts to Cully who returns ball to Waite's 40. Schultz punts to Monihan who is downed on the 50 yard line. Waite holds and receives ball. Allen intercepts pass and races down field for touchdown. Allen Kicks goal.

Allen kicks to Alexander who is downed on his 30. Line plunges and end runs net Waite 30 yards. Schultz loses 5 on fake drop-kick. Northern intercepts pass on Waite's 45 yard line. Northern fumbles and Cully takes the oval to Northern's 20 as the half ends. The whistle robbed Waite of a sure score. Waite 0—Northern 20.

Northern opened the second half by kicking to Stamman. Waite cannot gain and Schultz kicks to Allen who runs back to Waite's 30. A pass to Allen gave them first down on our 10 yard line. Monihan scored on the next play. Allen kicked goal. Waite received and began to play better football, holding Northern in the middle of the field and repeatedly marching far into their territory only to lose the ball on a fumble. When the final whistle blew, the score stood, Waite 0—Northern 27.

Waite 0—Ann Arbor 32.

November 13 Ann Arbor came to the Bowl a stronger team by report, than Northern, and as we found out, a stronger team in action.

As was the case in almost every game the Purple and Gold gridders were outweighed. In addition to this, more men had been added to our injured list, or rather cripple army. However, our valient subs went in and fought with all they had, and that was all anyone could ask of them.

Waite won the toss and elected to receive the kick. but as two attempts to gain failed, Schultz was forced to punt. Ann Arbor took the ball down the field in a steady march, Yutzy doing the major gaining. and brought it up within Waite's 10-yard line. Schmidt, their 220 pound half, hit the line twice in vain, but on third attempt he was successful.

Waite received and by some excellent work made first down twice, but lost the oval on a fumble. Then the famous Crippen, aided by Gregory, their speed merchant, worked the ball down the field and across the last white marker. They repeated once for each of the remaining three quarters with out team bravely fighting.

Not only once but many times did Waite march near the Ann Arbor goal only to lose the ball when a few yards would have meant a score. The punch was lacking in the critical moments, but our team seemed to improve as the time passed. Unfortunately, lowering darkness cut off our chances of scoring and the Ann-Arborites departed the victors. Waite 0—Ann Arbor 32. Those who got in the last few minutes did some excellent work. Brendt was the major ground-gainer for Waite until an injured shoulder compelled him to leave the game.

Waite — Scott Game.

It is Saturday morning. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving and the annual game with Scott. Everybody is full of pep and light scrimmage is under way. Our crippled squad is there too, watching. Suddenly it is noticed that someone is hurt. Who? Surely not Schultz? Yes, it is Joe. Scarcely a word is said but everybody realizes that this, on top of all our other misfortunes will sadly mar our chances of victory in the coming battle.

Monday morning the news spreads about school causing much speculation as to whether or not Schultz will play. No one seems to know. This state of uncertainty lasts all day Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday morning the announcements read "Mass meeting after lunch." Shortly after we had entered our fifth-hour classes the auditorium signal sounds, we all rush down the hall and into the auditorium. We feel full of pep and respond eagerly to the cheer-leaders exhortations. After a rousing "Rupp Rah" everybody quiets down and a breathless silence ensues. Out from the wings steps "Nocky," the coach. "Schultz's shoulder is not broken; it is only bruised; he will play tomorrow." Instantly the tension snaps; pandemonium reigns; we are saturated with enthusiasm. Everybody promises to be at the game.

Thursday morning dawns warm but grey. This seems an ill omen for rain and mud had spelled our Waterloo before. Nevertheless we get up and hustle off to Scott field and join the eight thousand other Toledoans who have assembled to witness this annual classic. After a short time the two teams trot out on the field and run through signals up and down the field. Even to the most prejudiced Scotter it was evident that the East-Siders were greatly outweighed. A whistle thrills. Referee Trautman calls the two Captains, Schultz and Vick, together and a coin spins in the air. Schultz called the toss and chose to receive.

After a word from Coaches Rupp and Dwyer the Waite and Scott gridders take their places. The whistle sounds and Vick sends the ball high in the air. Schultz receives and returns the kick at once to Caldwell who is downed on Scott's 40. Vick hits the Waite line twice for 6 yards and Flues makes it first down. Vick makes 5 yards but Scott takes too much time talking over the next play and Waite receives a 2-yard gift. Vick and Flues attempt to pierce the fighting East-Siders' line but no gain is noted. Vick punts to Dow who fumbles, Shuey recovering. Waite fights desperately but the inferior weight and crippled condition of our men cannot stand against the rush of the much heavier Scotters. Vick makes first down on three plunges. Flues makes 9 yards through tackle. The far-famed Vick is nailed for a 5-yard loss on Scott's famous "reverse play," but on the next play Flues tears around left end for a touchdown. Vick kicks goal. Scott 7—Waite 0.

Scott kicks off, Berndt receives but fumbles, Stamman recovering. In vain Cully and Dutch try to go through Scott's two-hundred pound line, so Schultz is forced to punt, Vick receiving and returning 5 yards.

"Hello, what's the matter?" Kreitz, one of Scott's mercenaries acquired from Detroit, seems to be in distress. The Star Spangled Banner is flying inverted from his crosstrees and he has a decided list to starboard. "Doc" Berlin, Scott trainer, rushed out on the field accompanied by "Ted" Keller, the unexcelled side-line coach, and little "Fritz" is induced to come in drydock. Stahl takes his place. Play is resumed and Vick is stopped in his tracks. Flues circles left end for 20 yards. Waite stiffens and holds. Cully lopps off a yard. Stamman gains one on a fake kick. Cully heaves a pass to Haynes who dropped it. Schultz punts to Caldwell who is downed in midfield where the quarter ends.

The second quarter began with the Purple and Gold eleven fighting hard. Vick is stopped in his tracks. Scott is offside, 5 yards penalty. A forward pass

fails. Vick makes 9 yards but Waite receives the ball on downs. After two ineffectual attempts to gain, Schultz boots down the field. Vick and Flues cannot gain. Cilff Barrett being the big reason, he being in every play. Waite's ball. Cliff makes his only bad pass of the game and Schultz is nailed for a 10-yard loss. Joe punts to Caldwell who returns 20 yards behind splendid interference. Flues dashes through right tackle for six points and Vick boots across the crossbar. Scott 14—Waite 0. Captain Faber of Scott is sent in for Clash. What a big fellow he is! Waite kicks off. Scott marches the ball to midfield, a whistle trills, the half is ended.

During intermission it is discovered that Schultz's shoulder is in such bad shape that he cannot continue, so Steinecker takes his place. Cully kicks off to Vick who returns 10 yards. After three unsuccessful attempts to gain, Shuey, the grand kewpie, heaves the oval far over Vick's head and a 10-yard loss ensues. Waite's ball. Here occurred the brilliant play of the game. Cully calls for a pass but Scott covers up all eligible receivers. He whirls in his tracks, dodges "Luke" Hunt, and speeds up the field toward the goal. Will he make it? Everybody is on their feet, wildly excited, but the slipperiness of the field keeps him from dodging and he is nailed just 15 yards from the goal. Had the field been dry he undoubtedly would have made a touchdown. Scott stiffens. Waite fails to gain and Scott receiving the ball, punts out of danger. Cully tries a pass but is downed for a 10-yard loss. A pass, Cully to Kinker, is good for 10 yards. Haynes punts to Scott's 20. Vick punts immediately and big Meyers, one of Scott's 200-pound linemen recovers after Dow and Berndt collide trying to catch the punt. In two plays Vick crossed the last white marker and then kicks goal. Scott 21. Waite 0. Berndt kicks off to Vick who comes back 20 yards before being molested. Vick and Flues make another march down the field and seven points are counted. Scott 28. Waite 0. Scott kicks off to Dow who returns 10 yards. An attempt to pierce the line fails and the quarter ends.

The fourth quarter starts with Haynes punting to Flues who returns 30 yards. Waite is fighting hard, Cliff Barrett being the outstanding figure with Pauley a close second. But as Scott outweighed our team forty pounds to the man and in addition were an experienced team, it it easy to see why Purple and Gold is loosing. Vick and Flues, by means of off-tackle bucks, annex another touchdown. Scott 35.—Waite 0.

Waite kicks and Scott works the ball into Waite territory. An incompleted pass over the goal line gives the ball to Waite on the 20-yard line. A pass, Cully to Kinker, gains 12 yards. Another pass is tried but Shuey intercepts it. Scott tries the passing game but this is a department the West-Siders cannot gain in. Dutch intercepts one and Haynes punts out of danger. Edwards, the champion battler of Scott Hi, tries to put one over on Buddy Kinker,but this little man comes right back and musses up the Scotter. Referee Trautman seemed interested in the affair,but as the rule book states that fisticuffs are neither part not parcel of football, he called a halt to proceedings and banished the participants from the field. This interesting little engagement was not provided for in the program but the spectators appreciated highly the efforts of the boys to create a diversion. Incidently Trautman did not state who was the winner but we know. You bet.

Scott fails to gain, pass and plunge netting no advance. The other two mercenaries, York and Scheible, are sent in but even these great men cannot gain. "What's that noise? The whistle. The game is over."

Although we all were downhearted over the outcome of the game, the rooters never gave up and as they filed out of the gate they astonished everybody by singing "Loyal, loyal to old Waite Hi." Spirit like that is the thing that is most desired and is the thing that will put us on the other end of the score next year.

Schultz

Captain

Joe, our captain, and one of the few veterans on the team proved an able leader, though handicapped by injuries a large part of the season. Even when the odds were overwhelming, he neither faltered nor lost hope, but fought with a spirit that was an example to the rest of the team. Early in the season he was shifted from full-back to tackle where he played a fine game, taking care of his man at all times. Joe has an educated toe, his punts having distance and unerring placement. This worthy warrior will be with us again next year, and if he lives up to our expectations, he will undoubtedly be one of the best high school tackles in the middle west.

Clifford Barrett

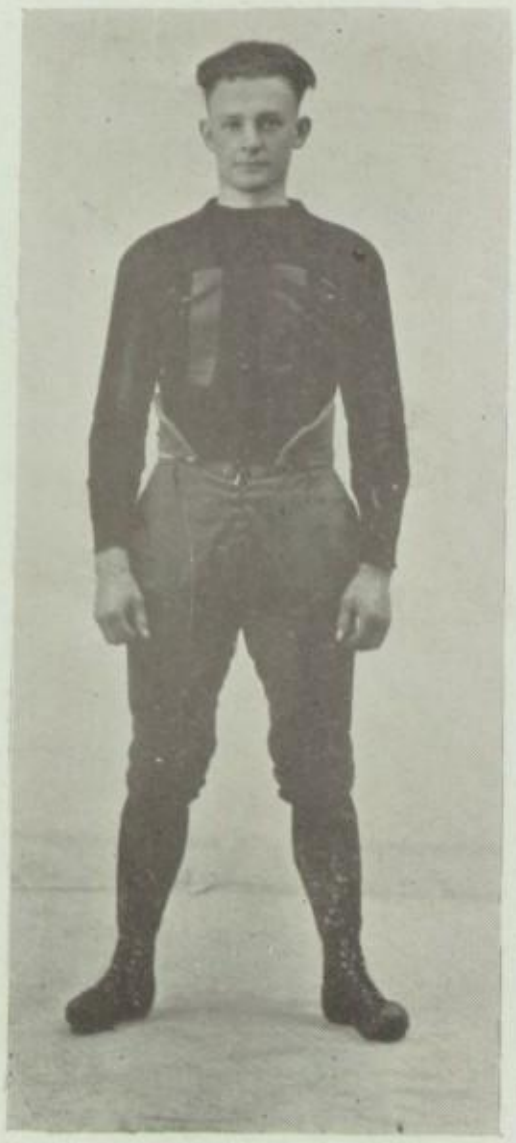
Alternate Captain and Center

"Cliff" was a veteran and one of the mainstays of the team. His level head and accurate passes made possible many a gain, while his fighting spirit and deadly tackling made the center of the line a place (to be avoided) by the enemy. "Cliff" will leave old Waite and football this June for the bigger game of Life, and we all wish him as much success in the future as he has had in the past on the gridiron at Waite.

Howard Farrel

Captain Elect and Quarterback

"Fud" was the smallest of Waite gridders, that is in size; in spirit and pep he was second to none. His generalship was marvelous, and up to the time of his injury, he was good for at least ten yards on a quarter-back sneak. When this little giant was out of the game, the team seemed to be lost. However, he will be back next fall as captain of our gridders, and with him in that role, victory will be certain.



Gerald Pelton

Tackle

"Jerry" is the kind of lineman a team must have. Full of fight and foot-ball knowledge, he proved a valuable cog in the Waite machine. He could pierce any line that he met and was a "bear" on opening up holes. This stalwart gridder missed but one game, for injuries, our pet jinx, bothered him but little. "Jerry" will be back next fall to don the moleskins and it ought to prove his best year. Good luck, 'Jerry."

Carl Benson

Guard

"Swede" was our steadiest lineman, and one of the first to be caught by the jinx. He was going strong when his shoulder was broken in practice, just before the Athens game. Carl is not a spectacular player but his opponent was never known to break up a Waite formation. His coolness, coupled with his bull-dog determination made him a valuable man on Coach Rupp's machine. Unfortunately, graduation robs him of his chance to play for Waite next fall but we all have to leave sometime. So long, Carl.

Lester Brenot

Center

"Les" was a new man who showed what he could do when given a chance. A guard by choice, he volunteered to take center when Barrett was injured and promptly made good. "Les" is one of those modest, friendly fellows that believe in doing rather than saying, and could be counted upon to do his part thoroughly in every play. We hope to see him back next fall, for his experience this year should make him one of the mainstays of our 1921 team.

Carl Burndt

Half-back.

"Cully" was our best ground gainer. He could circle the ends at breakneck speed, pick a hole or heave a pass with equal facility. His stocky build rendered him practically immune to injuries, so he was bothered but little in this respect. When shifted from half to quarter near the close of the season to fill a gap made by our jinx, he showed a level head and invariably selected the right play for the moment. This is "Cully's" first year on the varsity, and as he has yet several years to attend school he should be a real foot-ball star before he graduates.

Milton Carr

Guard

"Brick" came from Monroe where he had won fame as a gridiron performer, to play for the best high school in the United States. His position was guard but in a game he was always found near the ball. This husky redhead was full of fight and could be depended upon to do his part every time. Unfortunately for us, the roll with the ribbon makes it impossible for "Brick" to come back next fall, so the best we can do is wish him the best of luck in the future. So long, "Brick."

Merrill Haynes

Half-back

Merrill was the fastest man on the squad. Besides speed, he possessed a wicked stiff arm and the ability to punt forty-five yards consistently. As a ground gainer he had few peers, for no end could turn him, nor could any defensive half catch him. Haynes will be back next year to fill a Waite uniform, for this is his first year on the grid. Champions next fall, Merrill.

Victor Domhoff

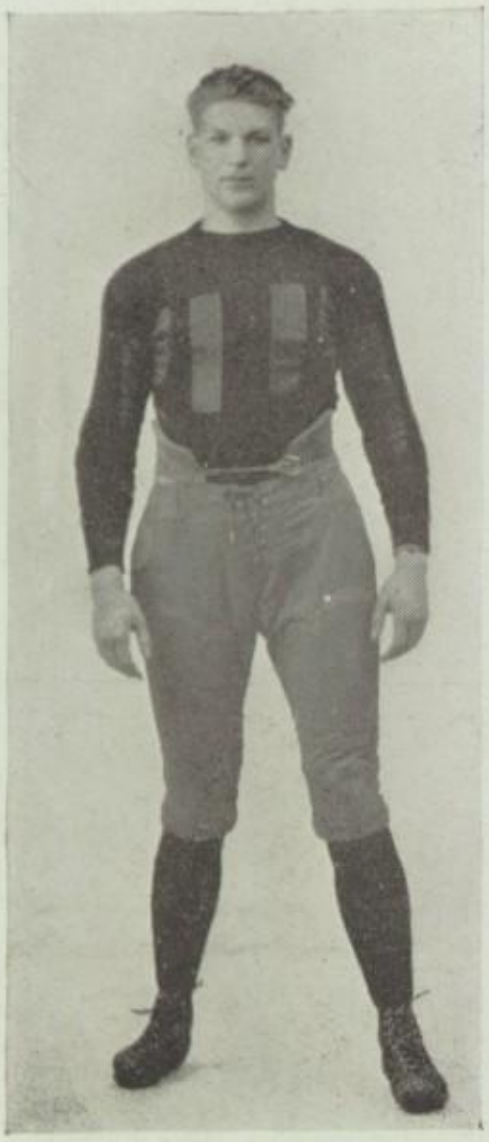
Full-back.

"Vic" was another of the jinx victims. He was going strong until the middle of the season when an infected leg put him in the hospital for three weeks, and on crutches for the rest of the fall. "Vic" could spin through the line, run the ends and stick to passes. In fact, he was so consistent a performer that many persons believe that had he been in line-up all season, the outcome of many of the games would have been different. However, this valuable man will be back with us next year to help to put Waite on the foot-ball map. The old zip, "Vic."

Richard Mugfor

Quarter-back.

"Dick" is the little barrel-chested fellow who barked signals. His speciality was returning punts. This he could do to perfection and many a yard did he reel off in this fashion. "Dick" was a hard worker and showed the stuff that was in him by making the team the first year out. The experience he gained this fall will no doubt be of great value next fall both to him and the school.



Frank Pauley

Guard

Frank, the tallest and heaviest man on the team, was without previous varsity experience. When Benson was injured in the early part of the season, Frank was put in his place and proved himself worthy of the honor. He is a man of tremendous strength and we have yet to see the line that he could not pierce. He handled his man at all times and was a tower of strength on the forward wall. With this year's experience Frank should be one of the best guards in the state next fall.

Clarence Myers

End.

Myers was a light man who held down the difficult job of end in a very capable fashion. He could break up end runs, hurry up punts, and last but certainly not least, catch passes. His uncanny ability to grab the oval out of the air, coupled with his (shoe-string), tackles made him a regular. Myers says that he will be back next year to play end on the best team that ever represented Waite. Atta boy.

Carl Kinker

End.

"Bud" was a fighting fool, always charging in and nailing anyone who attempted to circle his end. He was a good man for defense for he could not only catch any pass that came his way but in an emergency he could also be called back to pass or plunge. In all respects he is a good man, and will no doubt be a member of the squad next fall. As this is "Bud's" first year on the varsity, great things are expected of this versatile man before he leaves us.

Karl Stamman

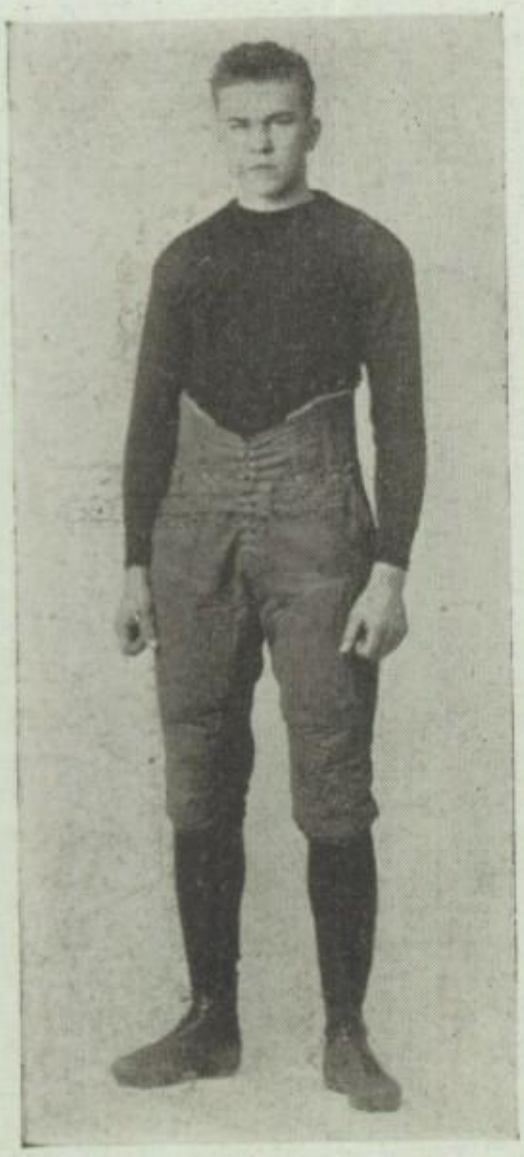
Full-back

"Dutch" was a smashing plunger and a speed merchant on end runs although this was his first year on the gridiron. When this husky young roughneck hit the line, the opposition thought that they were trying to stop a steam engine, while many an end has stretched his length on the hard ground in a vain effort to nail him. He was also a tough one on the defense, breaking up and intercepting passes. "Dutch" will bring his books back next fall and incidently, his uniform. Next year should prove a wonder year for him.

Earl Klinck

Half-back

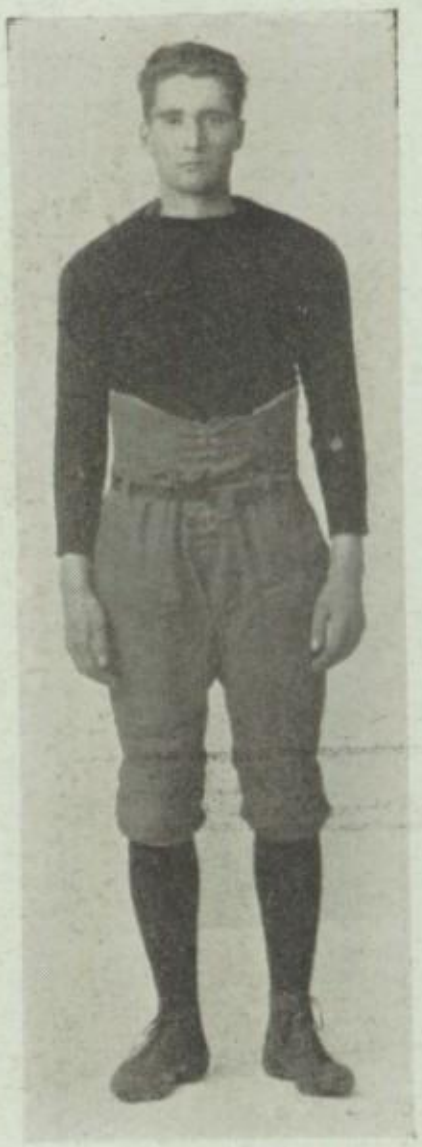
"Red" came out at the beginning of the season determined to make the varsity. He plugged away steadily until at last he got his chance and made good. Although this was his first year, he showed up well on both the defensive and offensive, being in every play. His position was end but numerous injuries to back-fielders caused "Nocky" Rupp to shift him to the back-field where he proved his worth. He was good at a plunge, end run, and drop-kick, this last being a valuable asset to any team. "Red" was a January grad and is greatly missed, for his spirit and fighting have made him many friends.



Irving Steinecker

Center

"Irv" was a man who could be sent in at any time to play any position on the forward wall. He fought every minute he was in there, but his lack of weight and experience kept him from a regular position. Next fall "Irv" will be back after a regular berth and with this year's experience behind him, he ought to land it.



William Alexander

Half-back

"Bill" was another green man who did his bit for the Purple and Gold. This young man played tackle and half with equal facility. Although he sat on the bench the first half of the season it did not dishearten him and he kept on fighting. Finally he got his chance and made good. Next year "Bill" will doubtless be a regular.

"Bill" Alexander

Walter Dow

Half-back.

Dow is the little half that by pure plugging worked his way up from the third team to the varsity. Plunging was his strong point; he could go through the biggest line like a shot out of a gun. Dow did not get in until the last of the season, but this is his first year so we may expect more of him in the future.

Edward Carsten

.Guard.

"Cars" was a scrapper and although light and inexperienced, played an excellent guard. He could worm his way through a brick wall, and was a terror on blocking punts. He is coming back next fall and we hope to see him make the varsity as he has the right stuff in him.

Bernard Stiffney

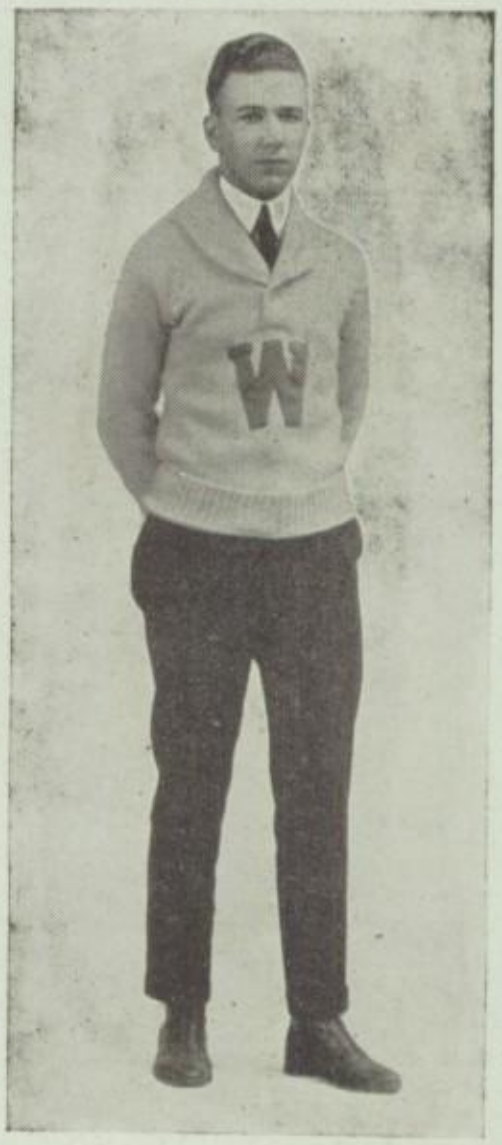
End

"Stiff" was another man whom the gods of the gridiron designated to be held in reserve. He could play either tackle or end, but it was at end that he showed up best being fast, alert, and a sure tackler. This was his first year on the grid but judging from his playing one would think him a veteran. "Stiff" will also return to school next fall.

Kenneth Ward

End

"Kenny" fought every minute to get in there as he often did and played a great end. His lack of weight and experience was more than balanced by his speed and fight. This young man could be sent in at any time and be counted on to do his best. "Kenny" will not be back next year as the graduation list bears his his name, but we all wish him success in whatever he undertakes in the future.



Stuart Campbell

Student Foot-ball Mgr.

In addition to a coach and a faculty manager, a foot-ball team must have a student manager, one who can act as a connecting link between the faculty and the players. He must be able and willing to work hard and put in long hours or the team will suffer. He is responsible for the playing field, takes care of the equipment and in general is assistant to the faculty manager and the coach. Stuart Campbell, better known to those around school as "Stew," was selected for this work and proved himself in every way an efficient worker and has won the appreciation of everyone who was associated with him.

Caesar Auerbach

Student Basket-ball Mgr.

The job of looking after the needs of the basket-ball team was given to Caesar Auerbach, our hard-working assistant foot-ball manager. From morning till night this industrious young man was on the go and the right man—fully did he carry out his duties, Caesar has always worked hard for Waite and may be truly be called one of our most loyal workers.

BASKET BALL

OUR VARSITY DID QUITE A BIT OF TRAVELING THIS SEASON
JUST ENOUGH TO SPOIL A PERFECT RECORD.
WAITE RESERVES
WAITE-SCOTT RESERVE GAME.
THE GIRLS TEAM WAS IN SOME FORM THIS SEASON
Ray Herman

The Season

The out-look for the 1920-21 No. 9 basket-ball season was truly a bright one. Most of the last year's Squad returned to school and the raw material was fine, as evinced by the showing of the various class teams in the inter-class tournament held just before Christmas. The tournament pennant was taken by the Sophomores with the Juniors second.

Our opening game on January 21 was with Bluffton, a team that plays a very good brand of basket-ball. Their guards were tall and husky, their center taller, and there was a couple of streaks of lightning where forwards usually are. The Waite five had never played together before and little was known of the strength. Consequently the crowd was a bit dubious as to the outcome of the struggle.

The Bluffton center got the first tip-off and all others, after making it doubly hard for the Purple and Gold to get the ball. Nothing daunted, the Waiters started with a rush and soon had Bluffton on the short end of the score. Our visitors then seemed inclined to "rough it up" and our men weren't a bit bashful in doing their part after it was started. Bluffton got the worst of it both on the score and the rough-stuff. It is a cinch that this team will never again try to put anything over on a Waite team in the future. Goldstein was the hero of the affair with five baskets to his credit. Stamman couldn't get the jump but he played rings around his opponent, tossing in three fielders. Carson accounted for two while Berndt made one from the field and one from the foul line. Carr played a good defensive game and smashed up many a Bluffton play. Score Waite 23—Bluffton 14.

Saturday evening, January 29 the Waite gym was the scene of a stirring battle. The Alumni, composed of such stars as "Phil" Clemmons, "Cy" Foster, and "Emmy" Sheets was forced to take a 32—29 beating.

Our men weren't supposed to know any remarkable basketball or to do any more than to fight gamely, but to the surprise and joy of the spectators Waite started in right at the tip-off and played such good basketball that it the end of the first half, the score stood 23—14 in our favor. In the second half, however, the Alumni, by means of clever passing and phenomonal shooting, gradually crept up on the Purple and Gold quintet and tied the score at 29 all, with but two minutes to play. Immediately after the next tip-off Referee Fox caught Clemens holding and Goldstein tossed the leather sphere through the hoop and put us in the lead. Just to make the margin safer "Dutch" Stamman dropped in a neat short shot just before the whistle blew. Everybody was excited and elated for it looked like we had the material for a good team, something that has been woefully lacking these last few years. This game also terminated "Nocky" Rupp's athletic activities at Waite, his resignation taking place at that time. The student body was sorry to see him go, as his upright, clean character, his loyalty to Waite and his devotion to duty made him loved by all who associated with him.

Friday morning, February 8, the team took the 9:05 train out of the T. & O. C. depot. It slowed up at the East Broadway crossing and Auerbach got off to survey the scenery. The train started without warning and Caesar was forced to equal the world's record for the one hundred yard dash to catch the train. At Bucyrus the party had a two-hour wait, then spent two hours more on the dirtiest, roughest railroad in the United States. Finally it was over and they arrived at Granville where they were met by several Waite grads. The players were assigned to frat houses where supper was served.

The contest started at seven o'clock, Waite putting up a poor game. According to Denison students Doane had never played so good a game, anyway they performed like wonders, making fourteen of their points by over-the-head and one-handed shots. Waite fought hard but the score at the end of the first half was 19—10 favor of Doane. In the second half Waite couldn't find the hoop, while Hla, the Burmese Baby, made 'em from all angles. The final score was 33—12. Waite's fight was there as "Nocky" Rupp, out popular coach had resigned and we hadn't yet had time to get aquainted with our new coach, "Punk" Packer. After the game the bunch the bunch was royally entertained by the Denison students.

The morning after the Doane game the team went to Newark by bus and took the train to Cambridge. Goldstein and Oten found two young ladies from Ohio State on the train and enjoyed their company until Cambridge was reached at 3:30. The party proceeded to the Hotel Berwick and stayed there until time for the game. Cambridge gym is smaller than ours, the ceiling not so high and the playing surface was smaller. A large crowd viewed the contest. The game was very fast and exceptionally clean. Both teams fought hard but Cambridge's seniors were too experienced for the Purple and Gold and had run up nineteen points to Waite's eleven in the first half. The second half Waite played a better brand of ball but when the final whistle blew the contest was theirs. Score 33—19.

Once again Scott handed us the diminuative end of the score but they did not have as easy a time doing it as they had anticipated. The crowd was a disappointment, that is, in size. In cheering, they proved a revelation. Waite out-rooted Scott as usual, but where they got their practice no one knows, for they hadn't had a mass-meeting since Thanksgiving. Both teams put up a good defensive game, long shots being the counters. It took eight minutes for Scott to score ,"Dutch" Vick dropping the ball through the hoop. Goldstein and Carson contributed then, Pencheff took Carson's place. The first half ended with Waite in the rear. Monetta and Packer used the intermission to good effect for Waite put up a much better game in the second half. "Mac" McLean was playing a "whale" of a game, and Domhoff took Stamman's place and Carson went in for Goldstein. Staley and McLeanalmost came to blows but Referee Crouse prevented any entertainment along this line.

Scott beat us fairly and squarely but we meet again and in our gym. We hope to turn the tables.

Friday, February 18, the team went to Dayton to play Stivers. They put up at the Hotel Gibbon and rested there until game-time. The Y. M. C. A. was used as a dressing room and they taxied to the Memorial Hall where the game was played. Stivers jumped into the lead right away and by the time the first half was over had annexed a 50—10 lead. The second half saw an entirely different brand of basket-ball. Waite got started and made seventeen points to Stiver's eighteen. However, Stivers copped the game, 68—27. McLean and Carson with three buckets apiece were the heroes of the affair.

On the morning following the Stivers game the team took the interurban for Troy where they met the high-school of that place. At seven-thirty the game started and lo, the East-Siders made their opponents look like fish and annexed the contest, 19—14. McLean and Goldstein looped two while Stamman, Carson and Berndt got one. Domhoff put up a good floor game.

February 28, Waite went to Youngstown to meet Rayen Hi. The contest was staged in Rayen gym before a large crowd who expected to see Waite walked on. Imagine their surprise when the Toledonas jumped into the lead and held it all during the first half. Score Waite 12—Rayen 10.

Rayen came back in the second half and heaved long ones through. Jones and Butler being responsible. The Waite defense deserves a word of praise for Rayen did not make a single short shot. Goldstein and McLean with three fielders and Stamman with two were the shining lights for Waite. Score Rayen 31—Waite 18.

Leaving Youngstown the next morning the party went to Cleveland where they met Lakewood. The Forest City quintet was disposed to think that Waite would treat them roughly so they had three officials. Waite took the lead and were leading 13 to 11 at the end of the first half. McNines had four personals called on him and Siewert took his place. During the course of the game twenty-four fouls were called on the Waiters and ten on Lakewood. Berndt made eight out of ten while Grossman only made ten out of twenty four. McLean caged four and Goldstein two.

March 7, Kenton Hi came here and met Waite in the Waite Gym. The down-staters had a big, fast team with good reputation but they couldn't keep the pace set by the speeding East-Siders and after twenty minutes of play the score stood heavy in Waite's favor. In the second half Kenton showed some of their vaunted form, but save for an instant when they were but three points behind, they did not greatly bother us and we annexed the game. Score Waite 34—Kenton 21.

The Friday following the Kenton affair saw Catholic Central ready to do battle in our gym. Central presented a classy team and put up a great battle, especially in the first half when Waite led but by one point, 18—17. The second period saw Waite going great guns and they counted nine points before you could say "Jack Robinson" and eventually took the contest, 33—22.

March 18, Archbold, down-state champs, came to whip us. They had a fast squad but they didn't have any McLeans or Berndts in their line-up and "bit the dust" as did Goliath. Whipple of the visitors shot five fielders and was their best man. McLean, our lanky center, looped five, Berndt four, Goldstein four, Stamman three, while Schultz counted two and Carson three. Socre 42—17.

Two weeks later we bowed down to Scott in our gym. We had hoped to win and up to the middle of the second half it looked as if we could, for we completely out-passed Scott. Our inability to find the basket sadly marred our chances and although McLean, Schultz and Berndt repeatedly took the ball up the floor, no gain was recorded and Scott took home the bacon to the tune of a 30 to 9 score.

The Reserve Squad.

The Reserve Squad composed of Roy and Ray Herman, Simons, Cooper, Mulinix and Ray Domhoff is the bunch that deserves much credit. Every night they got the hard work conditioning the varsity and none of the glory that usually goes with a basket-ball team of this caliber. Their season may be called successful for they beat St. Mark's Church, Lakeside High, Central Reserves and Archbold Reserves. They lost but one game and that to the Scott Reserves in a close, hard-fought game. The Reserves are all loyal Waiters.

Edward Packer

Coach.

"Punk" Packer, former Waite basket-bal[1] star and more recently of Denison, was secured to coach the Waite basket-ball squad to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of "Nocky" Rupp. His unflagging efforts to produce a winning team have won the admiration of the whole student body. Although inexperienced at the coaching game his basket-ball knowledge enabled him to put out the best team that we have had in three years. He and Sam Monetta, our advisory coach, working together, formed an admirable tutoring system and one that surpasses any that we have had for some time.

Sam Monetta

Advisory Coach.

When the Waite Athletic Association secured Packer as coach they also obtained the services of Sam Monetta, former Old Central athlete, as advisory coach. Sam was a Waite basket-ball tutor three years ago and is well known in Toledo athletic circles. His cool head, coupled with his scathing criticism, has turned the tide of many a doubtful battle in our favor, while his sound advice has been the basis of many an improvement in the performance of the team. Sam is in a large part responsible for the improvement in basket-ball at Waite.

Carl Berndt

Captain.

"Cully," our captain and speedy running guard, was an excellent floor man as well as a sure shot. He also tossed free throws and many a point did he add in this fashion. He fought hard every minute and by his example inspired the rest of the team to give the best that was in them. This husky young man will be back next year and will no doubt be heard of again in athletic circles at Waite.

Abe Goldstein

Abe is a scrappy basketeer. Although smaller than most of his opponents, his tenacity and ability to follow the ball enabled him to take the ball away from much larger men with apparent ease, while his speedy floor work and accurate eye allowed him to team the ball down the floor to many an easy shot. Abe will never again don a Waite uniform as graduation calls him from us, but the example he has set by his hard work will not soon be forgotten.

Carl Stamann

"Dutch" was a hard worker. From the minute of the first tip-off to the blast of the final whistle, this able floor man was in there fighting every minute. Not only is he fast but he has also sound judgment and scarcely ever made a bad pass. His basket shooting was rarely of the spectacular type but he looped them often. "Dutch" will also be in school next year.

Harold McLean

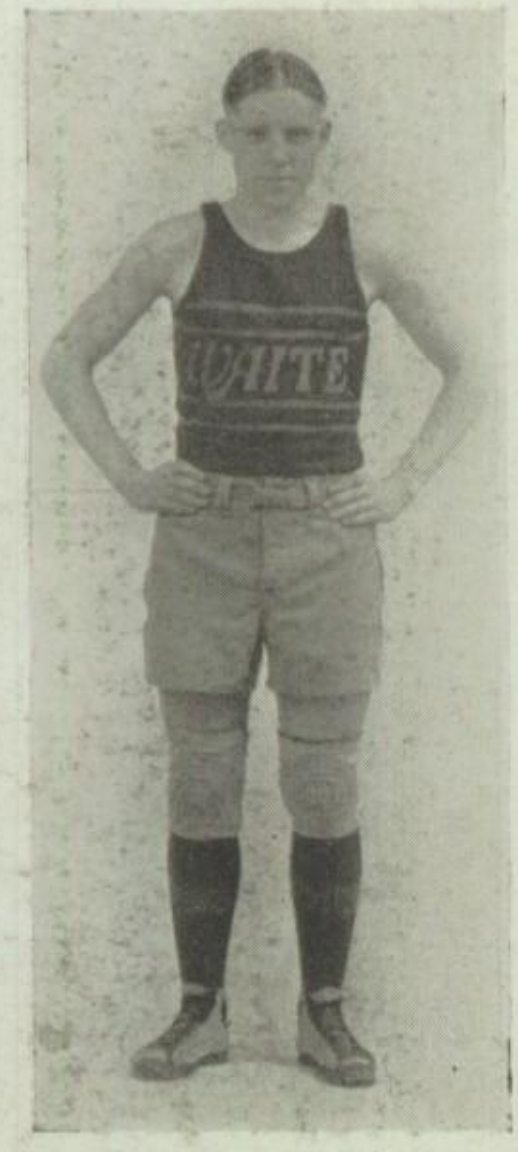
"Mac," our lanky center, was our chief point getter. He seldom missed a shot short and occasionally slipped a long one through just to show that he could do it. His passing and floor work were surpassed only by his ability to score. "Mac" did not enter school until January but his ability was soon recognized and won him a place on the varsity. With him in the pivot position the team improved greatly. Much credit is due him. "Mac" is coming back next year.

Joseph Schultz

Joe is a new man on the Waite basket-ball squad although well known in other branches of athletics. He could play either forward or center, but it was at forward that he played his best game. His ability to handle and pass the ball, coupled with his shooting, made him a dangerous man at all times. Joe will be with us next season.

John McInnis

"Red" was our dependable standing guard. Always fighting, he proved himself a hard man to get by, and an able guardian of the basket. He did not make many points for he did not have many chances, but his a bility to break up plays and get the ball off the back-board won for him a position on the varsity. This was his first year on the floor so we expect to see him in uniform next year.

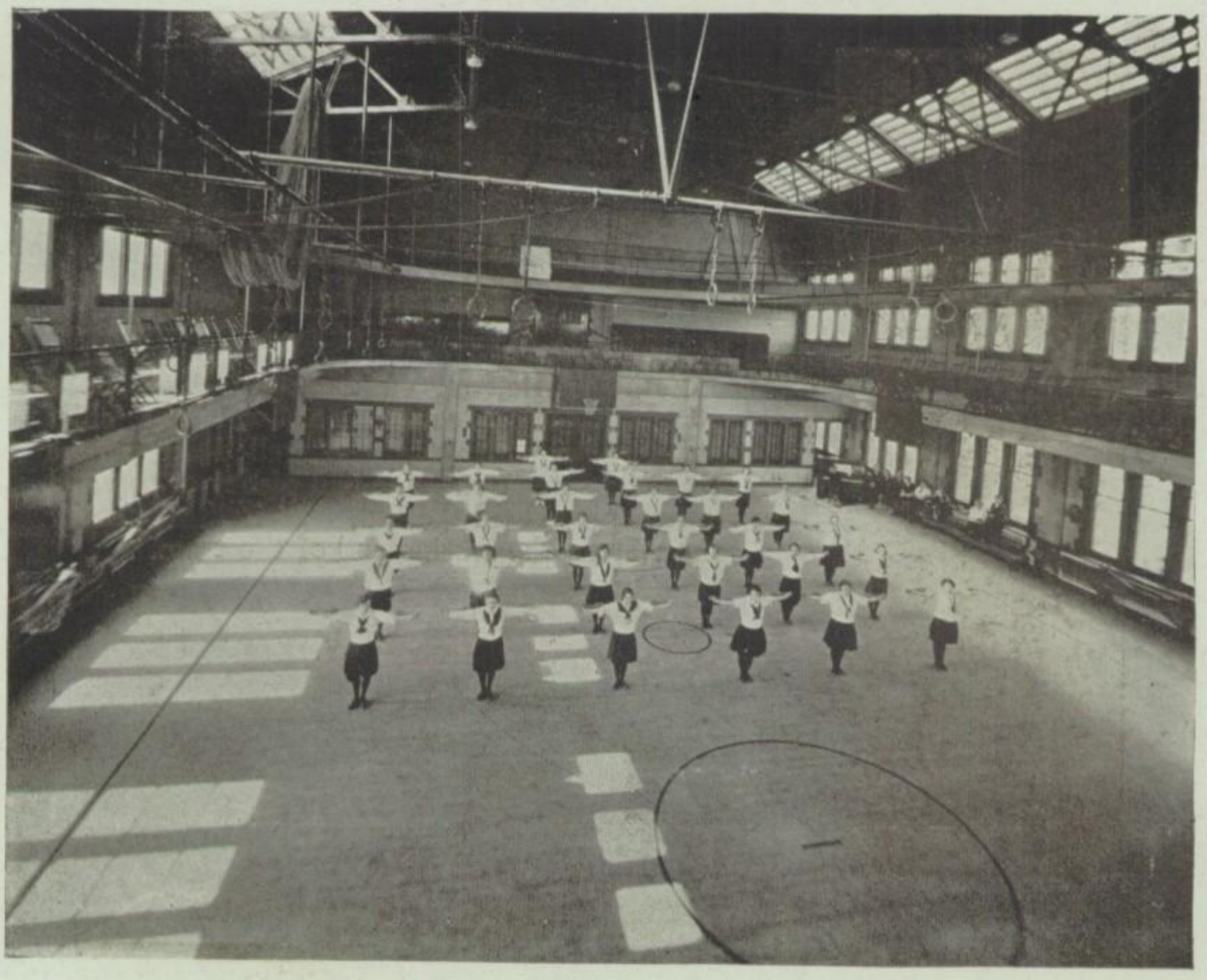


Howard Carson

"Bud" has the makings of a basket-ball player. He can pass cleverly, is a sure shot and knows the game. When he gains in weight and experience he will undoubtedly rank with the best of them. "Bud" will be out again next year.

Irvin Siewert

"Irv" was our utility guard. He fought hard while he was in there and played a good game for one handicapped by the green mists of the upper floor. "Irv" will also return next fall.



Girls Gym

The girls' gym work has certainly gone forward with leaps and bounds and this year probably more so than ever before. This is due perhaps, in a great measure, to the untiring efforts and the able leadership of our instructors, Miss Armbruster, Miss Lecklider and Miss Brobst. The girls on their part wisely took advantage of this instruction and did splendid work during the past year. Wednesdays and Fridays are undisputably "girls days" in the gym. On each of these days the Freshmen and Sophomores devote one school period to gym work. Every Wednesday afternoon the Advanced Class meets and, though really intended for Junior and Senior girls, only, some of the wiser "youngsters" have taken advantage of this privilege. Dancing, marching, games, drills, etc. make up a period's work in the gym.

After school every Friday the gym is open to all girls for dancing. This lasts for about a half an hour. Afterwards the team (during the basket-ball season) has its weekly work-out. After the basket-ball season is over the Advanced Class meets both Wednesday and Friday afternoons.

The ability of the girls and the results of hard work and careful training were certainly very clearly demonstrated in the annual Gymnasium Exhibition. This event took place on Wednesday evening, May 4th. The Indian Club Drill, the marching and clever dances of the Advanced Class were marked numbers, while the more simple dances and drills of the regular classes completed the excellent program. One had only to witness this sight in order to be convinced of the benefit and personal satisfaction which may be derived from such a course. The May Day exercises, which were held at both Scott and Waite, were also big events of '21.

Esther Fritz

Esther Fritz, our captain, proved to be a very successful leader. She was the chief point getter this year and well deserves the title of a sure shot. She had plenty of pep and laways played till the end. "Fritzi" was easily the star on the scoring end of the team.

Helen Williams

Helen Williams was a new man at the forward position but she showed a world of talent. Helen played a fine floor game and is rapidly developing into an accurate shot. She will, with this year's experience, be valuable material for 1922.

Helen Bennett

Helen Bennett, our clever center, was seldom out-jumped. As manager of the team she performed her duties in her usual efficient manner. "Bennie's" good sportsmanship made her a great favorite with the team. Helen, we are glad to say, will still be haunting the gym next year.

Jane Wiles

Jane Wiles, our side center, has filled her position remarkably well for three years. Jane is very speedy and alert, two essentials that label her a good player. Regardless of her small stature she manages to get the ball with as much ease as her tall co-partner. Jane will be lost through graduation.

Grace Plain

Grace Plain was our "stone wall" when it came to defense. Her wonderful ability at guarding made the success of the team a common occurence. Grace's ability to stick and her record as a clean player made her a popular man with the team. Unfortunately, she will be lost through graduation.

Anne St. Clair

Anne St. Clair was one of the finds of the season. This was her first year on the Waite varsity and we will be glad to look forward to her next year. Her unfailing sense of humor made her invaluable to the team. Here's wishing you a world of success for next year.

Girl's Season in Basket Ball

The team made a very late start this year and for that reason played only five games during the entire season. Due to the first-class coaching and also to the hard work of the girls the success of the team was a common thing. Their fine pass-work was very evident in all games and this, coupled with our two forwards' ability at "putting them in," produced a first-class team. Waite has every reason to be proud of its girls' team and this years' sextette has lived up to the usual Waite standard.

Miss Lecklider, our coach, deserves a great deal of the credit. She did her utmost to teach the team the way to play a winning game. The fine points as well as the general rules were worked out in her usual systematic way. Miss Brobst also did a great deal toward instilling a spirit of fair play in the girls. We wish to thank them both for their wonderful work.

For three years now the girls have received letters of appreciation of their work.

The following is the line-up as the girls appeared in most of the games. They also are the ones who received the W's.

Esther Fritz (Captain) ..... Right Forward
Helen Williams ..... Left Forward
Helen Bennett (Manager) ..... Center
Jane Wiles ..... Side Center
Grace Plain ..... Right Guard
Anne St. Clair ..... Left Guard

Waite 36—Kermaths 3.

The Waite team certainly started out on its 1921 career in the right way. Friday, Feb. 11, out team journeyed down to North Toledo and succeeded in putting over a 36 to 3 win. Our opponents were outplayed throughout the game and the Purple and Gold sextette came out with colors flying.

Waite 29—Instructors 18.

Once again Waite "brought home the bacon". On Friday, Feb. 18, our sextette won from a picked team of Toledo Gym instructors to the tune of 29 to 18. The game, however, was not so one-sided as the score seems to indicate. Good natured rivalry existed throughout the game and both teams insisted that it was "the best ever."

Waite 19—Central 14.

Feb. 19 Central journeyed across the river only to meet with defeat, for once again Waite added a win to its records. The visitors were fast and full of pep and the game was a close, evenly matched contest. Once the visitors got a two-point lead but Waite quickly recovered and the game ended with Waite holding down the big end of a 19—14 score.

Waite 19—Central 21.

The unexpected happened. Waite went over to Central this time and playing only five men instead of the accustomed six, bowed down to defeat. The game was "nip and tuck" from start to finish and ended disastrously for Waite. Central succeeded in putting over a 19 to 21 win. We are confident, however, had the game been played under the usual six men rules, the result would have been different.

Waite 21—Central 10.

Again Waite and Central met and each having one win to their credit, did much to put each team on its tip-toes. Once again Waite came forward with the usual dash and captured a 21 to 10 win. The game was staged on the Y. W. floor. The Central sextette seemed to lack its usual force and its

shooting slumped noticeably. The fine work of Esther Fritz showed up especially well in this game. So the little contest between Waite and Central ended two and one in favor US.

Summary

February 11, Waite 36		Kermaths 3
February 18, Waite 29		Instructors 18
February 25, Waite 19		Central 14
March 16, Waite 19		Central 21
March 31 Waite 21		Central 10
Total No. points 124		66

SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM

Interscholastic Champions

Society

LIT DANCE

given by

PERICLEAN, QUILL AND DAGGER

ZETALETHEAN, FORUM

LITERARY SOCIETIES

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

Waite High Gymnasium

Friday Evening, December 3

1920

LIT DANCE

The Lit Dance given by the four literary societies, the Quill and Dagger, Periclean, Forum and Zetalethean, on Friday evening, December 3, in the Waite High Gymnasium, was the opening for the social season of the school year.

The gymnasium was effectively decorated in the school colors, purple and gold. The chaperones included Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Mr. and Mr. Rupp, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Eggleston, Miss Lickley, Miss Brown, Miss Boerger, Mr. Nauts and Mrs. Basely.

WAITE HIGH "J" HOP

given by

JUNIOR CLASS

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

Woman's Building

Friday Evening, January 14

1921

"J" HOP

One of the notably informal affairs of the social season was the "J" Hop given by the Junior Class at the Woman's Building, Friday evening, January 14.

An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation of letters to the members of the football team.

The dancers were chaperoned by Mr. and Mr. Pollock, Miss Garver, Miss Brown, Miss Emerson, Mr. Mathias, Mr. Findlay, Mr. Klag and Mr. Nauts.

QUILL AND DAGGER DANCE

given by

THE QUILL AND DAGGER LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

Woman's Building

Friday Evening, January 28

1921

THE QUILL AND DAGGER DANCE

The Quill and Dagger Literary Society gave one of the most charming and enjoyable dances of the season on Friday evening, January 28, at the Woman's Building.

The ball-room was attractively decorated in black and yellow, the society colors while programs, caps and balloons added to the gaiety of the occasion.

The young people were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Miss Boyer, Miss Brown, Miss Garver, Mr. Nauts, Mr. Findlay and Mr. Klag.

ANNUAL DANCE

given by

THE ZETALETHAN LITERARY SOCIETY

of

THE WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

Collingwood

Friday Evening, February 28

1921

THE ZETALETHEAN DANCE

On February 25, the Zetalethean Literary Society gave their very delightful, informal dance at the Collingwood.

The chaperones for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Miss Spayd, Miss Hutchison, Miss Brown, Miss Krueger, Miss Lickley, Mr. Nauts, Mr. Vossler and Mr. Foster.

INFORMAL DANCE

given by

THE PERICLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

Collingwood

Friday Evening, April 22

1921

PERICLEAN DANCE

One of the most enyoyable, informal dances was given by the Periclean Literary Society, Friday evening, April 22, at the Collingwood. The hall was artistically decorated in the society colors, gold and white.

Those enjoying the dance were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Miss Pray, Miss Newbirt, Miss Brown, Miss Kimball, Miss Boerger, Mr. Klag, Mr. Nauts and Mr. Vossler.

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL
FORUM DANCE
given by
FORUM LITERARY SOCIETY
of
WAITE HIGH SCHOOL
at the
Collingwood
Saturday Evening, May 14
1921

THE FORUM DANCE

The Forum Dance, one of the most delightful social events of the year, was given by the Forum Literary Society, on Saturday evening, May 14, at the Collingwood.

The society colors, black and gold, were effectively carried out in the decorations of the hall and on the programs.

Mr. and Mr. Pollock, Miss Hutchison, Miss Brown, Miss Emerson, Mr. Krueger, Mr. Mathias, Mr. Nauts and Mr. Klag chaperoned those attending the dance.

SENIOR PROM

given by

THE SENIOR CLASS

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

Woman's Building

Friday Evening, May 27

1921

THE SENIOR PROM

The class of 1921 gave one of the most successful and splendid dances of the season on Friday evening, May 27, at the Woman's Building.

Lattice work, with flowers of spring-time carried out in the colors of the class of '21, with the seals of the four literary societies formed the decorations for the balcony. An added feature of the evening was the oriental dance given by Margaret Herroder.

Those enjoying the dance were chaperoned by Mr. and Mr. Pollock, Miss Spayd, Miss Hutchison, Miss Krueger, Miss Brown, Miss Pray, Mr. and Mrs. Rupp, Mr. Mathias, Mr. Klag, Mr. Nauts.

SENIOR BANQUET

given by

SENIOR CLASS

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

in the

Refectory

Saturday Evening, May 21

1921

SENIOR BANQUET

The Senior Banquet, held aturday evening, May 21, in the refectory was a distinguished affair. The tables, forming a "W" were artistically decorated with baskets of red roses. After a delightful banquet the guests assembled into the Auditorium where the class history by Persis Border, novel by Warren Gressley, poem by Wesley McKee and prophesy by Hilda Boden were read and the farewell speech by the President, Samuel was given. A dance in the gymnasium concluded the evening. Mr. and Mr. Guitteau, Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Miss Hutchison, Miss Brown, Miss Spayd, Miss Boerger, Miss James, Miss Gates, Mr. Mathias, Mr. Klag and Mr. Nauts were the honored guests.

ANNUAL BANQUET

given by

QUILL AND DAGGER LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

Maumee River Yacht Club

Saturday, May 7

1921

THE QUILL AND DAGGER BANQUET

The seventh annual banquet of the Quill and Dagger Literary Society was celebrated Saturday, May 7, at the Maumee River Yacht Club. In the afternoon the members of the society indulged in a game of indoor, one team was known as the Quills and the other the Dagger. Fortunately the reputation as eaters had preceded the society and they all sat down to a dinner, served under the soft light of Japanese lanterns, which mingled in and out of Purple and Gold streamers. The real treat of the evening was the talk delivered by Coach "Hurry Up" Yost of Michigan University. Seated at the head table were several prominent members of the alumni and Messrs. J. A. Pollock, Fred Klag, Merritt Nauts, F. Dannesfelser, Grant Murray, Webb, and the honored guest Coach Yost.

THE ZETALETHEAN BANQUET

given by

ZETALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

ZETALETHEAN BANQUET

Maumee River Yacht Club

Saturday, May 28

1921

The Zetalethean Literary Society gave their annual banquet at the Maumee River Yacht Club, Saturday, May 28. The table was cleverly decorated with flowers and favors. The Zetalethean History was given by Helen Herbert and the Prophesy by Alta Wertz. The critics including Miss Spayd, Miss Hutchison, Miss Lickley, Miss Krueger and Miss Lok with the members enjoyed very pleasant afternoon.

PERICLEAN BANQUET

given by

ALPHA AND BETA CHAPTERS

of the

PERICLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

at the

Woman' Bsuilding

Saturday, April 9

1921

ANNUAL PERICLEAN BANQUET

On Saturday, April 9, the Periclean Literary Society of Waite and Scott High Schools held its annual banquet for its active members, alumni and directors of the society at the Woman's Building.

The tables, arranged to form the Greek letter Pi, were decorated in yellow and white to carry out the society's colors.

After a delightful banquet, those present enjoyed the following program:— Dance Solo by Gertrude Smith; Piano Solo by Elizabeth Davies; Vocal Solo by Ruth Farmer accompanied by Irma Sanzenbacher and Helen Bennet; and Piano Solo by Marana Baker.

FORUM BANQUET

given by

-- FORUM LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

Commerce Club

Saturday, May 28

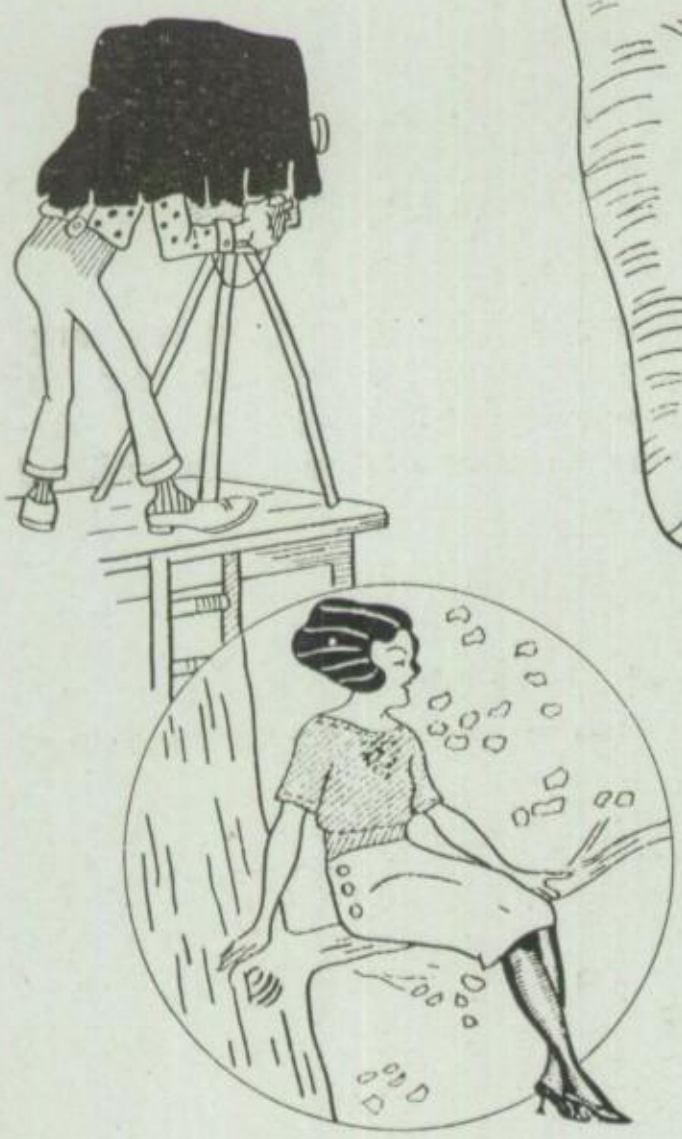
1921

The Annual Forum Banquet was held, Saturday, May 28, in the large banquet hall of the Commerce Club. The tables were cleverly decorated in black and gold, the society's colors. The toast-master of the evening was Samuel Lynn. Beside many alumni and active members the banquet was enjoyed by Mr. Pollock, Mr. Klag, Mr. Nauts and Mr. Rupp.

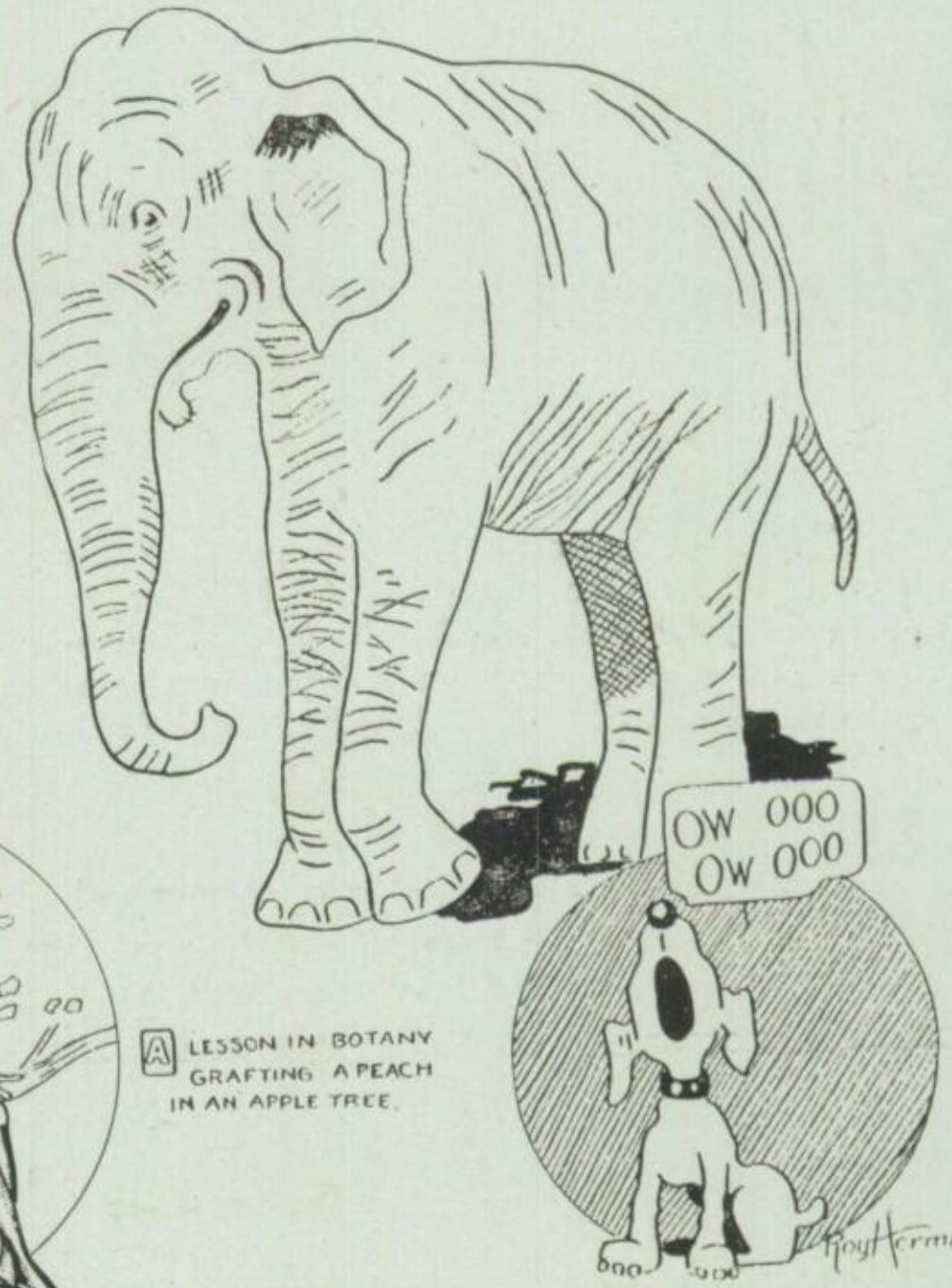
PICTURE OF A FRESHMAN AT DRILL. A SHERLOCK BONES COULD EASILY DETECT THAT HE TOOK IT THE FOURTH HOUR AS HE HAS HIS LUNCH.

PUZZLE WHO WON THE 1921 INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL CHAMPION SHIP

THE DRAMATIC ART CLUB'S PLAYS CERTAINLY TOOK BIG



A LESSON IN BOTANY GRAFTING A PEACH IN AN APPLE TREE.



THE 1921 RETINAS WERE A HOWLING SUCCESS

School Calendar
1920-1921

September

8—"Every pleasure must have an end."
9—What a conglomeration of Freshman.
10—Dolly D. appears in "specs;" could look worse.
11—A few blue slips are seen.
13—Everyone hard at work.
16—A classy bunch of football aspirants are out.
20—Nothing doing.
25—Don't they play grand? Waite 7—Alumni 7.
27—Blue Monday.
28—We have our lessons for a change.

October

2—Who knocked the "view" out of Bellevue? Waite 83—Bellevue 0.
5—Mr. Klag narrowly escaped a watery death by falling through a straw while drinking Cocoa-Cola.
9—'Nuther victory!' Waite 42—Tiffin 0.
12—Excitement lacking.
16—Waite 2—Athens 0. Athens protests, but to no avail.
21—Thrills; we have a fire drill!
22—Forum and Zets have a get-together.
22—Pep meeting and teachers' party.
23—A little bitter with the sweet. Lakewood 17—Waite 3.
27—New precedent established. One of our teachers takes advanced gym.
29—Goody, no school. Teachers' convention.
30—Copious tears. Waite 17.—Bryan 18.

November

3—Lots of speeches on better English.
5—Mass meeting, two old Waite High men speak—Trout and Kiker.
6—A day of reverses. Detroit Northern 27—Waite 0.
10—Chaplain McClain talks in honor of Armistice Day.

11—We hear of plans for bleachers—Jimmie Doyle and John Grodi.
13—We lose to Ann Arbor.—32 to 0.
16—$875 toward bleacher fund. Gradually approaching $1000.
19—Cards, after watchful waiting.
23—Mass meeting, lots of pep, girl cheer leader n'everything.
24—The day of days draws nigh.
25—Everyone is happy but the Turkey and Waite. Waite 0—Scott 35.
26—We have a day off. Why?

December

1—Miss Pray adds more gum to her collection.
2—We hear rules on better dancing. No "cheek to cheek."
3—Four Lit Dance. Wasn't it grand? Baloons n'everything.
6—Nothing doing.
7—Retina payments make a dent in our Christmas savings.
9—All's well, we are hard at work.
13—Inter-class basket-ball starts. Srs. vs. Sophs.
14—Yesterday's game. Sophs. 35—Srs. 30.
15—HORRORS! Unsats. go out.
16—B. B. Jrs. 28—Freshman 16.
20—Retina arirves. Isn't John Crane a "comic (al)" editor?
21—Sophs win pennant for inter-class basket-ball.
22—We close without a tear.
No more school until next year. Merry Christmas Everyone.

January

1—Hello! Is this 1-9-2-1?
3—Vacation is over.
4—Juniors have a big meeting.
6—Annual Board gets together.
8—Senior Pins in evidence. "All that glitters is not gold."
12—Football men have a meeting. "Fud" Farrel receives a present—captaincy for next year.
14—The "BIG DANCE." Juniors feel rich.
17—Mr. Pollock confers with officers of the Literary Societies.
18—Coach Rupp resigns. Best o' luck, Nocky.
19—Everybody's cramming.
20—"XAMS!" "xams!"
21—Several cases of nervous prostration reported.
21—Bluffton goes down before our superior forces. Waite 23—Bluffton 14.
28—Q. D. Dance. Big as ever.
29—Waite 32—Alumni 29. First time in three years.

February

3—Retina Board goes bowling.
4—We lose to Doane, 32—12.
5—Again to Cambridge.
6—A raid on Sorority and Frat pins!
8—Rev. Mahon speaks on life of Lincoln.
11—Scott has a victory, but didn't our boys look stunning in the new suits?
14—Seniors meet.
15—No lessons for one hour—"The Son of Democracy."
18—Stivers has a little good luck. Waite 27—Stivers 69.
19—The tables turn, we win from Troy.
19—The Friendship Play. Wasn't Jane stunning?
21—Rev. Stein gives us a speech.
22—We pledge allegiance to our flag in honor of Washington.
25—Zet Dance. Exciting, eh? We lost to Rayen.

March

4—Q. D's. have a joint meeting, later a dance in the gym. Mr. Griffith spoke (on Red neck ties!)
4—Kenton succumbs to defeat. Waite 33—Kenton 21.
6—Sunday, the strongest day in the week. Why? All the rest are "weak" days.
9—Juniors have a meeting. Vic tells us all about the Denison affair.
11—We beat Central. 34 to 22.
14—Seniors have a meeting.
14—More "Moshun Pitchers."
17—Notice Frank Pauley's green shirt? And the Denison posters?
18—We win from Archbold.
21—Miss Ryan absent, we loaf.
22—Harry Cooper displays a dazzling necktie. "Black and White."
23—Schatz, Daring, V. Domhoff, Oten, St. Clair and Cooper get a bawling out in Library 6th hour. "Nuthin' unusual."
26—We lose to Scott. 9 to 30.
27—We have a week off. "Spring has come."

April

1—Miss Brown and Mr. Fred Klag elope. (April Fool.)
5—We're back.
6—A Carnival in our vicinity. Some dignified (?) Seniors are amused by the bears.

7—Rev. Allen A. Stockdale gives us an address.
7—The Juniors are getting ready for tomorrow, April 8.
8—Juniors' Day. Auto Parade, reception at Ottawa Hill's Tea House, Concert by Denison Glee Club and then a dance in the gym.
9—The Pericleans have a luncheon.
11—Moving pictures again! Aren't they thrilling?
12—We eat on the first floor!
13—Track men are seen "racing around the track."
14—Inter-class baseball starts.
15—Aren't we glad when Friday comes?
16—Mr. Miller's dramatic classes show their talent.
17—Some of us are downhearted! Reason?
We got our cards!!!
22—Annual Periclean Dance.

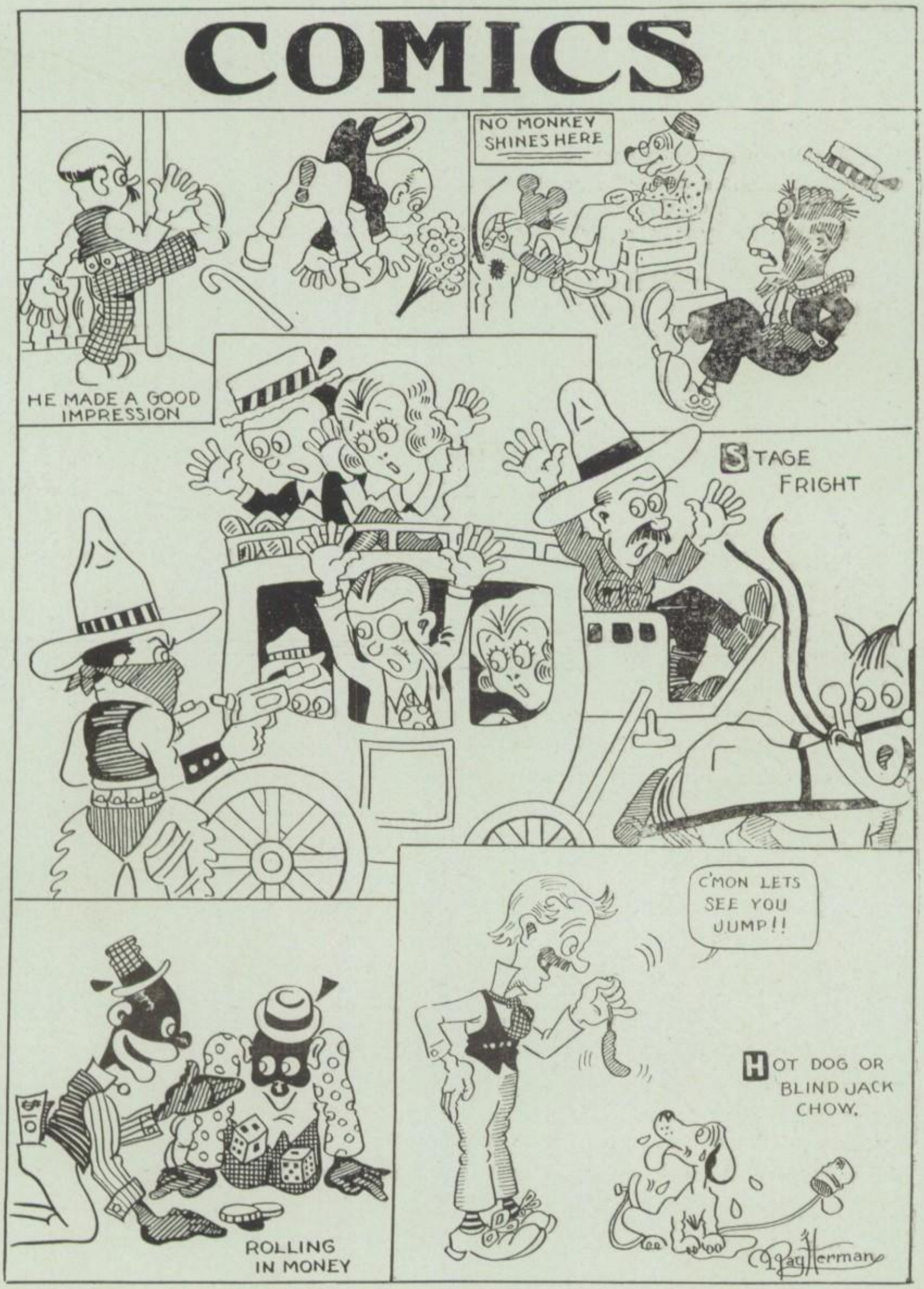
May

2—April showers have brought May flowers.
3—Annual Board is "on the job."
4—Gym exhibition.
7—Q. D. Banquet. Good eats!
14—Forum Dance at the Collingwood. We're "Forum."
16—Blue Monday.
18—We're all working hard.
21—Senior Banquet. Each one hears of his future.
27—Senior Prom. "A Top Notcher."
28—The Zets enjoy a banquet at the Maumee River Yacht Club.
30—The last holiday.
31—We go to Sugar Island. Only Seniors, of course.

June

1—Only three weeks left.
2—Are the Seniors happy?
3—Manual Exhibit.
5—Baccalaureat Sermon by Rev. Mahon at the First Congregational Church.
6—Everyone is studying for exams.
16—Commencement.
17—We say good-bye to dear old Waite.

COMICS


NO MONKEY SHINES HERE
HE MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION
STAGE FRIGHT
C'MON LETS SEE YOU JUMP!!
HOT DOG OR BLIND JACK CHOW.
ROLLING IN MONEY
Gary Herman

Tess—"See that man? He is a chiropodist."
Bess—"My heavens, what a lot of religions there are."

He—"I never kissed any girl but you."
She—"I don't care for your past; what is your dope on the future?"

Pigs is Pigs

A prosecuting attorney, not so discreet as he might have been in the expression of his ideas, was engaged on a case concerning some pigs.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "there were twenty four pigs in the drove, just twenty four, exactly twice as many as there are in your jury box."

Bill—"What is the difference between a flea and a snake?"
Will—"I don't know. What is it?"
Bill—"Well, a snake crawls on its own stomach, but a flea is not so particular."

Professor X was finding fault with his class for talking when he was trying to explain something.

"Every time I get up to speak, some fool talks."

Then he wondered why the class broke into laughter.

Casually

She—"Have you spoken to father yet?"
He—"Yes-er-I said good evening, as I passed him in the hall."

Lawyer—"Are you married?"
Witness—"No, I'm unmarried."
Lawyer—"What judge unmarried you?"

Prospective Buyer—"I believe I will try on that hat over there."
Clerk—"Beg pardon, lady, that is a lamp shade."

Mrs. Jones called up one of the department stores to order some silk hose "Have you any flesh colored hose?" she asked. The clerk not to be out done replied, "Yes ma'am, what color do you want, black, yellow or white?"

Mrs. Berndt—"Carl, is that face powder on your coat?"
"*Cully*"—"No mother, that is billiard chalk; I must have leaned against the cue."

Lawyer—(to colored lady who had had her legs broken in a train accident.) "Why don't you sue the railroad for damages?"
"Goodness knows, man, I don't want any more damages; what I need is repairs.

Lady Voter—"And is this my ballot?"
Election Clerk—"Yes ma'am, that's it."
Lady Voter—"Where's the household and comic page?"

Mike—"Did you ever see a cow slip?"
Ike—"No, but I've seen a moth ball."

Mr. Van Deusen had asked under what clause divorces came.
Rayner Bircher answered, "Making peace treaties."

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The teachers of the fairer sex in Waite High have organized a football team and challenge any team to a game to be played July 4th in the Waite Bowl. The following is the line-up:

Miss Carpenter	L. E.	Miss Likley	R. G.
Miss Emerson	L. T.	Miss Allen	R. T.
Miss Comager	L. G.	Miss James	R. E.
Miss Garver	C.	Miss Fenneberg	Q. B.

Miss Goodall—L. H.
Miss E. Thomas—R. H.
Miss D. Thomas—F. B.

Not So Dull

An old Methodist minister was making his rounds one morning and happened to encounter three young men who planned to have some fun, at the minister's expense.

The first greeted him as, "Elijah."

The second as, "Abraham."

The third followed with, "Hello, Samuel."

The old minister looked puzzled for a moment and then replied, "I am neither Elijah, Abraham nor Samuel. I am Saul, son of Kish, out looking for my Father's asses and behold I have found three of them."

Viv Domhoff (in hospital) "How do you do your cooking here?"
Nurse—"By electricity."
V. D.—"Well, you ought to give these beans another shock."

Pete—"I see Henry Ford is suing Dodge Bros."
Repeat—"What for?"
Pete—"They say that the Dodge brothers stayed all night in a garage with Lizzie Ford."

"It's funny," said papa,
When he suddenly took a drop,
"That the ice always freezes,
With the slippery side on top."

"Why is it that some girls are poor aviators?"
"I don't know. Why is it?"
"Because they can make a man go up in the air and then they can't land him."

An announcement made in a theater ran thus:

"Will the gentleman who lost a cuff-button in the lobby last night please stop at the box office and leave the other one as the one alone is of no use to the finder."

Rastus—"Say Eb, do you all know the definition of love?"
Ebinezer—"Yes, love is a funny notion a man gets into his head to pay a woman's boa'd fo' life."

Bad Accident

The centipede, so rumor says,
(We do not know the fact)
Broke ninety legs while practicing
A motion picture act.

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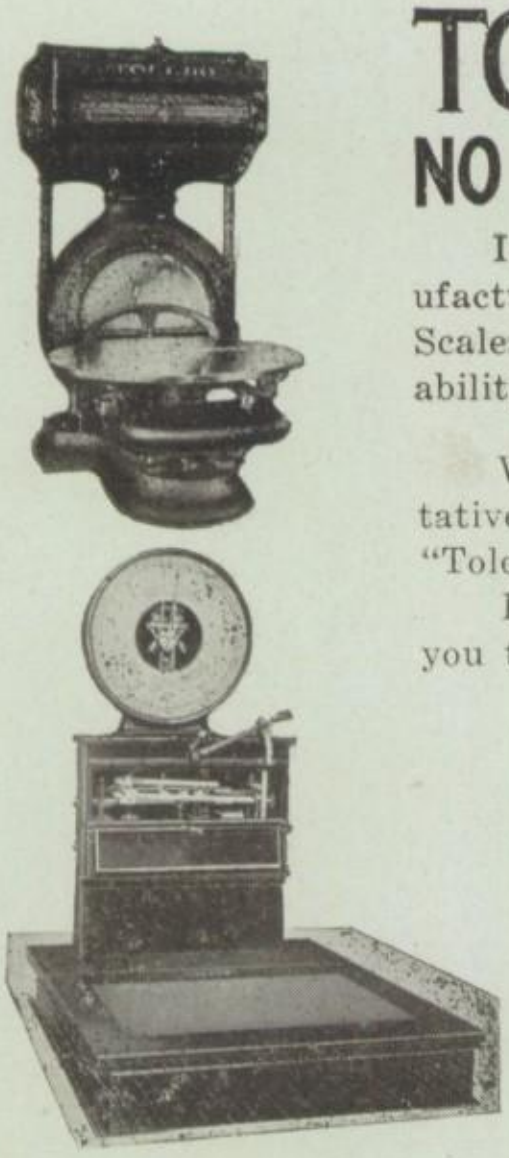

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In fact, whatever you work may be, whenever you think of scales, think of "Toledo".

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Where do you get your jokes?"
"Out of the air mostly. Why?"
"Well, I would suggest that you go to the country and get some fresh air."

"Are you married?" asked a landlord of a prospective porter.
"No sir," replied the colored man, "Ah earns mah own livin.'"

More Truth Than Poetry

If ministers were paid time and a half for overtime they would soon be millionaires.

"Did you do anything to protect yourself against the epidemic?"
"Yes, of course."
"What did you do?"
"I persuaded my husband to make his will," was the calm reply.

Husband—"Isn't it strange that the biggest fools have the prettiest wives?"
Wife (pleased)—"Oh, you flatterer."

A Big Relief

The traffic cop raised his hand and the motorist came to a stop.
"Just a minute," said the cop.
"Ugh!"
"Could I sell you a ticket for the policemen's ball?"
"I should say you could," was the drivers' reply, "I thought I was pinched."

Mother—"Shall we send our son to a co-educational college?"
Father—"I'm in favor of it; he can learn about the women, along with the rest of his studies."

Traveler—"You can't tell how terrible it is to be lost in a desert."
Johnson—"Yes, I can. I have been living in a dry town for nearly two years."

Salesman—"This car is so constructed that it can't possibly turn turtle."
Prospective Buyer—"Well I should say not; at the price you ask for it, it ought not turn anything short of a diamond back terrapin."

"Say, do you know the newest phone number in Ireland?"
"No, what is it?"
"Mc Sweeny 8-0."

Visitor (to small girl hugging a teddy bear, whose shoe-button eyes conveyed the impression of a pronounced squint). "And what do you call your nice new bear?"
Small Girl (gravely) "His name is Gladly, same as the one in the hymn."
Visitor (mystified) "What on earth are you talking about? What hymn?"
Small Girl—"You know the one that says, 'Gladly My Cross I'd Bear'".
—*Tid Bits* (*London*)

Mark Twain, while walking on Hannibal St. one day met a young lady with a youthful family. "So this is the little girl, I suppose? And I suppose this little urchin in the bib belongs to the contrary sex."
"Yas sah," replied the woman, "dat's a girl too."

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Dave Davies—"The dentist tells me I have a large cavity that needs filling."

Hugh McLain—"Did he recommend any special course of study?"

"What do I pay for a marriage license?"
"Well, you pay it on the installment plan."
"How's that?"
"Two dollars down and your entire salary the rest of your life."

The nervous bridegroom was called upon to speak at the wedding breakfast. Putting his hand on his bride's shoulder he said,"Ladies and gentlemen, this has been thrust upon me."

"Say dad, what keeps us from falling off the earth?"
"Why, the law of gravity, my lad."
"Well, I was wondering what they did before the law was passed."

"What is that big iron thing there?" asked Hilda.
"That's a locomotive boiler," answered George.
"Nonsense," said Hilda, "what do they boil locomotives for?"
"To make 'em tender," was the reply.

We Wonder

When Joe Schultz attends school.

Why Miss Brown makes the boys and girls sit at separate tables in the library.

Why they don't christen babies the way they do ships, by breaking a bottle over their noses. (This would provide a unique way of getting rid of confiscated liquor.)

Why Durrel Oten carries a powder puff.

Why so many people came to school, with their eyes or noses bandaged up, Feb. 23.

Tramp—"Say ma'am, could you help a needy man along the road?"

Lady—"Personally I can't, but I'll unchain my dog. I'm sure he will be pleased to."

WAITE'S VEGETABLE GARDEN

"Onion" Berndt.
"Radish" Daring.
"Carrot" Cooper.
"Parsnip" St. Clair.
"String-Bean" Oten.
"Lettuce" Schatz.
"Garlic" Domhoff.
"Egg-Plant" Bueheur.
"Beets" Foley.
"Peas" Pelton.
"Squash" Campbell.
"Cabbage" Sawhill.
"Spinach" Wheaton.
"Spuds" McInnes.
"Pickle" Klag.
"Sweet-Corn" Brown.

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LUMBER & MILL WORK

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Yards and Docks
Water St., from Walnut to Locust

"That young birde worships her husband, doesn't she?"
"Well, she places burnt offerings before him three times a day."

George Booth—"Say Hoyt, why is a flea like an elephant?"
Hoyt Boden—"I don't know. Why?"
G. B.—"Because there's a B in both."

She Thought He Spoke the Truth

"Could you do something for a poor sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate.

"Poor old sailor?" echoed the woman at work at the tub.

"Yes, ma'am, I followed the water for sixteen years."

"Well," said the old woman, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up to it."

Teacher (to George Keller). "What does C-a-t spell?"
George—"I don't know."
"What does your mother keep to catch the mice?"
"Trap, sir."
"No, no, what animal is very fond of milk?"
"A baby, sir."
"You dunce, what is it that scratched your sister's face?"
"My nails, sir."
"I'm out of patience. There, do you see that animal on the fence?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, then, what does C-a-t spell?"
"Kitten, sir."

When they asked an old farmer named Day,
Who was watching a cinema play,
If he followed the plot
He said, certainly not
When I can't hear a word that they say.

Sunday School Teacher—"Now Charlie, what can you tell us of Goliath?"
Charlie—"Goliath was the man that David rocked to sleep."

Not A Pasture Any Longer

Jimmie's father who had served in the World War, was relating some of his experiences. "My head was grazed by a bullet in the battle of the Marne."

Jimmie looked at his father's bald spot and remarked, "Not much grazing any more, Dad."

"My friend, have you done anything to make the community better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other, "to purify the homes of my fellowmen."

"Ah," said the solemn one, rubbing his hands, "do you sell tracts, may I ask?"

"No, sir, I clean carpets."

In What?

Miss Spayd—"Do you believe in phrenology?"

Carl Noller—"No. As an experiment, I once had my head read and found there was nothing in it."

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Movie Director (to Mildred Cassidy, an applicant for a position.) "Can you swim, my dear?"

M. C. —"Why certainly not! I'm applying for a position as a bathing beauty, not a fish."

Bootle.

A young man who once lived at Bootle,
On a flute was just learning to tootle,
He was buried quite soon
By the light of the moon,
For his playing was perfectly brutal.

New Salesman—"I will take orders from no man."
Manager—"That is very evident from your trial trip."

Irene—"Should a girl kiss a young man good-night?"
Betty—"Yes, if that's the only way she can get rid of him."

Prof.—"This, Johnny, is a tobacco plant."
Johnny—"When will it bear cigarettes?"

Teacher—"The ancient Greeks were handsome people."
Ichabod—"Whad d'ye mean ancient?"
Teacher—"Ancient means very old,"
Ichabod—"How old do they have to be before they get good looking?"

Youngstown Telegram.

His Tuncful Message

Included among the passengers on board a transatlantic steamer was a man who stuttered. One day he approached the captain to say something.

"S-s-s-s-s-s," stuttered the man.

"Oh, I can't be bothered," said the captain, "go and tell your story to someone else."

The man went to all the officers in turn, and finally came back to the captain. "Look here," said the captain, "I'll tell you what to do; when you want to say something, sing it."

Suddenly the man began to sing:

"Should auld aquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind,
The bloomin' cook's fell overboard and is twenty miles behind."

Three men had been arrested for stealing and were being tried in court. One, an Irishman, for stealing a wagon; the second, a Swede, for stealing a horse; and a Hebrew, for the theft of a cow.

The judge began by asking the Hebrew how long he had had the cow.

"Since it was a calf," was the naswer.

"How long have you had the horse," the Swede was asked.

"Since it was a colt," he replied.

"And Patrick, how long have you had your wagon?" the judge asked.

"Since it was a wheelbarrow, your honor," said Pat.

Good For One Thing

Lady (to tramp who had been commissioned to find her dog) "The poor darling, where did you find him?"

Tramp—"Oh, a man had him tied to the end of a pole and was cleaning windows with him."

Campus Togs

Clothes for Younger Men

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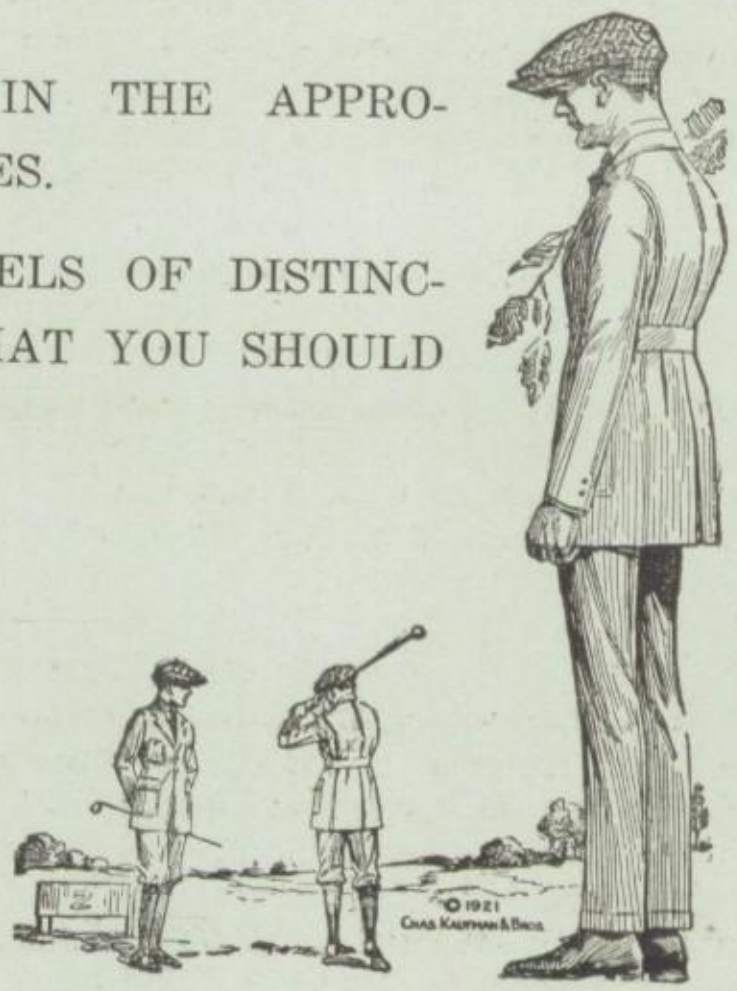

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Good Advice

Never tell a girl she's a poem, for she will think that you have been scanning her feet.

Wife—"Do you know you are growing very handsome, hubbie?"
Hubbie—"Yes, it's a habit I have, when it gets near your birthday."

"Your answer is as clear as mud," the teacher told Ike Sound.
"But sir, I do insist that that covers the ground," said Ike.

Ruth Farmer—"Why is it that when I sing water comes to my eyes?"
Helen Bennett—"Put some cotton in your ears and I don't think you will be bothered."

It was a very polite person who sat next to Mr. McCarthy, at the railroad station yesterday.

"Pardon me, sir, but what would you do if I were to sit on your hat?"

"Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," said McCarthy.

"I did," said the other imperturbably.

Karl Stamman (in dining car, enroute to Dayton)made the following remark when the finger bowls were being passed. "I don't need one, I just washed my hands before I came in here."

Grocer—"Did that pork roast do for your whole family?"
Customer—"Very nearly, the doctor is still coming."

"Samuel Johnson spent seven years in a dictionary." (meaning Samuel Johnson spent seven years in compiling a dictionary.) A--a. W---d.

An Irishman, eating in a fashionable restaurant for the first time, saw on the menu card, "Oysters on the half shell." He immediately beckoned the waiter and ordered a half dozen. When they were brought on the table Pat looked at them dubiously. After a short time he called the waiter again and asked how to eat the oysters. "Why," said the waiter, "you put some salt, pepper and vinegar on them if you wish, and swallow them."

"Do yez mane t' say they will sthay down fer yez?"

"Why, of course they will," replied the waiter.

Poor Pat could not be convinced, so asked the waiter to demonstrare. The waiter prepared one to his liking and swallowed it.

"Do yez mane t' say that it sthayed down for yez?" asked Pat.

Why, sure,"was the reply.

"If I do that will it sthay down?" inquired Pat.

"I don't see why not," returned the waiter.

"Won't either."

"Will to."

"By golly it won't either; oive swallowed that same oyster three times already."

"There are seven reasons why I don't get married."
"What are they?"
"A wife and six children."

Mrs. Kinker—"Carl, your head is all wet."
Bud—"I know it; my roof leaks."

COMPLIMENTS OF

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TOLEDO
LUMBER & MILL WORK
COMPANY

Teacher (to Sunday school class) "Now boys. when you put your offering on the plate I want each of you to repeat an appropriate verse."
George Booth—"God loveth a cheerful giver."
Teacher—"Very good. Now John, can you give us an example?"
John Crane—"A fool and his money are soon parted."

Bob Maginnis—"Gee, I'm smoking an awful lot of cigars lately."
Jimmy Wolf—"Well, if that one you gave me the other day is a sample, I don't doubt your word."

Irishman—"Three cheers for Ireland."
Scotchman—"Three cheers for hell."
Irishman—"That's it, everyone should stick up for his own conutry."

"What's that noise?"
"That's Jones filing a complaint."

Wife—"Do you know that this beautiful silk dress came from a poor little insignificant worm?"
Hubby—"Yes; I'm that worm."

You cannot be jailed for—
Killing time.
Hanging pictures.
Stealing bases.
Shooting the chutes.
Running over a new song.
Smothering a laugh.
Setting fire to a heart.
Murdering the English language.

A curious East Side youth looked intently at the bridge of his father's nose the other evening and finally asked. "Say, pop, what makes your nose so red up there?"
"Glasses, my boy," answered the father and resumed reading his paper.
"How many?" ventured his wife, and the victim of the repartee buried himself still deeper in the news.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A negro mammy had a family so well behaved that one day her mistress asked: "Sally, how did you raise your boys so well?"
"Ah'll tell you, missus," answered Sally. "Ah raise 'em with a barrel stave, and ah raise 'em frequent."

Mr. Jucsott—"Why, what are you crying about, dear?"
Mrs. Juscott—"O, George, the mice have got into the pantry and eaten up a beautiful custard pie I made myself!"
Mr. Juscott—"There, there, don't cry over a few mice."

Teacher—"What are the properties of heat and cold?"
Small Pupil—"The property of heat is to expand and cold to contract."
Teacher—"Now give me an example."
Small Pupil—"In summer, when it is hot, the days are long, and in winter, when it is cold, the days are short."

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TOLEDO, OHIO

He had fallen through the coal-hole. It was a quiet street. He called for help but all was in vain. Meanwhile the pain increased until he almost fainted. He opened his eyes to find an old gentleman regarding him.

"Dear me!" said the kind-hearted old gentleman. "Have you fallen through the coal-hole?"

"Not at all," replied the man, trying to smile. "As you seem to be interested, I will tell you what happened. I chanced to be in here when they built the pavement round me."

—*Weekly Telegraph.*

"This is my car," exploded the irate tourist to the garage man, "and what I say about it goes, see?"

Just then the dirty-faced mechanic crawled out from under the dead car and said, pleadingly, "Say 'engine', mister!"

Why is the heavier end of a match the lighter?

The following epitaph appears on a tombstone in Boston:

"As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you will be.
Prepare for death and follow me."

Some man wrote this below:

"To follow you, I'll not consent
Until I know which way you went."

They All Went Home to Roost

John—"Did you hear about Rastus's bad luck the other night?"

Jim—"No, tell me about it."

John—"The wind blew the door off his chicken coop and all the chickens went home."

In spite of the advanced prices the barber was blue, and the razor he was wielding seemed to share his discouragement. "I've just about decided to open a butcher shop," he said, reaching for the astringent powder.

"And you will close this one?" the victim gasped feebly.

"Now, see here, Mary, you let me be late to the office again this morning, and I particularly asked you to call me at seven o'clock."

"Well, that's just when I did call you."

"Well, your clock must be way slow."

"Why, that can't be John. I asked you when you came in last night what time it was and you said it was eleven. My clock said two, so I set mine right."

Warning Four Times a Week

The pretty girl with auburn hair had refused him. "I never dreamed, Mr. Simpkins," she said, "that your attentions for me were anything more than those of a friend."

"O, you didn't!" growled the young man. "You thought that I had been coming here regularly four times a week during the last six months for the pleasure of seeing you eat up a pound of chocolates each night, did you?"

"I suppose when you have flown for a while it becomes second nature."

"Rather, I have flown so long, that I really crave worms and bird-seed."

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Maybe it Was Rather Rough Treatment

"I saw Brown the other day. He was treating his wife in a way I wouldn't treat a dog."

"How was that?"

"He was kissing her."

Not Living Up to His Reputation

"He's a silly fellow," said the modern girl.

"What makes you think so?" asked her friend.

"Well, I saw he was a little nervous, so I kept on telling him what a reputation he had for kissing girls."

"And what did he do?"

"Kept on denying it, the stupid!"

Doubtful Improvement

The first knight of the road was ruddy of countenance, with a huge beard of the hue politely known as auburn. The second was smooth shaven.

"I useter have a beard like that till I saw myself in the glass. Then I cut it off."

"Much better 'ave left it on, mate," re heturned, gently, "I useter 'ave a face like that till I saw myself in the glass, then I grew this 'ere beard."

The other day a man dashed up to the ticket window at the Union Station, with just one minute in which to catch the Twentieth Century.

"Quick; give me a round trip ticket!" he gasped.

"Where to?"

"B-b-back here, you fool!"

"Where does the jellyfish get its jell?"

"Don't know."

"Why, from the ocean currents, of course."

Table Manners

Four slender legs the table has;
I've two, on each a stocking.
The table boldly bares its legs;
Aren't table manners shocking?

There are meters iambic and meters trochaic,
There are meters in musical tone;
But the meter
That's sweeter
Completer
And neater
Is to meet her
By moonlight alone.

Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters who can ride a bicycle.

Clara—"What kind of a dog is that, Harry?"

Harry—"Why, that's a hardware dog."

Clara—"A hardware dog?"

Harry—"Yeh, every time anyone comes near our house he makes a bolt for the door."

Carl Otte, President
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Our pupils generally are the leaders wherever they go.

New classes open in September and evrey five weeks thereafter.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

We Are Conducting a Sandwich Contest

Send us a sandwich and tell us how you made it.
Write only on one side of the sandwich.

"A couple," said Mrs. Simpkins, "got married a few days ago after a courtship that had lasted fifty years."

"I suppose," replied Mr. Simpkins, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."

From a Girl's Diary

Monday—"Virgil tried to hug me."
Tuesday—"Tried again."
Wednesday—"Ditto."
Thursday—"Said if I didn't let him next time we went riding he would turn the car over and kill us all."
Friday—"I saved seven lives today."

Kid—"How old is that lamp, ma?"
Ma—"Oh, about three years."
Kid—"Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."

Sandy was being treated to a dinner in a London restaurant, and the dishes were much richer than he was used to.

"Well," he was asked, "what will you have next?"

"Indigestion, I'm thinking," said Sandy.

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf
And watched with expression pained,
The milkman's stunts;
Both said at once:
"Our relations are getting strained."

"I wish to buy a gun to blow out my brains."
"Sorry sir, but we don't carry air rifles."

Daughter—"O, father, how grand it is to be alive! The world is to good for anything. Why isn't everyone happy?"
Father—"Who is he this time?"

"Has your son come home from college?"
"I imagine so—I haven't seen my car for the past two weeks."

Don't Use Big Words

In promulgating your espteric cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and voracious vivacity without rhodomontade or phrenismical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity observant or otherwise.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

"Never mind the dog, Rastus," the old lady said, "you know barking dogs never bite."

Rastus—"Ah knows dat, but ah doesn't know how soon he's gona stop barking."

Why support the Retina? Hasn't it a staff?

"That boy Charles Smith wants to hire out to me. Is he steady?"
"Steady? If he was any steadier he would be motionless."

What is it For?

Rushing into a hardware store, a lady exclaimed, "Give me a mouse trap! Hurry up, please, I want to catch a train."

New Parson—"And what is your husband?"
Mrs. Jones—"Well, he isn't just exactly a policeman, but he goes with them a great deal."

Waiter—"How will you have your eggs cooked?"
Diner—"Does it make any difference in the cost?"
Waiter—"No."
Diner—"Well, then, you may cook mine on a piece of ham."

"Pop, what is a fortification?"
"A large fort, my boy."
"Then is a ratification a big—?"
"Go to bed at once, Willie."

Father—"Have you made up your mind to stay in?"
Daughter—"No, I've made up my face to go out."

"Has your husband a good ear for music?"
"I'm afraid not. He seems to think everything he hears played in church is a lullaby."

Why Some Sales Managers Go Mad

Answer to the query why some sales managers go mad might find some solution in the following questionaire, filled out by an applicant applying for a position at the United States employment bureau:

Q. Born? A. Yes; once. Q. Nativity? A. Baptist. Q. Married or single? A. Have been both. Q. Parents alive yet? A. Not yet. Q. Hair? A. Thin. Q. Voice? A. Weak. Q. Healthy? A. Sometimes. Q. Previous experience? A. No. Q. Where? A. Different places. Q. Business? A. Rotten. Q. Salary expected? A. More. Q. Drink? A. Not in dry states. A. Why do you want a job? A. Wife won't work any more.

A visitor to the capitol at Washington was accompanied by his small son. The little boy watched from the gallery when the House came to order.

"Why did the minister pray for all those men, Pop?" he questioned.

"He didn't. He looked them over and prayed for the country," was the answer.

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Mr. Vossler—"Esther, can you tell us anything about prussic acid?" *Esther Fritz*—"Yes sir, it is a deadly poison. One drop on the end of your tongue would kill a dog."

Willie was being measured for his first suit of made-to-order clothes.
"Do you want the shoulders padded, my young man?" inquired the tailor.
"Naw," said Willie, significantly, "pad the pants."

Money talks.
Yes, but it never gives itself away.

Slight Accident

A Chink by the name of Ching Ling
Fell off a street car, bing, bing,
The con turned his head to the passengers and said
The car's lost a washer, ding, ding.

"How's your boy getting along with his studies?"
"Pleasantly," replied Mrs. Jones, "he doesn't bother them none."

School Teacher—"Now, Johnny dear, what did you learn yesterday?"
Johnny—"You ought to know, you teached me."

Judge—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?"
Witness—"Yes, your honor, that is where I met him."

Senior (to photographer) "Which way shall I turn my head?"
Photographer—"Toward that sign."
Sign—"Pay in Advance."

Farmer—"We have two cows and have fresh milk every day."
Small Boy (visiting) "Well, someone must have stung you with a sour cow."

Teacher—"What is a vacuum?"
Freshie—"I don't know, but I have it in my head."

Pat, who was working on the road, had laid his coat on the grass near him. Several of the young fellows wished to play a trick on him, so took some green paint and painted the head of a jackass on the back. When Pat picked up his coat to go home, he noticed the picture on the back. Turning to the young men he said, "Which of yez wiped your face on the back of my coat?"

Teacher (to little boy.) "What is your name, dear?"
Little Boy—"Jule, teacher."
Teacher—"Don't say 'Jule'; you should say Julius." Then to the next boy: "And what is your name?"
Second Little Boy—"Bilious, teacher."

Ed—"Have you forgotten you owe me five dollars?"
Ned—"No, not yet. Give me time, and I will."

Stop! look!! listen!!! Never feed a horse with a bridle on. He won't eat a bit.

Sam Monetta Frank Kennedy Jack Fluhrer

The Athletic Supply *Co.*

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SLEEPING PORCH CURTAINS

Canvas Goods of All Kinds *Toledo, Ohio*

"Some of these writers make me tired," said Smith.
"What's the matter, now?" asked Jones.
"Why, on one page, this fellow says, 'Always tell the truth'; and on the next page he says, 'Never become a slave to habit.'"

The chairman of the committee was addressing a meeting at the teachers' institute:
"My friends, the schoolwork is the bulhouse of civilization. I mean- ah-"
He began to feel frightened.
"The bulhouse is the school work of civ-"
A smile could be felt.
"The work house is the bulschool of-"
He was evidently twisted.
"The schoolbul is the house work-"
An audible snicker spread over the audience.
"The bulschool-"
He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped his perspiration, gritted his teeth, and made a fresh start.
"The school house, my friends-"
A sigh of relief went up. Hamlet was himself again!
He gazed serenely around. The light of self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.
"It is the woolbark-"
And that was when he lost consciousness.

Miss Smith (answering the telephone) "Hello."
Voice from the other end. "May I speak to the man I was talking to a few minutes ago?"
Miss Smith—"What kind of a looking man was he?"

Susie—"I suppose he eventually broke your heart?"
Kate—"Worse than that. He played cards with father, and broke him."

Wicks—"Back to town again, eh? I thought you were a farmer."
Hicks—"You made the same mistake I did."

Farmer—"So you're an experienced milker, eh? Now, which side of a cow do you set on when you milk her?"
Applicant for job—"O, I ain't a bit partickler if the cow ain't!"

A certain lord on his deathbed observed to his Irish coachman. "Ah, John, I am going a longer journey than you ever drove me."
"Never mind, my lord," was the reply; "sure, 'tis all down hill."

"What do you work at, my poor man?"
"At intervals, lady."

A conversation during a game of Mexican Athletics.
"It got so hot down in Texas last summer they had to feed the chickens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard boiled eggs."
"That's nothing. It got so cold up in Oregon last winter they had to build fires under the cows to milk them, and then they would give ice cream."
"Huh," says a third, "it's so hilly down in old Virginia, you can look up the chimneys and see the cows come home."

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MEALS
AT
ALL HOURS

G. T. Yomamoto, Mgr.

Mr. Borleigh was making a social call and shortly after his arrival, the lady, who had been up late the night before, was unable to hide the physical evidence of her fatigue.

"What, yawning already," exclaimed Borleigh. "You have doubtless received several stupid visitors already this afternoon."

"No," she replied, "you are the first."

"He talks beautifully."

"Huh?"

"Says that after marriage I shall be a ministering angel to him."

"Ugh. That sounds as if you'll have to carry in his breakfast."

An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were indulging in reminiscences of sporting days.

"The closest race I ever saw was a yacht race," said the Englishman. "in which one of the boats that had recently been painted won by the breadth of the coat of paint."

The closest race I ever saw," declared the Scotchman, "was one, in which a horse, stung by a bee, won by the height of the swelling on his nose."

"The closest race I ever saw," said the Irishman, "is the Scotch."

An old lady, leaving church after a service which had been attended by a crowded congregation, was heard to say, "If everybody else would do as I do, and stay in their seats till everyone else has gone out, there would not be such a crush at the doors!"

"How about the rent for this house of yours, Murphy? Doesn't the landlord ask a great deal for it?"

Murphy—"Yes, I should say he does. Sometimes he asks five or six times a month."

A proud young father telegraphed the news of his happiness to his brother in these words: "A handsome young boy has come to our house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him the proper welcome."

The brother, however, failed to see the point and wired back: "I have no nephew. The young man is an impostor."

At the annual prize day of a certain school the head boy rose to give his recitation. "Friends, Romans, countrymen," he vociferated, "lend me your ears!"

"There!" commented the mother of the defeated boy, sneeringly, "that's Mrs. Bigg's boy! He wouldn't be his mother's son unless he wanted to borrow something."

Dictionary Girls

A disagreeable girl—*Annie Mosity*
A very pleasant girl—*Jennie Rosity*
A clear case of girl—*E. Lucy Date*
A geometrical girl—*Polly Gon*
A very musical girl—*Sarah Nade*
A star girl—Meta Oric
A clinging girl—*Jessie Mine*
A lively girl—*Anna Mation*
A very war-like girl—*Mille Tary*
One of the best girls—*Ella Gant*

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We have it or will get
it for you if it is made

Quick Auto Service
853 East Broadway

A small boy rushed into a Chicago drug store and asked excitedly for some liniment and cement.

"Why both?" said the druggist, curiously.

"Pa hit ma with a tea cup," gasped the boy.

Mother (crossly) "Freddie, haven't I told you not to talk when I'm talking?"

Freddie—"But, mama, you won't let me stay up after you go to bed."

Izzie—"Father, will you give me five cents for a poor man who is outside, crying?"

Father—"Yes, son, here it is. You are a charitable boy. What is he crying about?"

Izzie—"He's crying 'Fresh-roasted peanuts, five cents a bag!'"

"Are you fond of dumb animals?"

"Never met any," was the reply. "All the pets my wife ever had made some kind of noise."

A preacher accompanied by two charming young ladies stood entranced by the beauties of a passing stream. A fisherman happening by, mistook occupation of the minister asked, "Ketchin many, pard?"

"I'm a fisher of men," replied the minister with great dignity.

"Well sir, you sure have the right kind of bait," he said with a glance at the young ladies.

Good Reason

"I simply can't stand the toot of automobile horns."

"Why's that?"

"A fellow eloped with my wife in an auto and every time I hear a horn toot I think he is bringing her back."

Constable (to Mr. Klag who had been hit by an automobile) "You didn't see the license number, but could you swear to the man in the car?"

Mr. Klag—"I did, but I don't think he heard me."

Small Boy—"I want to buy some paper."

Clerk—"What kind of paper?"

Small Boy—"Well, you better give me some fly paper; I want to make a kite."

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

The pupils of Miss Houston's room often march into Miss Martin's room to show her pupils their star papers. Robert Shawaker, a very small boy, nearly always leads the line. One day Miss Martin said, "Robert, you almost always bring a paper in, don't you?"

Robert replied, "Yep!"

"What did you say?" asked Miss Martin.

"Yep," repeated Robert.

"What should you say instead of 'yep'?" questioned the teacher.

"Quien Sabe," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. That's Spanish for 'who knows.'"

The pupils in Miss Amesse's room were making a great deal of noise and to yourselves make all that noise!"

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WHAT'S THE ANSWER, TEACHER?

Miss Falke was telling her pupils that baby birds can't fly until they have developed tails. Billy Steward then piped up, "Well, Miss Falke, how come puppies can't fly?"

A BRILLIANT ANSWER

Fond Mother—"Reginald, haven't I told you that on Sunday you must never play with your toy soldiers?"

Reginald—"Oh yes, mother, but you see, on Sunday I call my soldiers the Salvation Army."

HIS "CATCH" WAS DELAYED

Tommy went fishing without his mother's consent the other day. The next morning his chum met him and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday, Tommy?"

"Not 'til I got home," was the rather sad response.

AS THEY UNDERSTAND US

The kindergarten class was having a Victrola concert. Miss Chase placed the record, "Humoresque" on the machine, when a little girl piped up, "I know what that piece is."

"What is it?" asked Miss Chase.

"The Union Vest," came the proud reply.

WHAT NEXT?

Negley Jones in Miss Shively's room, came up to her and said, "Miss Shively, my little brother wants to know what proceedings the birds go through to get a divorce."

QUITE PLAUSIBLE

finally the poor teacher got so exasperated she exclaimed, "Just stop and listen

Frances Blair—"Where was the first doughnut made?"

Wanda Patterson—"In Greece." (Grease)

THIS HAPPENED ON A BIRD HIKE

Miss Glass—"Did you hear the barn swallow?"

Miss Benster—"That wasn't the barn, it was I."

POOR BROTHER!

It's the little things in life that count," said Dorothy Miller to Martin Raley, as she pulled her brother from under the sofa.

FRESH!

Allen Owen—"I want to see some mirrors."

Storekeeper—"Hand mirrors?"

Allen Owen—"No, some that I can see my face in!"

HE'S RIGHT!

Small Boy—"What's the use of washing my hands before I go to school, mother? I'm not one of those who are always raising them!"

SERIOUS THING

Miss Goldman (to little girl who is crying)—"Why, Bessie, what is the matter."

Bessie—"Oh, my mother fell on her operation and has to have it done over."

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Ellen Foote

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Gerald Pelton '22 "Jerry"

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Franklin B Webster 21

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Bob Maginnis "?"

Autographs

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THE END